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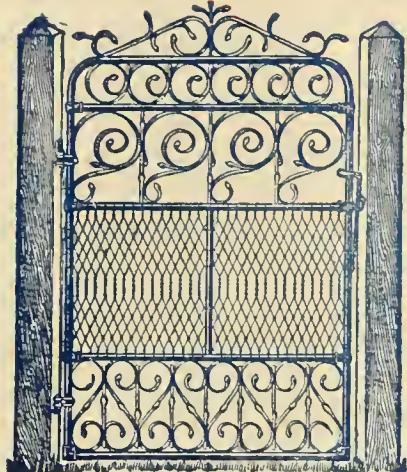


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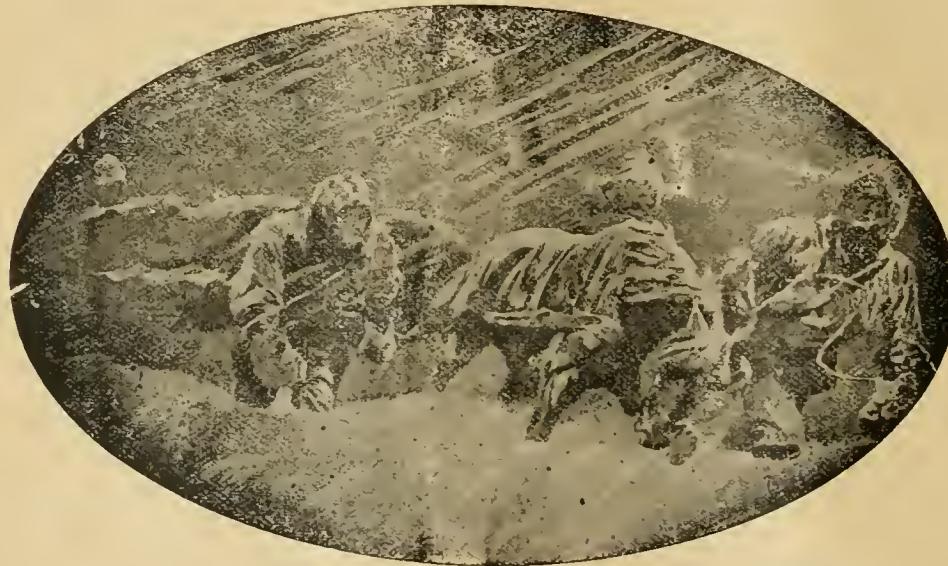
* A RECORD OF BRITISH PLUCK AND ACHIEVEMENT. *

By E. H. SHACKLETON, C.V.O.

THERE is no need to tell who Lieutenant Shackleton is or what his book describes. His marvellous dash for the South Pole has thrilled the world, and he himself, modest, retiring, a typical Briton, is now being lionised in an almost unprecedented way. We all know what the book is about, but, with the exception of a handful of privileged persons, no one yet knows whether the wonderful story is told in a way to grip the attention of the reader or whether it is befooled with technical matter and overloaded with insignificant details, a forest of achievements which cannot be properly discerned because of the trees of minor events and experiences.

snow blindness, dysentery, and bruises innumerable staggering along on the last day, starving, half-frozen, gasping for breath in the rarefied atmosphere of the gigantic plateau 10,000 feet high, on which they were the only living things, but indomitable and determined to place the Union Jack nearest the Pole. These men are our countrymen, Britons every one. Who dare say that our race is declining when it produces men like these?"

Further description of the way in which the subject is treated is unnecessary. The work is in two volumes, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10$, the first having 269 pages of text, the second 238, and 180 pages of appendices, contri-



Fortunately we have before us the opinion of a great critic who has read the proofs of the book. He says, "I have seldom read so human a document. Every line throbs with the straightforward earnestness of one who has been universally hailed, as above everything else, as 'a man.' The book grips the reader from the first paragraph to the last. Its charm lies in its simple style and lack of technical details. If it were not for the splendid appendices the book would have little scientific value, but as it is it stands easily first amongst books on the Polar regions. The plain, unvarnished diary kept from day to day by Lieutenant Shackleton of his prodigious journey of within ninety-seven miles of the Pole will take its place as the epic of Polar exploration. No one could read through the record of the super-human efforts against the arrayed forces of nature without a choking in the throat, and a feeling of intense pride in these four men who risked their lives crossing ghastly crevasses, struggling forward often at the rate of only a few hundred yards an hour, against a howling blizzard, on quarter rations, without a full meal in over three months, suffering from

buted by the scientific members of the exploration, dealing with the scientific results obtained.

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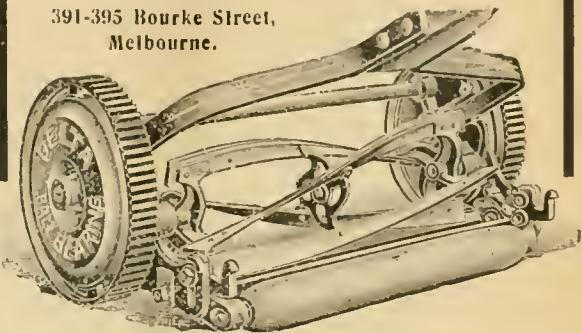
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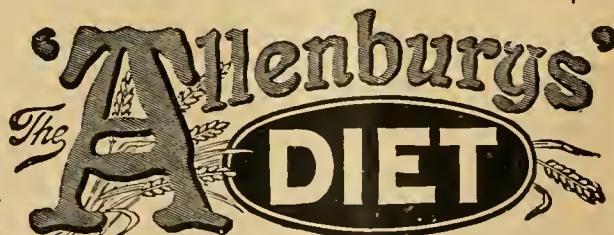
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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1911.

	PAGE		PAGE
History of the Month (Australasian) Ivi.	Leading Articles in the Magazines—	
The Sultan's Palace on the Bosphorus 114	The Constitutional Crisis ...	155-6
History of the Month (English) 115	"The Sovereign Electorate" ...	156
Turkey Revisited: An Interview with the Sultan. By W. T. Stead. (Illustrated) 133	"Imperialism Dead" ...	157
Character Sketch: Lord Stratheona 144	Penny-a-Word Imperial Telegrams ...	157
Current History in Caricature 150	Morocco, the Powers and Financiers ...	158-161
		Britons Learning to Shoot ...	162
		A Church Which Does Not Advertise ...	162
		Slipping Through an Alpine Rope ...	163
		"The Overwhelmingness of London" ...	163
		The Modern Animal Story ...	163
		A King-Emperor Fund Suggested ...	163
		The Congress of Races: What May Come of It	164
		Faction <i>versus</i> Nation ...	165
		International Arbitration ...	166

(Continued on next page.)

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CONTENTS—(Continued from page lii.)

PAGE	PAGE		
Leading Articles (Continued)—			
The Pope and the Spirit of the East	166	Charles Kingsley	180
Chokeful China	167	The Jews Peopling Palestine	181
Aristocracy and Democracy in Art	168	The King	181
Beginning to Educate India	168	Australia and the British Press	182
The Reichland still French	169	"The Masked Wizard of History"	182
How Germany Has Strengthened Us	169	Executions in Russia	182
Sleep the Effects of Poison	169		
Holiday Philosophy	170		
Indian Sisters of Mercy	170		
The Late Tom Johnson	170		
Music and Art in the Magazines	171		
Edison on Mind and Man	172		
"Founding a New Christendom"	172		
The Paradox of Matthew Arnold's Life	173		
Poet Criticised by Poet	173		
The Quarrel of Dickens and Thackeray	174		
A New and Rich Occupation for Our Poor	174		
Hushido an English Creation!	174		
The Coronation	175		
Desecration of the Abbey	175		
A Menace to White Australia	176		
New Words of the Last Fifty Years	176		
Parnell's Home Life	177		
Theatres for the People	178		
How the Camorrist is Made	179		
Mr. Frederic Harrison on Catholicism	180		
Leading Articles (Continued)—			
Reviews Reviewed—			
The Contemporary Review	183		
The Nineteenth Century and After	184		
The Fortnightly Review	185		
The National Review English Review Blackwood	186		
The Edinburgh Review—The Quarterly Review	187		
The Oxford and Cambridge Review London Quarterly Review	188		
The Dublin Review North American Review—Forum	189		
The Italian Reviews—The Spanish Reviews	190		
The Dutch Reviews—The Century	191		
Languages and Esperanto	192		
Some Summer Books: A Review of Recent Literature	193		
Insurance Notes	195		

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

BY THE ACTING-EDITOR.

MELBOURNE, September 26, 1911.

Mr. W. H. Judkins. We desire to express thanks to the multitudes of kind people who have been making kindly enquiries about our Australian Editor. The month

has been a trying one to him. The doctors hoped that by the injection of erysipelas into the system the cancer germ might be destroyed. This treatment was continued for some time, but without avail. Instead a very great amount of intense pain was caused, so intense as to reach the very limits of the brave sufferer's endurance. More than once during the month he was thought to be within a few days, if not hours, of the end. A slight operation, however, removing certain irritating matter, gave temporary relief. Mr. Judkins has been much helped in his distress by the widespread and generous response to the testimonial fund initiated by his admirers. Over sixteen hundred pounds has been sent in. The donations include some from men who differ entirely from our Editor in his Social Reform views, and some of them have been the subjects of his keenest criticism. They are able, for all that, to appreciate the sincerity, courage and disinterestedness of his public work. Mr. Judkins' friends greatly appreciate the fine donation of £100 towards the testimonial from the Editor and Chief of the "Review of Reviews," Mr. W. T. Stead.

The Address in Reply. The debate on the Address in Reply, as usual, gave hon. members an opportunity of making oratorical excursions in all directions of the com-

pass, and of making all sorts of observations. Mr. Joseph Cook scored one or two good points. In a vein of delicate raillery he at once congratulated the Prime Minister on having had the honour of a Privy Councillorship conferred upon him, and expressed the hope that it was not true that Mr. Fisher had refused to recommend any other Australian for honours. On this matter the Prime Minister did not supply any further information. He reminded Labour supporters that they had predicted that their party would be "limping cripples" if the Referenda proposals were not carried, and asked

whether they were still of that opinion. He had also observed that twenty-nine Labour constituencies had voted "No" at the Referendum. Mr. Bruce Smith made merry over the Imperial Conference. The Prime Minister and his friends had gone there with no fewer than eight different proposals, and had not succeeded in securing the adoption of a single one. He went on to enumerate these, and showed how one after another all of them had to be withdrawn. Sir John Forrest rubbed in a little salt by showing that the whole Government programme had been borrowed from the previous Ministry with the single exception of the Land Tax. The Banking Bill, he said, was identical with that which he had himself prepared when in office. He pointed out further that before the Labour Party got into office much had been said about strangled industries, and the necessity of something being done to help them, and now, after eighteen months of undisputed rule, they had done nothing whatever. The fact is that the Labour Party is not united on the fiscal question. It includes Freetraders, "fiscal atheists," and Protectionists. Hence the much cry and little work that we find. Sir Robert Best was also very strong on the question of protection and wages. He pointed out that Wages Boards afforded an effective means of sharing the profits of industry with the workers. In Victoria, he said, there were 91 Boards, and while during the past six years the number of men working under them had increased by 33 per cent., the amount of wages paid under the determinations had increased by 59 per cent.

The Pomp of Democracy.

Labour enthusiasts on the platform have done much to ridicule symbols of authority, and the gilded trappings of aristocracy. Their cry has been an exceedingly bitter one against luxury enjoyed by one end of society while cruel poverty harrowed the people at the other extreme. We have seen latterly that there is a good deal of human nature in all of us, especially in members of the Labour Party. Our Federal Minister, receiving £2000 a year from the State—a wage such that one could hardly arouse enough enthusiasm to or-

ganise a vigorous strike against—received in addition £700 for expenses of his Coronation trip. Mr. Deakin, referring to the Prime Minister's holiday jaunt, spoke of the "Eastern retinue" which accompanied the Apostle of Labour. It is strange—or is it not strange?—that it was reserved for the delegates of the Caucus, of the people who strike to get sixpence a day more wages to go to England in more luxurious style, and at greater expense to the country than anyone else had ever done. This luxury of a personal kind by Ministers contrasted sadly and badly with the niggardly policy shown in the want of any Australian representation in the Coronation decorations. There was no Australian arch, and no Australian bodyguard for the representatives from our shores, who had to depend on Canadian troops to fulfil that office for them. We can imagine what would have been said at election meetings had this been the policy of the other side. Mr. King O'Malley could have waxed grandiloquent about the "gilt-spurred roosters" and the "boodileers" who enjoyed themselves on taxes wrung from the poor working man. He can hardly turn his oratorical guns upon his own friends, but there is a good target for all that.

Stuck in the Mud. After six months' rest the Senate met for business, but found that it had nothing to do. This is a reforming Government with a vengeance.

The lot of the people is supposed to be so bad that little short of a social revolution can set it right, and yet a Ministry placed in power by the people to make a world that is supposedly on its head stand upon its feet, can find nothing for the Senate to do. In sheer despair, or perhaps in pure delight, that august body adjourned for a fortnight, hoping, like the famous Mr. Micawber, that in the meantime something would "turn up." Last April twelve months Parliament was elected, and with a sweeping majority at its back, and with full instructions from the Caucus as to all that it may and may not do, the Government, beyond a Land Tax and certain Referendum proposals, which the people of Australia repudiated by a majority of a quarter of a million votes, very little has resulted. Opposition members are enjoying the compensation given them by that vote. They had to endure much after the last general election. But things have evened up since then, and they are able to ask Ministerialists how they, with their professed respect for the people, can retain office after such an emphatic denial by the electors of the policy which they had declared to be absolutely vital, and without which they could not carry out their ideals. Members, however, enjoy their status, salaries, and a little chaff of this sort does not greatly disturb them. They laugh, but it may be, as Mr. Joseph Cook said, "They laugh to keep up their courage."

Anarchist Legislators.

Senator Rae spoke with great heat in the Senate in defence of the lawless methods of certain strikers. To him the right to strike is sacred, and equally so the right to maim or kill the opponents of the strike. Said Senator Rae:—

" Practically every great reform has been withheld from the people, unless they were compelled to strike, or commit acts of violence in order to obtain it. Was Home Rule ever advanced to a practical stage in the House of Commons until the Irish members started to hold up legislation, and the landlords commenced to fall like rabbits behind the hedges?"

Senator Millen: " Simply a breach of the law!" (Laughter.)

Senator Rae: " And in certain circumstances amply justified. If I had been an unfortunate tenant in Ireland, with a wife and children starving, I would consider it a moral duty to shoot the landlord at the first opportunity. (Oh, and laughter.) When we are at war, when we are going out for our just rights, there is no time to argue. When men with wives and families are almost starving, then I say that if a few persons, hired by the immoral agency of the employers, are seduced from the class to which they belong to go in and defeat a strike, and turn traitor to their class—then I say that whatever means the unionists find necessary in order to win, I back them up. . . . If we are to be defeated by these men, we have just as much right to knock them out of the contest as we have to hang a traitor to his country. It is a very fair thing to use peaceable means when they are any good, and to try and dissuade a man from a certain course; but when there are active hostilities the only thing to do, if a man goes over, is to shoot him. If that sort of thing occurs in industrial strife, then, whatever happens, the responsibility is not with the strikers, but with the employers who seduced men from their class."

"Thou Too, Brutus." We know that strike promoters are often anxious not so much to obtain a rise in wages as to foment a deadly hatred of the whole class of

employers with a view to its extinction. Hence any Government that employs the police to preserve order, and to make life safe, not to say comfortable, for non-unionists, incurs the bitterest and most vindictive malice of the professional strike promoter. Occasionally it happens that a representative of Labour itself has to preserve order and to see that some approach to civilised conditions obtain during a strike. Mr. A. Griffith, Minister of Public Works in New South Wales, is such a man. As a reward he was called upon to resign by the Amalgamated Miners' Association. Mr. Griffiths gave the following sensible reply:—" On the general question of the employment of policemen to maintain public order, I have only to say that no body of men sworn

to administer the law can permit one citizen to blue metal another, or set fire to his property. If this were not prevented by the police, then the persons attacked would have to be permitted to defend themselves, and we would ultimately arrive at the American system of the maintenance by wealth corporations of bodies of Pinkertons armed with Winchesters—a state of things no Labour Government will ever tolerate in Australia. I would like to take this opportunity of pointing out the wide distinction between the action of the late Government in sending a trainload of armed police across the continent to Broken Hill, at a time when there was no indication of any violence on the part of anyone, and the entirely necessary course adopted by the present Government in sending policemen to put an end to a free fight at Lithgow, which might otherwise have resulted in the loss of human life.

The Law Enforced. A large number of men have been fined for striking in defiance of the law, and in some instances officials have been sent to gaol. The history

of strikes affords many an example of prolonged suffering without compensating gain. When men ask for a fair return for their labour, and no other means will procure it for them, they are justified in refusing to work. But when they "down tools" because some respectable man is employed who does not belong to their union, and with derisive yells of "Seab!" "Blackleg!" pelt him with stones, one wonders what has become of the manhood and intelligence of our race. And yet large industries have lain idle for months, tens of thousands of pounds' worth of produce has been lost to the country, workers have missed their wages for that time, tradesmen have in consequence had to suffer, and other unionists are dragged into subscribing to strike funds weekly for the whole time, and all to end in a fizzle, as it deserved to do. This was the history of the Implement Makers' Strike in Victoria. Neither unionism nor civilisation has cause to be proud of episodes like this. They represent social madness, and not social reform. And it is to justify, not merely strikes like this, but the use of violence and intimidation, the stirring up of all the angry passions that can surge in the human breast, that Senator Rae speaks in a hall of Legislature that should be the home of wisdom, and of every feeling that would promote goodwill and good government amongst men. It is a slide back into the ethics of savagery.

Preference to Unionists.

Mr. Fisher has determined that the principle of preference to unionists shall be made of general application in the Commonwealth service, and this is a policy that needs watching. Against legitimate unionism no one can seriously argue to-day. By legitimate unionism we mean the organisation of workers for the purpose of securing a fair return for

their services. It is a good thing. But the principle of compulsion is abhorrent. It is retrograde. To tell men that unless they join a union they shall be deprived of the right to work, and, in short, the right to live, is the most downright tyranny. It recalls the days of the Inquisition. It ranks of the dungeons of the Bastille. It is a policy worthy of the dark days of Russian autocracy. Unionists are not content to secure better wages for themselves. They demand that no man shall dare to keep apart from them. They are an engine of political coercion. Let a unionist be asked to assist a non-unionist to lift a weight, and he refuses. And this is done in the name of brotherhood and equality. As one of the heroines of the French Revolution said when being led to the guillotine, "O Liberty, what deeds are done in thy name!" Thus unionism is the generator of useless strikes. During the past twelve months, we learn, no fewer than seventy-five strikes have taken place in Australia. We are now threatened with others. They are mostly the work of agitators, who win notoriety and get good salaries while promoting social distress. The Union of Free Workers, recently formed, is a protest against this atrocious, inhumanitarian and unchristian kind of policy. Surely the two main points relating to the employment of labour are—(1) That efficient work should be performed; (2) that sufficient remuneration be paid. When these conditions are fulfilled, who but an intolerant bigot could think of bursting up enterprise, fomenting hatred and strife because certain people will not become members of a union?

The Principle of Preference. All the affairs of life are carried on by a policy of preference. This applies to goods bought and sold. It applies equally to men

and women employed. So long as there are more men than positions there must be some preference shown. On what principle is it to be administered? Various courses are open. Either select—(1) the best workman, (2) the married man, (3) the younger man, (4) a unionist, (5) a non-unionist. Which shall it be? There is involved not merely the question of efficient work, but that of social justice. In view of present circumstances we need not discuss the first three classes. We are faced with a situation where we are plainly told that such questions as degrees of efficiency or seniority do not count. What about the two last named? If we say, "Select the non-unionist, as being least troublesome to the employer," we shall be guilty of class prejudice and injustice. The men have a perfect right to form unions in order to promote their own interests as workers. The adoption of this policy would be met with a storm of just indignation. It would involve the denial of the rights of unionists, and rights are sacred things. On the other hand, if we say, "Take the unionist first, and dismiss the non-unionist first," are we

any more just? Grant that men have the right to form unions, have not others the right to remain out of them? It may be a right and proper thing to join a union. The unions have brought great benefits to all the workers. But does that justify the policy of the thumb-screw? We thought that this belonged to the dark ages. We have only to apply this principle to churches to see its nature. Where is the man who would say, "A church is a good thing. Every man should belong to a church. Many families are living in happiness and comfort through fathers being saved from evil lives by the Gospel. Therefore if men refuse to join the church, let them starve." Time was when that spirit was acted upon. It has gone with a fuller understanding of the New Testament. Is the movement for industrial reform, which springs from true humanitarianism, to be saddled with this hideous ogre of intolerance? We hope that a movement that has the means of appeal to reason, conscience, and the ballot box will not continue to employ such a weapon.

Vote of Censure. As we write, a censure motion, which amounts to one of "No Confidence," is under discussion in the House of Representatives. It arose out of the Government's "preference to unionists" policy as put into operation by the Minister for Home Affairs (Mr. O'Malley) and his subordinates. Mr. Deakin's resolution is—"That, in the opinion of this House, the preferences in obtaining and retaining employment recently introduced into his department by the Minister for Home Affairs are unjust and oppressive, and prejudicial alike to public interest, to the public service and to the relations between Parliament and the public service."

The Prime Minister had announced some days previously that the policy of "preference" was to be generally applied, and the following instructions, among others, were issued by Mr. O'Malley's officers—"Also, please to note that the Minister has directed that absolute preference is to be given to unionists. See that this is given effect to in any future engagements, and in discharging any present men, discharge non unionists.

"The Minister also desires to be furnished at once with a list of non-unionists employed. Please make necessary inquiries, and supply at once."

The Minister, it is true, denied responsibility for the form in which this was issued, but had to admit asking for the black list. When Mr. Deakin asked whether the Government supported Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Fisher replied, "I will take that matter into consideration." This placed matters in an ambiguous light, and Mr. Deakin, out of regard to the vast issues involved, launched his resolution. Of course it will be lost, but it will help to educate public opinion. Meanwhile the chorus

of unionist approval is loud and nerve. Mr. Cohen, vice-president of the Trades Hall in Melbourne, said, in support of the Minister's action, that if non-unionists were shot or put to death it would be no more than they deserved. We have in this attitude nothing of the generous mind of the philanthropist who is anxious for social blessing to come upon all classes of mankind. It is the narrow, selfish, bitter policy of the bigoted partisan. It was this spirit, manifested in strikes just before the Referendum, that induced numbers of people to show their disgust by voting "No." And they will do it again. Mr. Prendergast, M.L.A., has said that trade unionists were the only people in existence who had used their organisation funds to better the conditions of those outside their ranks. This sounds generous, and one could hardly imagine that the men who talk thus are deliberately trying to starve to death everybody who is "outside their ranks." The denial to others of the rights we claim for ourselves is the essence of tyranny and oppression.

Extension of Wages Boards. The Premier of South Australia, Mr. Verran, has introduced an Industrial Arbitration Bill for the purpose of preventing strikes and lock outs. It is practically the Victorian Wages Boards with some improvements. For example, the chairman is to be a judge of the Supreme Court. The tribunal is to be altogether independent of the control of the Government. Solicitors are to be excluded. Every trade will have its Wages Board. We are certain that this is a right and wise plan. In Victoria the system works well, and wages have been increased considerably under it. The strike question is the most urgent one in Australian industrial life. Last year there were seventy-five strikes in Australia. Quite a number are either going on or else brewing at present. If the tens of thousands of pounds which have been lost to workers as the result of attempts to hound down their fellows who are non unionists had been put into the Savings Banks, there would have been more smiling faces in this continent than we have to-day. The right to strike under certain circumstances cannot be denied, but a deliberate policy of strikes planned and carried out in a spirit of hatred and mob tyranny of the most brutal kind is the negation of civilisation.

Immigration. The States have been doing a meeting during the past year in drawing settlers to these shores. The need for people not only on the land, but as artisans and labourers, has been apparent to all except a few very jealous, small-souled people who imagined that the proposal emanated from a number of capitalists who wished to glut the labour market in order to bring down wages. During the month a conference has been held in Melbourne

between the employers and the Trades Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Watt, the Acting Premier, with the result that, after full enquiry, agreement was come to as to the necessity for importing some two thousand workers into Victoria, to meet immediate requirements. These include the following:—The decision of the conference was that the following artisan immigrants should be secured:—Iron trades, 559; furniture trades, 80; carriage-building trades, 28; sawmilling trades, 47; cycle trades, 12; various trades, 138; total, 864. The female workers required were shown as: Women's clothing, 651; men and juvenile clothing, 467; shirt, collar and pyjama makers, 190; other clothing, 281; boot trade, 174; other trades, 297; total, 1980. The conference decided to recommend that 1000 to 1200 immigrants be arranged for, including 100 in the boot trade. There can be no doubt that our only wisdom in this matter is to fill the land with men and women who will help to develop its great resources and save us from the reproach of keeping an empty continent. The conditions of labour here are extremely happy. With good wages and plenty of employment, the worker is far better placed than in the old world, notwithstanding any difference in the cost of living. Mr. Fisher, speaking in Melbourne recently, spoke enthusiastically about the tide of immigration, and seemed to modestly accept the credit of it; but Mr. Watt, who spoke soon afterwards at the same function, said very suggestively that—"If he were on a political platform he would break a lance with his doughty friend Mr. Fisher. He would ask Mr. Fisher what were the legislative measures by which the Commonwealth was responsible for the setting in of the tide of immigrants."

Linking Up the States.

Sir John Forrest, who has so ably represented the West in the Federal Legislature, and who has so perseveringly advocated the trans-continental railway line, is a happy man now that the scheme is actually before the House as a Government measure, and with apparently nothing to stop its passage into effect. A thousand miles of steel have to be laid, reaching from Kalgoorlie, in the Western State, to Port Augusta in South Australia. At present a long and tedious ocean journey separates West Australia from all its sister States. The railway is needed for defence purposes, and on that ground alone deserves consideration. It was really an understanding when Federation took place that such a line should give effect to union; and it will greatly facilitate business and other intercourse between East and West. Moreover, it will bring the mails to the rest of Australia in shorter time, as well as lessen the period of a trip to other shores. In addition it will open up a large tract of country. Much of this is called "desert," but it may be doubted whether its resources have yet been properly tested. Considerable portions of what is now the

granary of Victoria, and where fortunes have been made, were once described as useless. In any case the task of completing the iron road from the far west right to the north of Queensland, a distance of 3780 miles, will ere long be accomplished. The cost is set down as about £4,000,000, and presumably the money will be borrowed for the purpose. A knotty point is that of the gauge, which varies in the different States, and uniformity is highly important, especially in relation to defence. It would possibly prove utterly disastrous in case of war to have to break the journey and re-train everything somewhere on the road. The South Australian gauge is 5 feet 3 inches. The West Australian is 4 feet 8½ inches. The cost of reducing to the latter, which is proposed, would be £2,000,000; the other would be £5,000,000. Hence the choice should be an easy one. It is interesting to remember that from Rockhampton (Q.) to Adelaide, via Sydney and Melbourne, is 2187 miles, and takes four days and a third. The new line, added on to that with which it will connect in West Australia, will bring the total length up to 3780 miles.

Preferential Voting.

In Victoria something that looked like a crisis arose when Mr. Watt, the Acting-Premier, brought forward the Preferential Voting Bill. It met with the solid opposition of the Labour Party, and a number of Ministerial supporters were averse to it. An attempt was made to coerce the Ministry into abandoning it, and jeering remarks were made about its want of sincerity in bringing the Bill before the House. Mr. Watt, however, remained firm, and when the numbers were up, was found to have sufficient votes to carry it through the Assembly. The Labour Party has no use for the principle, since its own solidarity is complete. There can only be one Labour candidate, and all on that side will loyally support him. Moreover, men sometimes get elected on minority votes, through the presence of a divided vote on the other side. There is thus a strategic reason for Labour opposition. And yet its opposition is a blow to real democracy. Preferential voting is meant to find out the exact mind of the people, and to bring about the election of the one who represents the majority of electors expressing their estimate of the various candidates in the order of preference. Such a principle is so completely one of common sense, it is so scientific, and so purely an attempt to impress the mind of the people, that one can only understand opposition from Mr. Prendergast and his friends on the theory that, to a man, "all are for their party, and none for the State."

Order! Order!

Mr. Speaker Willis, of New South Wales, holds a high position, but his head lies very uneasy. It will be remembered that he broke from the Liberal Party in accepting the Speakership, and

by doing so kept the Labour Government in office. What followed is exactly what would have happened had a Labour supporter taken the office in order to keep the Liberal Party in power. And it has happened in the typical New South Wales Parliamentary way. Somehow that body has gained a name for rowdyism, and "scenes" are more frequent than in other States. The House has not at all accepted Mr. Willis in a respectful way, and that gentleman, addressing a meeting of constituents on the position, saw fit to describe the Opposition as "a gang of ruffians," that Mr. Wade showed by every move he made in the House that he was incapable of leading even a debating society. Quite naturally a Speaker does not improve the prospects of calm in Parliament by such references to those whom he is supposed to treat with judicial impartiality when in the chair. Mr. Wade, in reply, declares that the absolution and tyranny of the Speaker in dealing with members when asserting their bare rights is unequalled anywhere in the world excepting, perhaps, Turkey and Russia. The Speaker's words at the meeting referred to were such a reflection upon the honour and character of honourable members that he was asked in Parliament whether he had uttered such words. He refused to say. He was then asked whether he would cite to the bar of the House the editors whose papers had published such reports. This also he declined to answer. An uproar followed, and the Speaker sent for a force of police to eject members who obstructed business. This caused a very exciting scene as members of the Opposition gathered round their friends to prevent their ejection. At last seven members were put out, and the House adjourned. It is plainly impossible to carry on business under the existing conditions. There is no such thing as dignity in a Legislative Assembly of this kind. An early dissolution must come, and it is the only possibility of a satisfactory settlement. But the proverbial philosopher from Mars would find much to ponder over in this picture of the select intellects of a great State doing the country's business after this fashion. Meanwhile it is rather interesting to observe that those who feel so bitter about police being called in to defend the life and limbs of a non-unionist are rather pleased to see police brought into Parliament to coerce hon. members who are on the other side.

How the Tide Flows.

There have been six by-elections in as many months in Queensland, and the results have been gratifying to the Ministerial Party there. Three elections have just been held, and in each instance, city, suburban and rural constituencies alike, the Labour candidate was defeated. This, taken with the loss of prestige suffered by the party last month in the New South Wales by-elections, is significant, while, set in the light of the Referenda voting, it is positively instructive. It would really be very interest-

ing to have a general Federal election just now. The sweeping defeat of the Deakin-Cook coalition came as a shock, while the Labour debacle last April was equally astonishing. Australia evidently wants progressive legislation, but it does not favour revolution. It demands rights for toilers, but it guards the rights of all toilers, whether unionists or not. It will put down oppression, but will not allow it to be replaced by oppression as unreasonable and unrighteous as that which it condemns. We pull down, but we also discriminate.

"Nationalisation of the Brain."

This phrase was used by one of our legislators the other day, and it fits in various quarters. It is the sovereign remedy for every ill that people lack the wisdom or courage to tackle in any other way. Is there a sugar monopoly? Without further enquiry, let us nationalise. Is there a liquor traffic that poisons the political and social atmosphere? Nationalise it. It is like the story of the explorer's bag, into which every sort of thing was supposed to be thrust, down to a footprint in the sand. The Temperance Party throughout Australia, to whose efforts we are greatly indebted for the steady decrease in the use of intoxicants, have all along refused to follow this will-o'-the-wisp of nationalisation of the liquor traffic. It came, therefore, as a shock to them during the month when an eminent barrister whom they had rather inadvertently asked to speak at a demonstration, strongly advocated this policy. As the Temperance Party is opposed to the very existence of the traffic in alcoholic drinks, believing, on the highest evidence, that they are utterly useless and utterly disastrous to the community, it cannot in the least sympathise with a proposal that the State should turn publican and become interested in the profits of such a business. Moreover, the experience of State hotels in Russia, State dispensaries in South Carolina, municipal or public control in Scandinavia and England, go to show that this policy does nothing to remove existing evils, while it adds to them the glamour of State patronage and the responsibility that attaches to a Government department. The destruction of the traffic by the awakened conscience and good sense of the people is the only remedy. Others are only false lights along the shore.

The Mania for Prize Fights.

People in England are rightly taking a hostile attitude towards the projected Johnson-Wells boxing match. Not only clergymen, who on many questions of public decency have too often to battle against an adverse public spirit, but a great journal like "The Times" is of opinion that the fight ought to be prevented. It will draw a great crowd of people curious to see one slogger batter another, and they will come, not from any genuine love of the science of boxing, but to gratify a curiosity that has not a single virtue in it. The very

same reasons that move people over the water to think like this should lead Australia to refuse permission to Johnson to box in Australia. After the fight the picture shows begin, and the sight of the contest is carried all over the land. We are a sporting people. Our amusement bill is a heavy one. Our peril is extravagance in this matter, and we may well draw the line at contests such as the Lang-Lester fight of a short time ago, the Burns-Johnson bout of a few years back, and many another of this kind. We have yet to learn of any good coming of them. We frequently read of cases of death resulting, and the whole tendency of this alleged sport is brutalising. The boxer, as manipulated in these shows, is a tool of the gambler, and is a mere means of promoting bets and helping the bookmaker along the road to prosperity. No one can pretend that the Commonwealth stands to lose anything whatever by the prohibition of exhibitions that appeal only to the brutal in human nature. Our "White Australia" policy keeps out strangers who bring down our ideals of living, but evidently does not keep out those who lower the national tone and take away thousands of pounds of the workers' money without giving any equivalent for it. What service did Johnson and Burns render these States in return for the money they made here?

Health and Morals.

Investigations have been carried on for some time by experts into the prevalence and causes of the dread disease syphilis. It is Nature's punishment for man's immorality in the matter of sexual relationships. It exists to an alarming extent, and not only amongst those who have personally erred and thereby contracted the disease, but it passes to the innocent wife and children, and may be contracted by others in the same way as other contagious diseases. It is one of the largest, if not the largest, predisposing causes of insanity. It imposes a severe handicap upon infants in their struggle for life. The Divine commandment of sexual purity is endorsed by the evidence of facts like these. One would naturally suppose that the mere knowledge of these things would adequately caution men against wrongful self-indulgence. In many cases it is not so. And yet, if the facts were made known more widely among youths, it is certain that fear would keep them chaste. The matter is being taken up by both doctors and clergy in conference, and it is hoped that some practical, effective measures may result. On the one hand, society must be protected against the spread of such a loathsome scourge—one that clutches the innocent as well as the guilty; and on the other hand the public morality must be guarded. We do not want a scheme that will make it safe to be immoral; nor is it wise to put all power into the hands of the medical profession in the matter of compulsory examination and treatment. The public safety, the

rights of the individual, and the cause of morals have to be studied and conserved in a matter of this sort.

Charity Organisation. The state of things in connection with the distribution of charity in Australia reflects more credit upon the hearts than upon the heads of the people. Nowhere can there be found a readier response to the claims of the needy. The land is studded with organisations for the relief of suffering and poverty. True, there is at the present time less unemployment and less misery from that cause than for perhaps twenty years. Notwithstanding our prosperity we have with us those who, through ill-health, misfortune, misconduct of their own or of others upon whom they depend, have need for the help of their fellows. Hence the proper administration of funds that are freely subscribed by the public is important. Much is given away from the house door, a great deal through religious and other charitable societies, and, of course, the hospitals do a great work. One trouble is with the professional beggar class, which makes use of all in turn, and sometimes of several at once. Another is the existence of societies which cost so much in administration that they can almost be said to achieve the support of a staff rather than the relief of the needy. In Victoria there is a Charities Bill now before the State Parliament. A board of three charity commissioners is proposed, who shall thoroughly look into, and organise, the various means that shall be employed. The Bill is timely. In the large centres of population, a thorough system of registration is needed. Plausible people go from one suburb to another, seeking help. Too often those applied to have not the means of swiftly finding out the facts of the case, and so the imposition goes on. The result is distressing to people whether they give or refuse. In the one case is the probability of helping an undeserving case, in the other the possibility of having turned away the needy. Only the limitation of help being given by local agencies, and means whereby these may speedily discover the genuineness or otherwise of the applicant, can be of service.

THE STEAD-FISHER INTERVIEW.

The Australasian public must have felt great delight when the news was cabled from London that Mr. Stead on his return from Constantinople, hearing of Mr. Fisher's denial of the truth of the interview, most emphatically affirmed its correctness. This, of course, was no more than everybody anticipated, but Mr. Stead's affirmation says the final word on the matter. Mr. Stead's experience and his personal character make his statement to be absolutely conclusive. On his return to London Mr. Stead wrote to Mr. Fisher, and his letter will be published in the next issue of the REVIEW.



Daily Sketch.

An Impression of the Overseas Premiers.

MR. FISHER. GENERAL BOTHA. SIR W. LAURIER. SIR J. WARD.



Pasquino.

(Turin

The Peace Movement.

MILITARISM (on the wall): "This time it really looks as though I should have to pack up and go!"



Wahre Jacob.

The Third Party.

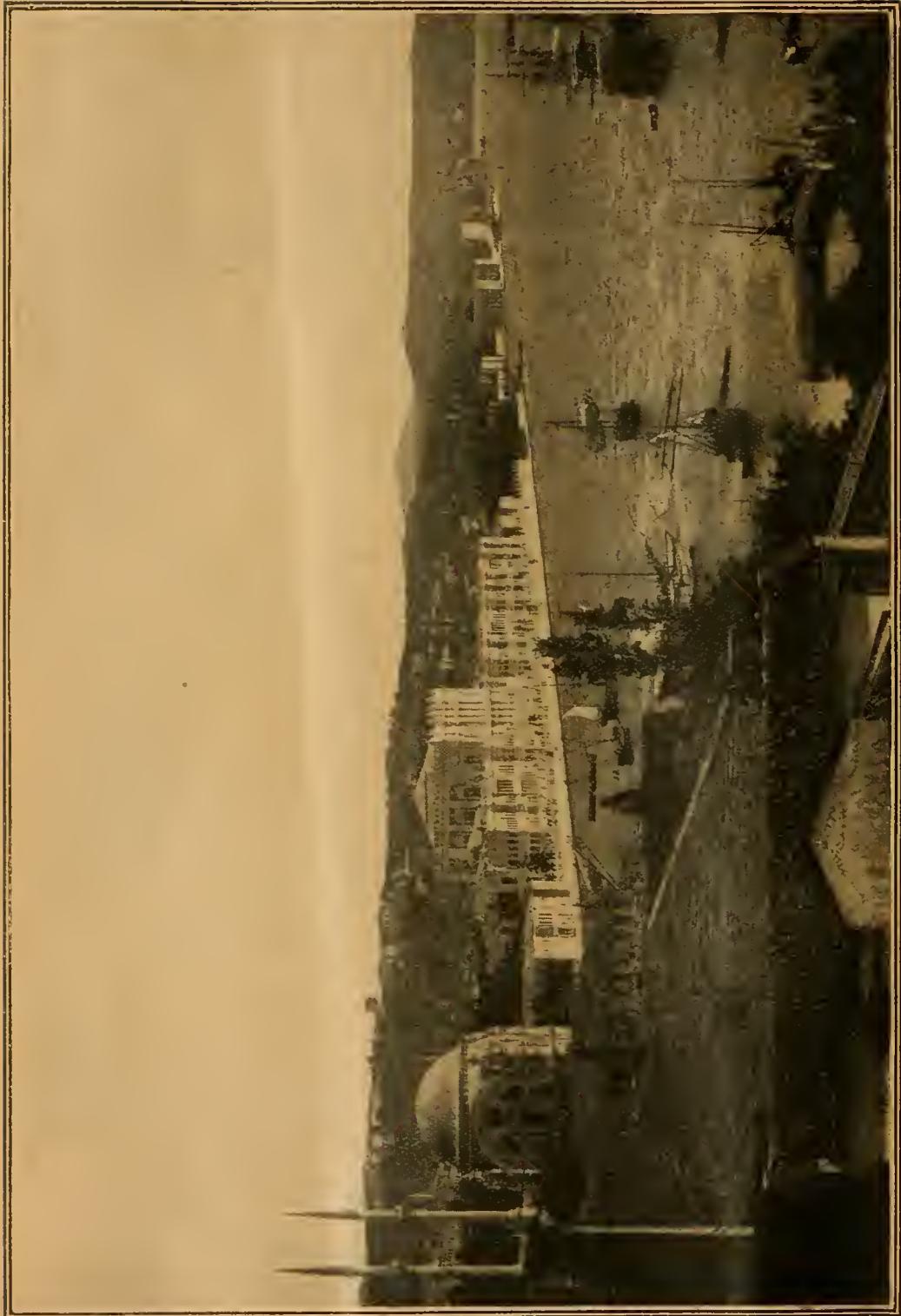
UNCLE SAM: "The fruit is ripe; I shall soon pluck it—"



National Review.

A Coronation Cartoon from the Far East.

China.



Dolma-Bagche, the Imperial Palace on the Bosphorus where the interview between the Sultan and W. T. Stead took place.—(See p. 133.)



CONSTANTINOPLE, July 26th, 1911.

From
the Bosphorus.

I am writing this on the deck of a steamer about to start up the Bosphorus. A red fezzed man opposite is reading an English newspaper. The blue water dancing in the sunbeams—for the July sun is high in mid-heaven—is a scene of infinite movement: steamers, sailing-boats, rowing-boats, craft of every description, are flitting backwards and forwards like butterflies, dragon-flies and moths over a field of flowering flax. Over Galata Bridge, behind me, streams an increasing tide of human life: Greeks, Armenians, Turks, ladies with gay parasols, camels bowed double beneath enormous loads, droves of paniered asses, carriages, Turkish women with heavy black veils—a kaleidoscope of human life. Beneath the iron girders of the bridge, boats, dipping their masts, are passing and repassing. Two American students on my right are discussing their chances at a recent examination. On my right lie the fire-blackened ruins at the base of the Turkish headquarters building, from which the eye travels on to the massive dome of St. Sophia, which has looked down upon many conflagrations. Twice it ceased to be a Christian

temple and became a Moslem mosque. Opposite are the great sea-going steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's, and the sirens of steamers are far more sharply audible than the cries of the Muezzin from the minarets summoning the Faithful to prayer. Europe, Asia, and America; the latest triumphs of modern science and the ancient walls of Byzantium; men and women of all races, religions, and civilisations; the old and the new inextricably intermingled! It is a strange *milieu* from which to survey the Progress of the World at the end of the month of July, Anno Domini 1911.



Abdulla Pasha.

Commander-in-Chief on the Albanian-Montenegrin Frontier.

From the other end of Europe.

I have often written of affairs in Constantinople from my eyrie on the Thames. It is a new experience to discuss the affairs of Great Britain from the deck of a steamer on the Bosphorus. Distance lends enchantment to the view sometimes. It always conceals the details. From a distance of two thousand miles only the outlines of the great masses appear. The rustic cackle of the *bourg* is inaudible at great distances. But even the dwellers from afar can hear the rumbling roar of the falling avalanche. From the meridian of Constantinople

the political excitements of London seem like tempests in a teapot. Dwelling in a city that in three years has witnessed two revolutions, and awaits uneasily a third, the hubbub that is perceptible in London over a trumpery makeshift stopgap of a measure like the Veto Bill seems singularly unreal. Lords and Commons seem to be amusing themselves in tragic-comical fashion. Just now the steamer is passing the gutted ruins of the Tcheragan palace where the first Turkish parliament held its sittings, and where thirty-five years ago Abdul Aziz was suicided. Compared with these real crises and these grim tragedies, your English turmoils seem too trifling to disturb a wise man's equanimity. After living for a fortnight on raw brandy and bitters, I found it difficult even to feel the mild exhilaration of the English cup of tea. Of course if there had been any substance in the Opposition and the simulated delirium of their backers on the press, it would have been different. But, as everyone knew, the result was a foregone conclusion from the first. It is very difficult, if not quite impossible, to feel even the most tepid interest in the make-believe manœuvres of the Lords, whose game was up the moment last General Election registered the final decision of the country.

Mr. George Lloyd. It is odd to find oneself in a world of busy people to whom the very names of our leading statesmen appear to be quite unknown. The only British statesmen whose name I have heard mentioned since I came to Turkey is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Grand Vizier spoke to me with admiration of a certain Mr. George Lloyd, whose identity I did not at first recognise. Mahmoud Chesket Pasha got the names in right order, but his remark was curiously characteristic: "If only I had the millions Mr. Lloyd George spends in old age pensions, what could I not make of the Turkish army!" The other day the papers published a telegram summarising a speech made by Mr. Lloyd George at a banquet in which he seems to have flung a veiled threat of war at some Power not specified. The Austrians say that he referred to Persia, other people think he referred to Morocco. Possibly the full text of his speech may prove that he was referring to neither. The significance of a truism such as that which Mr. Lloyd George uttered lies in the implied suggestion that someone else has been trying to do something to resist which would be worth the price of war. Responsible Ministers are not wont to say such things without cause—and here Mr. Lloyd

George is regarded as a responsible Minister, perhaps the most responsible Minister in the Cabinet.

British Foreign Policy. The British Ambassador has been absent for a month and more. It does not seem to matter much whether he comes back or stays

away. The day seems to have long gone by since the British Foreign Office deemed it worth while to be represented in Constantinople by a man who takes an interest in his work, who puts his soul into his duties, or makes his personality a power in a land where personality is everything. Sir Gerald Lowther is an excellent country gentleman, who I believe plays golf fairly well. But to find him at the British Embassy with Mr. Marling as his Sancho Panza is enough to make the great Eltche squirm in his grave. A Turkish Field-Marshal spoke to me of His Excellency with enthusiasm—"A real English gentleman," he described him, "who would not concern himself in the dirty business which was done by other Embassies." On the other hand, a cynical critic of another nationality remarked that His Excellency was no doubt a highly refined Squire Western, but *au fond* he was Squire Western still, and curiously out of place in a diplomatic post.

The True Rôle of a British Ambassador. The experiment which the Turks are trying, under enormous disadvantages, of introducing liberty into the Ottoman Empire in place of a shifting despotism ought surely to have evoked from Europe a generous response. The common interest of all the Powers in the good government and development of Turkey is at least ten times greater than the special interests of any one of them. But instead of looking after the ten points in which they have a common interest, the Ambassadors confine themselves solely to pushing their own particular one point, regardless of everything else. The European Concert adequately to represent Christendom or efficiently to do its proper work ought to be represented at Constantinople by Ambassadors whose first instructions should be to work together like a band of brothers to help the Turks to profit by the combined experience of more advanced nations, and to avoid the blunders into which they are only too prone to fall. This would be a practical realisation of the unity of Christendom well worthy the effort of the Ambassador of a Liberal Administration in England. That Sir Edward Grey would welcome the realisation of such an ideal is indubitable. But he does not wish the end keenly enough to employ the means by which it can be accomplished. In this, as in other matters,

Sir Edward Grey is like a Pope whose efforts to promote the triumph of Rome were to be carried out by nuncios and legates appointed by the Grand Master of the Orange Lodge. Not until a Liberal Foreign Minister can count upon the support instead of the contempt of his own Ambassadors will he ever be able to give effect to the aspirations which, to say the least, are not enthusiastically shared by Sir F. Bertie.

As Falkland died ingeminating
The Great Need "Peace! Peace!" I expect to
in die ingeminating "Union!"
Turkey. Union!"

If only people would agree to help each other to achieve the objects on which they are agreed, instead of squabbling over the fractional points of difference, the millennium would be near at hand. The principles of the Civic Church, the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer, the co-operation of all for the realisation of common ideals—these I have been preaching here in these last few days in quarters where I was certainly not preaching to the converted. The Christians of Turkey almost equal the Turks in number—there are

eight millions of each. In education they are vastly superior. But the Turks are a unit, whereas the Christians are split into four sections—Greek, Bulgarian, Armenian, and Catholic. The Turks, moreover, have behind them another eight millions of Arabs, Albanians, and Koordish Moslems. The Christians, therefore, are only one-third of the population. But instead of having one-third of the members of Parliament they have hardly one-seventh. Nor is that all. Owing to their intestine strife the Turks have always been able to play off one section against the other, favouring one in order to be more free to oppress the other. The present Turkish Government has—fortunately or unfortunately, according to your standpoint—adopted so comprehensive and uniform a policy of attack on the privileges of all the Christians as to drive them, almost for the first time in recent years, into an attempt at what may be described as co-operative self-defence. A joint committee, representing Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, and Catholics, has been appointed by the Greek Patriarch, the Exarch of the Bulgarians, and



Photograph by

S.E. Mahmoud Mouktar Pasha.

Formerly Governor of Smyrna, but now the Minister of Marine.



Photograph by

Ahmed Riza.

President of Turkish Chamber of Deputies.

[P. Sebah]

the Acting Patriarch of the Armenians, for the purpose of stating their grievances, and for promoting the interests of the Christians of the East. I had the pleasure of assisting at a meeting of this Committee when a general plan of electoral operations was agreed upon. If only Christendom, as represented by the Concert, and by the Churches, would pull together the Turks would find it much more easy to do right than they do to-day.

Montenegro
and
the Malissores.

The question which brought Europe to the verge of a war which would have raged all round the world turned upon a very narrow point. Montenegro had sheltered 10,000 Malissores, *i.e.*, Highlanders, Catholic by faith, who took refuge in the Black Mountain to save themselves from the vengeance of the victorious Turks. They refused to return unless guarantees were forthcoming for the fulfilment of the promises made by the Turks. The Turks offered them on paper everything, or nearly everything, they desired. The Montenegrin Government agreed that the terms were good, but asked for guarantees for their fulfilment. The Turks absolutely refused to admit the principle of an international guarantee. They threatened to appeal to the Powers to restrain Montenegro by force from attacking Turkey. The Powers, it is reported, were quite willing to assent. In that case a collective naval demonstration off the Adriatic was to have been held to compel Montenegro to keep the peace. If Europe, instead of waiting for the powder-barrel to be brought within range of the fire, had intervened earlier to restrain Turkey from cutting her own throat by her insane policy in Albania, they would not have been brought face to face with the alternative of having to coerce Montenegro. But if Europe acts, whether for the Turks or for the Montenegrins, she establishes a precedent for collective action in favour of mauling the peace. The Turks are on their good behaviour just now, and as the Highlanders are worthless as subjects, there is little fear that they will immediately break their promises to the Highlanders.

Why Ignore
the
Hague Convention?

The most depressing thing about the discussions which have raged over the Montenegrin-Albanian controversy is that none of the Powers ventured to perform what all of them at the Hague declared they regarded as their duty. That duty was to approach disputants threatening to fight with a reminder that the Hague Convention

offers them an honourable and pacific mode of settling their difficulties. Russia alone hinted at it, but France, who was the originator of the duty clause, did nothing to back her up. Britain was silent, and America, which from her remoteness from the scene of action might have acted most effectively, did nothing. The excuse made is that the quarrel turned upon a question of internal administration, and that the Turks were ready to fight the whole world rather than allow the Powers to guarantee the performance of the promises on the strength of which they asked the Malissores to return to the ruins of their homes. This fact is only an illustration of another fact that so long as this question and that is reserved as unsuitable for arbitration, so long will there be no adequate security in Hague Tribunals and the like to enable the Powers to dispense with the armaments to which in the last resort they always appeal.

How the
Arbitration Treaty
would
have Worked.

If President Tast's arbitration treaty had been in operation between Turkey and Montenegro the question of the Malissores would not have been referred to arbitration. Turkey would have declared that it was not judicable by arbitration. It would then have been referred to an Anglo-American Commission to be inquired into and reported upon with a view to a settlement. No obligation would be upon either to accept the recommendation of the Commission unless it unanimously recommended arbitration. But a year's interval would then be allowed for the diplomats to endeavour to find out some means of carrying out the suggestions of the report. This year's delay is a good notion in some cases, but it would not have worked in Montenegro, where the essence of the difficulty lay in the necessity for getting the Malissores back to their native hills before winter. A special mediator, such as the Pope used to aim at being, might be called in without prejudice to the claims of either party to suggest amicable terms of settlement. Some way ought to be devised to prevent Europe being plunged into a general war over a question of guaranteeing the life and property of a handful of highlanders. But even in the most highly organised State a madman or a criminal with a matchbox can always start a conflagration which, if the wind blows high, will baffle the efforts of the best fire-fighters in the best equipped fire brigades in the world.

**The
immediate Prospect
in
Turkey.**

The prospect before Turkey is difficult to describe. The unanimity that characterised the movement of the Young Turks has disappeared, and the desperate attempt to shoot it up again by murdering dissentient editors has widened the breach between the two sections of the Committee of Union and Progress ; one of which wants progress without union, and the other demands union without progress. The quarrel is to be fought out at the Conference to be held in Salonica in September, when it is anticipated the Radical Jewish Freemason element will gain control of what is in reality the governing caucus of the party. They will then go forward to a general election, of which the only certain result appears to be that the caucus will work the elections, and that the defeated sections will protest violently. So long, however, as the caucus can count upon the support of the army there will be no counter revolution. But the army is divided. The caucus is intriguing against Mahmoud Chesket, and if a strong man arose whom the soldiers would follow the old *régime* would be re-established in no time. Abdul Hamid would not be restored, but the Constitution would disappear, and that would be an immense disaster. The Young Turks are skating on very thin ice—a mere film over a fiery crater of fanaticism and savagery.

**The Moral
of
the Agadir Incident.** The moral of the Agadir incident, which we hope all our pacifists will take to heart, is that the only

formula which can secure the general peace is two keels to one. We have no wish to aggravate the international situation. Germany can understand our point of view perfectly well, and respects it, for it is her own. When France and Britain entered into an arrangement which ignored the right of Germany to have a voice in the settlement of Morocco, Germany protested, and rightly protested. The Treaty of Algeciras was the outcome of that protest. Now, without even so much as saying "by your leave" to the other signatories of that treaty, she has entered into conversations with France which apparently assume as their base the right of France and Germany to dispose as they please of the future of Morocco. To this Britain

objects, as Germany objected some years ago. Morocco is not a mere Franco-German dependency. France has no authority to accept nor Germany to grant to France a free hand in Morocco. Whatever is done in Morocco must be a matter for general agreement among all the Powers which signed the Treaty of Algeciras. It is not in Germany's power to give away the territory or the sovereignty of Morocco in order to purchase territory elsewhere. We do not object to her wanting to purchase territory ; we merely remark that she must pay the price with what belongs to her and not with trust property vested in a dozen other trustees.

**The Bid
for
the French Congo.** That Germany should propose to France the cession of the French Congo is a matter of indifference to us. She is a Sovereign Power, and she can deal with France, which is also a Sovereign Power, for the sale of any French colonies



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

Professional Etiquette.

SULTAN OF MOROCCO : "Hallo ! Another doctor ! Hadn't you better hold a consultation ?"

GERMAN SURGEON : "Well, to tell the truth, I hadn't thought of consulting these other gentlemen. I rather meant to operate on my own account. Still, if there's a general feeling in favour of a conversazione——"



L. Sartorius

THE FRANCO-GERMAN DISPUTE ABOUT MOROCCO.

M. Jules Cambon, Ambassador of France, and Herr Von Kiderlen-Waechter, the German Foreign Secretary, discussing the situation.

she may desire to acquire. If France chooses to sell or to give away the French Congo, or anything else that belongs to her, it is none of our business. But if France objects to sell at all, or if France objects to sell excepting for an equivalent which is not Germany's to deliver, we have a right to regard any attempt to compel the assent of France as being as much an act of aggression as, let us say, a demand for the surrender of Corsica in exchange for a cheque drawn on the Bank of Utopia. For my own part, so far as British interests are concerned, it is a matter of indifference whether France or Germany rule in

The
Anglo-Japanese
Alliance.

The renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance minus the clause relating to the Indian frontier, and plus a clause exempting from its operation any nation with whom we have concluded a general treaty of arbitration, has been hailed with general satisfaction. I had an opportunity of shaking hands with the old Japanese veteran, General Nogi, on the anniversary of the proclamation of the Constitution, but I had no opportunity of discussing the treaty with him, although I have no doubt that if he had expressed any opinion it would have been favourable to the new treaty. What is certain is that the Colonies are well pleased with it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had much to do with converting the Australians to his views on this subject. Now that the arbitration clause has been added the Americans can no longer indulge in Californian scares as to a Japanese war, with Britain as the ally of Japan.

The
British Empire,
Limited.

There has been a good deal of somewhat wrong-headed discussion in the English and South African papers as to the precise degree of liberty asserted at the Imperial Conference for our Colonies in war time. The mis-

understanding is entirely due to the mistaken use of the word "neutral" by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His first declaration on the subject was made to me when he was in London, just after the Boer War. He used the words "the right to remain neutral" then. I immediately pointed out that from the point of international law no part of the British Empire could be neutral when the Empire was at war, and that if he wished to be neutral he would have to declare the Independence of Canada. His reply showed that he did not mean neutral, but merely non-combatant. He said, "Of course we might be attacked, and if we were attacked we



A View of Agadir from the Sea, with its Citadel on the Hill.

Morocco or the French Congo, so long as the British fleet is maintained on the standard of two keels to one. But that is a condition *sine qua non*. Mr. Lloyd George must have rejoiced many times this last month that Admiral Fisher stood to his guns in the years when Messrs. George and Churchill were doing their level best to cut down the naval estimates. Twenty-six years ago I nailed my flag to the mast-head when I wrote "The Truth about the Navy," and every year that has passed since then has borne fresh evidence that the very worst enemy of the world's peace is the man who would reduce the strength of the British fleet.

should have to defend ourselves. But if we held aloof from the war I don't think we should be attacked." This sufficiently disposes of the ingenious argument of the *Volksstem* that in case of war it might be convenient for the Empire if South Africa declared her neutrality. All that South Africa could do so long as she is under the British flag would be to declare that she would not actively participate in the war unless she was attacked. The more convenient it might be for us, as the *Volksstem* suggests, to have South Africa declared neutral, the more certain it is that no such neutrality would be recognised for a moment by any Great Power with which we might happen to be at war. Non-combatants the Colonies may be while they remain under the flag. Neutral they can never be when England is at war, unless they haul down the flag.

LONDON, August 1st, 1911.

The Slow Suicide of the Peers. July, 1911, has been the hottest month known in the British Isles for many years. The political

temperature has reached a more unprecedented height than the physical. Burning questions have stoked up the history of the month to melting—or explosion—point. Coincident with the menacing crisis abroad have been the concluding scenes of the Constitutional crisis at home. Both, one may hope, will have passed in peace before these pages are in the hands of the reader. The struggle which an insolent oligarchy eighteen months ago so wantonly provoked with the nascent democracy of Great Britain and Ireland is now in its final stages. The feudal caste, which has for generations cramped and crippled the progress of the people, is slowly completing its political suicide. The last throes of the expiring tyranny may soon be told. The Parliament Bill, of which the Peers had reluctantly passed the second reading, was by them drastically modified in Committee. At the instance of Lord Cromer, they refused to allow the Speaker to decide which measures were and which were not true Money Bills, and put in his place a Joint Committee. By 253 votes to 46—"amid much laughter"—they adopted Lord Lansdowne's amendment, exempting from the operation of the Bill and sub-

mitting to a popular Referendum such proposals as affected the existence of the Crown, the Protestant succession, the establishment of a legislative Parliament in Ireland, Scotland, Wales or England. To these amendments the Government, well voiced by Lord Morley's incisive eloquence, offered resolute and uncompromising resistance. Then ensued a pause of seventeen days. There were mutterings among some of the desperadoes that perhaps after all, after having passed the second reading and inserted their own amendments, the Lords would throw out the Bill on the third reading. Even as metamorphosed in Committee, the Bill was still the death-warrant of the House of Lords as history had known it, and the instinct of self-preservation inspired a natural shrinking from setting seal and signature to the fatal document. But a sense of dignity triumphed, and the third reading went through without a division. To their amendments, however, Lord Lansdowne said the Opposition would cling as long as they were free agents, and Lord Halsbury declared that if these amendments were struck out in the Commons he would consider it his solemn duty to God and his country to vote against the measure.

The same night Mr. Asquith wrote Mr. Balfour his historic letter:—

The Coup de Grâce. I think it is courteous and right before any public decisions are announced to let you know how we regard the political situation. When the Parliament Bill, in the form which it has now assumed, returns to the House of Commons, we shall be compelled to ask that House to disagree with the Lords' amendments. In the circumstances, should the necessity arise, the Government will advise the King to exercise his prerogative to secure the passing into law of the Bill in substantially the same form in which it left the House of Commons, and His Majesty has been pleased to signify that he will consider it his duty to accept and act on that advice.

There! At last the Peers were up against the naked realities of the situation. For long they had been living in a fools' paradise. They had refused to accept the decisive verdict of the national will, twice repeated at the polls. They snatched at every attempt, however hollow and transparent, to make out that the facts were not the facts. They tried hard to persuade themselves that the January General Election, which sent back a majority of 120 against them, was really a victory, and the December General Election was somehow or other not a real

expression of the national purpose. The fact, too, openly admitted by their party leaders, that a third General Election would make no material change in the figures was too awkward to be true. They seemed unable to recognise the inevitable, until they had it from the Sovereign himself that he was prepared to use his royal power to make the will of his people prevail. Then the disillusionment was complete. They were doomed.

How They
Met
Their Doom.

Here was a chance for our British aristocracy. They at last knew they were defeated. And

in the hour of conscious defeat men and nations show the stuff of which they are made. When the cause of the Commonwealth had been betrayed by General Monk, when the Ironsides saw in the restored monarchy the end of all their hopes, they made no moan. In the noble words of John Richard Green, "none of the victories of the New Model were so glorious as the victory which it won over itself. Quietly and without a struggle, as men who bowed to the inscrutable will of God," the victors of Naseby and Worcester, the masters of King and Parliament, and the terror of Europe, retired in silent dignity to private life. But these were only "farmers and traders." Here were nobles—Dukes, Earls, Barons and the like—men of ancient name and famous rank. The time had come to prove their mettle. The

touchstone of defeat would, one might expect, show the imperturbable grandeur of their repose, the more than Roman dignity of our Senators, the silent endurance of the English race eminently displayed in the foremost of titled Englishmen. Alas and alas! The British aristocracy, in the hour of their downfall, squealed like pigs under the butcher's knife.

Even the sound Tory of the *Quarterly Review* laments that the Peers seem to have little idea how

the prestige of their order has been lowered in the eyes of the nation by their doings during the last two years. Last month it seemed as if they were bent on utterly discrediting themselves. Alike as schoolboys, as sportsmen, as soldiers, and as statesmen, Englishmen despise the men who take a beating badly. It is a blow to the national self-respect to find that while the British monarchy and the British middle-class met the hour of downfall with calm composure, the British aristocracy at the moment of their overthrow have behaved—like Lord Hugh Cecil.

The Triumph
of the
Guttersnipe.

Not being able either to prevent or to endure defeat, Lord Hugh, with a few hysterical accomplices, arranged to shout down the Prime Minister when he rose on July 24th to explain to the House of Commons the purpose of the Government. The discreditable design was effectually carried out. The titled and untitled rowdies succeeded in drowning Mr. Asquith's voice—and in covering themselves with pity and shame. Lord Hugh has had many friends and admirers among men who stood outside the arena of party politics, and one can only be sorry that he should have so wantonly destroyed the high hopes they had cherished for his future.

The fact is that his lordship is a curious cross between a prince of the mediaeval Church and a guttersnipe. He has shown at times the spiritual elevation, the mystic fervour, and the passionate devotion that recall the days of St. Bernard and St. Anselm. Then to the disappointment of all his friends comes ever and again a streak of the guttersnipe. When he plotted to



Westminster Gazette.]

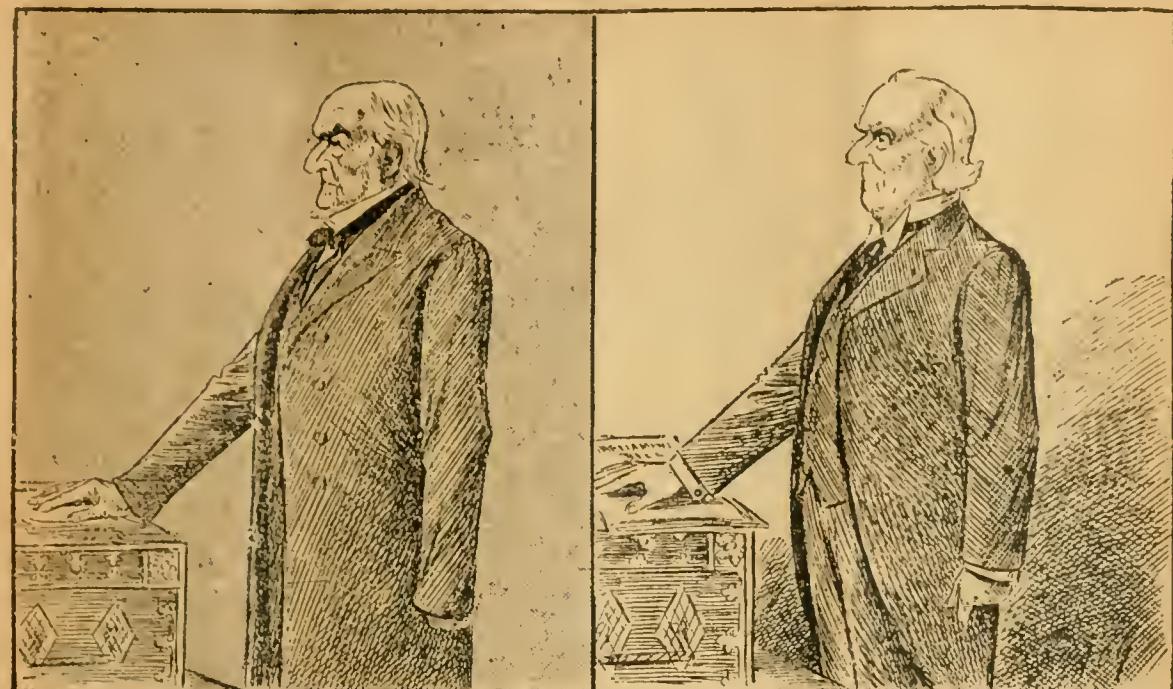
In the Last Gutter.

A picture that requires no explanation.



ROWDYISM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The scene on July 24th.



Westminster Gazette.

THE FOREWORD AND THE LAST WORD.

1894 : The Foreword.

Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, March 1st, 1894 : "In some way or other a solution will have to be found for this incessant conflict upon matters of high principle and profound importance between the Representatives of the people and those who fill a nominated or non-elected Chamber."

silence Mr. Asquith, the guttersnipe triumphed and trampled Hugh the saint, Hugh the Churchman, Hugh the possible statesman, into the mire. His attempt in the *Times* to justify his conduct only makes the matter worse. He pleaded that something was "needed if the listless inattention which pervades the public mind was to be broken"; that "an unprecedented outrage on the Constitution required an unusual protest." When Japan was compelled by the Great Powers to surrender the fruits of her victory over China, a number of Japanese patriots made their protest—not by caterwauling under the windows of the Chancelleries of Europe—but by solemn suicide. Lord Hugh tries, let us hope ineffectually, to commit political *hari-kari*. The Oriental method is more dignified.

A much more serious matter than

**The Speaker's
Impotence.**

the fall of Lord Hugh Cecil is the menace which his successful rowdyism portends to Parliamentary freedom. The Prime Minister, when proceeding to make a statement of high Constitutional import-

1911 : The Last Word.

(Which the Hooligans would not listen to.)

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

ance, was actually denied a hearing. The Speaker found himself unable to cope with the disorder. Mr. Poynter, one of the Labour Members, expressed, whether wisely or not, a feeling which had occurred to many minds—that if an Irish Member had behaved as disgracefully as Lord Hugh Cecil he would have been promptly named and suspended or ejected. Mr. Poynter has withdrawn all charge of partiality or partisanship against the Speaker. The country is therefore left to suppose that a small knot of Members can prevent the business of the House proceeding, and that the Speaker can only end the turmoil by terminating the sitting. This is a mournful prospect. Of course, had Lord Hugh Cecil been named and compelled to withdraw, there would not soon have been a recrudescence of rowdyism. But now there is an open invitation to any group of disorderly Members to silence or disperse the House of Commons. If the Prime Minister may be shouted down with impunity, what lesser Member need be spared? This is no visionary danger. For here is Mr. Garvin,

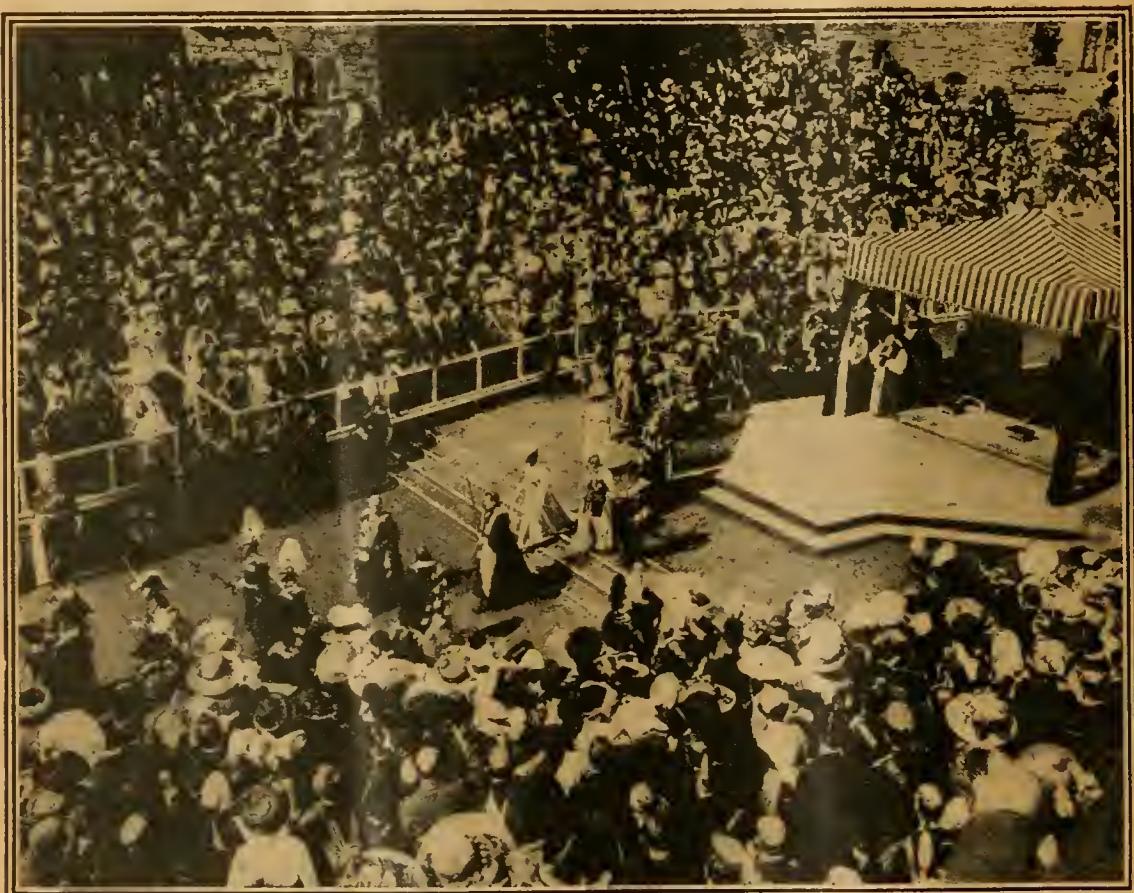
as he bellows "No surrender" in column after column of the *Observer*, declaring:—

Ulster may well feel that there will be no resource on this earth but to fight for its life simultaneously with a Unionist determination next year to stop the *House of Commons* rather than allow the Redmondite revolution to triumph.

This may prove no idle vapouring. The man whose threat we have pointed with italics is the man who

In marked contrast with the irresponsible and fatuous conduct of certain scions of our aristocracy has been the correct, serious, and dutiful demeanour of our King. The solemn ceremonies of June have had a worthy sequel in the Royal activities of July. His Majesty, wherever he goes and whatever he does, succeeds in diffusing around him a

Enter the King.



Photograph by

[Topical Press.

The Investiture of the Prince.

The scene in the Castle of Carnarvon immediately after the ceremony, when the King was leading the Prince to the castle walls to show him to the Welsh people.

rushed the Peers into rejecting the Budget of 1909 and Mr. Balfour into accepting the Referendum. If Lord Hugh Cecil can "stop the *House of Commons*" for one night, why should not a succession of extremists "stop the *House of Commons*" night after night? The precedent is an awkward one, and may yet cost the House much time and trouble.

sense of deep earnestness in the pursuit of one's vocation in life. Reviewing twenty thousand Boy Scouts at Windsor on July 4th, he spoke of his "appreciation of the great voluntary work which is being carried out by men and women of all classes," and urged the boys "to become God-fearing and useful citizens." Three days before he had charged the lads of a much higher grade, the boys at Eton,

to remember the heavier responsibilities which ever attend greater privileges. His Majesty said:—

The British Empire requires at the present time hard service from all its sons. It requires the hardest service from those to whom most has been given.

There spoke the spirit of a King. The words form a needful tonic to the fashionable notion that wealth and rank are no more than an opportunity to have an unlimited "good time." The King acts out his own principles. On July 11th was announced his first award as arbitrator in a long-standing dispute between Chile and the United States—a claim for £600,000 by an American firm against the Chilian exchequer. The American firm was given a verdict for £187,000.

**The Four Nations
of the
United Kingdom.**

Much of the month has been spent by a Royal Progress to the headquarters of the several nations which constitute the United Kingdom. First, significantly enough, the King went to Ireland and received a four days' popular welcome which is said to surpass in warmth and heartiness anything known in Royal visits to Dublin. His farewell message bore touching witness to the "joy and affection inspired by the wonderful reception" which had been given him, and spoke of an early return. From Ireland he came over to Wales to attend the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle. The quaint picturesqueness of the feudal past and the splendour of the official pageant blended with the popular enthusiasms of the present day to make the ceremony a most effective tribute by the new monarch to the national individuality and the national ambitions of the Welsh people. From Wales the King, accompanied, as always, by his Queen, went on to Edinburgh, and again did homage to national sentiment by observing the requirements of ancient Scottish pomp and modern Scottish sentiment. From the first His Majesty has shown no fear of encouraging the distinctive spirit of each nation in his great Empire. His Imperial travels have left him in no doubt that as the distinct and highly developed personality of each man makes him the better fellow-citizen, so the distinct and highly developed character of each nationality makes it the worthier member of the Imperial whole.

**Mr. Balfour
Explicit for Once.** From these unitive functions he returned to London to bring to heel those recalcitrant Peers who have been for two generations the chief factors of Imperial discord. On the 22nd he saw Mr. Asquith. Next day he sent for Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. Both these leaders



Photograph by

Topical Press.

The Prince is Presented to the Welsh People.

then issued letters to their supporters counselling submission to the inevitable, with a directness that recalls more the character of the monarch than that of the two politicians. Mr. Balfour for once accomplished the marvel of speaking straight out in words open to no misunderstanding. He wrote:—

My views are clear. I think the majority in the House of Lords should support its leader. I agree with the advice Lord Lansdowne has given to his friends. With Lord Lansdowne I stand, with Lord Lansdowne I am ready, if need be, to fall.

Unionist Split. Most of the Unionist newspapers wisely followed their leader's advice. But the forces of

order which caused the outbreak in the Commons, and which Mr. Balfour only half-heartedly deplored, were encouraged to foment what is neither more nor less than the disruption of their party. Lord Halsbury was given a dinner by the Irreconcilables, wherein there was much to remind one of the dancing Dervishes who exhorted the Mahdi and his desert-hordes to face the military science of Lord Kitchener at Omdurman. Those who lured the Peers over the precipice in November, 1900, were eagerly urging them

to complete and ignominious disaster. Mr. Garvin kept on trumpeting like a mad elephant in the *Observer*. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain wrote to eulogise the aged ex-Chancellor because "he has refused to surrender his principles." Ahem! Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who was acclaimed as the new leader of the Unionist Party, followed on the paternal tack and ingeminated to the Peers, "Go up to Ramoth-Gilead." Then ensued, veiled under transparent professions of party loyalty, a civil war within the Party. The Irreconcilables were of course loudest in speech and letter.

Why this Fuss about New Peers? Why they should prefer the creation of a large number of Liberal

Peers to a dignified acquiescence in the inevitable, it is difficult for men ordinarily sane to understand. Lord Selborne fancies that the passage of the unamended Bill without the creation of Peers would be held to establish the constitutional nature of the Government's procedure, whereas "the passage of the Bill after the creation of Peers will stamp the Act for what it is—a revolution." Here again is the idea that facts



Photograph by]

Lord Halsbury.

[W'hitlock.



Photograph by]

Lord Selborne.

[C. Vandyk.

are not facts if you can label them otherwise than as they are. It is all so futile and so frivolous. Meantime Lord Lansdowne goes on day by day publishing the names of the Peers who will follow his lead. They now number close on three hundred and fifty. The Bishops will, it is said, mostly abstain; a few will vote for the Government. The Irreconcilables wisely decline to reveal the paucity of their following by publishing names. Now they claim to have a hundred stalwarts, then eighty is given as the number. Some Unionist Peers have actually declared their intention to vote for the Government rather than risk the creation of new Peers; whereat the Halsburians wax almost apoplectic in their wrath, and Lord Lansdowne writes that in no case will he or his followers vote for the Government. They will do no more than abstain from voting. After all there is something comical in this careful counting of heads beforehand in order to ascertain how many new heads will have to be created to pass the Bill.

The Real Cause of Dred. The naïve observer is often tempted to ask why in the world should there be all this pother to avoid the creating of Peers. He cannot understand the point of the chatter about "puppet Peers." Are not most Peers put there for party purposes? The endeavour to disparage the prospective Peers comes curiously from men who claim most loudly a monopoly of patriotism. If the 45,000,000 of the United Kingdom, to say nothing of the rest of the British Empire, cannot supply five



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

Wanted—a Warranty.

CHIEF MINISTERIAL WHIP : "I can raise the Coronets all right; but I can't answer for the 'Norman blood.'"

PRIME MINISTER : "Never mind the 'Norman blood'; it's the 'kind hearts' and the 'simple faith' that I'm worrying about."

hundred men at least as well qualified for legislative duties as the rank and file of the existing Peers, then without a doubt the British race is bankrupt and the Empire might as well put up its shutters. No, if character were the test, or competence the test, a thousand new Peers could readily be found, much above the present average. The one thing of which the Peers, and still more the Peeresses, are afraid, is what they would regard as the cheapening of their order. That is the dread which pervades not Unionist breasts alone—that an influx of new creations would lower the social prestige of the caste. It is the old cry: Let laws—and the power of making laws—and manners (*vide* Lord Hugh Cecil) die, but give us still our old nobility—even if it is diluted with upstart brewers and journalists. It is that terror of impairing the exclusiveness of the present set which probably will, more than party loyalty or love of legislative power, secure the



Pall Mall Gazette

The Oak (Halsbury) and the Willow (Curzon).

A willow, bending and twisting to the blast, reproached an oak for standing sturdily before it and disdaining to give way. "Poor wretch!" replied the oak, "who could prefer an ignominious life preserved by craft and cowardice to the glory of facing death, if needs be, in an honourable cause?"

final enactment of the unamended Parliament Bill without the creation of a single new Peer. But what a spectacle the Lords have presented as a farewell memory to the British people, whose patience they have so long tried!

**Assurance
and
Insurance.**

The Government can go serenely on its way because there is no sign of the country behind it flagging in determination. Six bye-elections have taken place during the month, with the uniform record of "No change." In Hull and in North-West Somerset Unionist succeeds Unionist, in the former with an increased and in the latter with a decreased majority. North-West Ham, Tradeston (Glasgow), Luton, and Bethnal Green have maintained their Liberal allegiance. The Liberal majority was increased in North-West Ham, but was diminished in the other three constituencies. In Bethnal Green the majority sank to one hundred and eighty-four. Mr. Masterman, who has thus found a seat, very prettily remarked that but for Lord Hugh Cecil's conduct in the House of Commons the seat might have been lost! The Insurance Bill in its later stages in the House may cause the Government more trouble than all the flamboyance of the Irreconcilable Peers. Not once or twice have amendments enlarging the scope of the Bill been rejected only by the strong personal influence of Mr. Lloyd George, or by the threat of dropping the Bill altogether. Unemployment may prove to be in Home politics what Ireland used to be in Imperial affairs—the grave of reputations. At present the scope of the measure is restricted too closely to those sections of the unemployed who have least need of Government assistance. Taxation which is extracted from all classes is applied to help only a limited class; and that the class best able to look after itself. The large and influential following of Mr. and Mrs. Webb are urging that the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission offers a much more just and complete solution for this terrible problem than do the tentative and experimental beginnings of a national insurance system. The provisions for health insurance still excite the determined hostility of a large number of medical men. Meantime the Report of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, which has appeared during the month, will help somewhat to ensure us against the perils of phthisis by announcing that that fell disease may be developed in man by the bovine tubercle bacillus. Our milk supply will be consequently watched with greater care and with more salutary effect.

**"Navies Within
a Navy."**

We have felt so keenly our competition with Germany that it would be ungenerous not to recognise how her fleet-building has proved a blessing in disguise by strengthening our sovereignty of the seas. Among other by-products of her activity may be mentioned the development of our Dominion navies. The relations in which these daughter Navies will stand to the Mother-Navy were agreed upon at the late Imperial Conference, and were published last week. The Canadian and Australian naval forces and services, while exclusively under control of their respective Governments, will be in training and discipline and regulations uniform with those of the United Kingdom. Officers and men may be interchangeable. The respective stations of the various Navies are defined. Along with the distinctive flag of the Dominion, each ship will hoist the white ensign as the symbol of the authority of the Crown. Consultations between the respective Admiralties are arranged for, to maintain the uniformity. And what is most significant in our relations to foreign Powers is the sixteenth paragraph, which reads:—

In time of war, when the naval service of the Dominion, or any part thereof, has been put at the disposal of the Imperial Government by the Dominion authorities, the ships will form an integral part of the British Fleet, and will remain under the control of the British Admiralty during the continuance of war.

**The
Unitive Tendency.** The tendency is obvious that in matters of Imperial defence the Empire is becoming a unit. The

possible co-ordination of the land forces of the Empire is a different story. Australia inaugurated her compulsory military service at the beginning of the month, when one hundred and five thousand youths from fourteen to eighteen years of age were brought under training. Even here, in spite of the necessary and sensitive self-dependence of each Dominion, or rather because of it, free fraternal co-operation will be infinitely more effective than the merest hint of centralised compulsion. The Premiers from oversea are quite right in their insistence upon the nationhood of the Dominions they represent, as Mr. Fisher did in the interview which appeared in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for July, and which has created so great a sensation. Mr. Fisher telegraphs from Colombo that our interview was "grossly misleading." Our Editor-in-Chief, with whom the interview was held, is at present in Turkey, and in our next number may clear up any misunderstanding that has arisen either in the form or substance of the report of Mr. Fisher's remarks. No one imagines that Mr. Fisher wishes to "cut the painter."

Canadian
General Election.

The farewell messages of statesmen returning to their respective Dominions all breathed the spirit of unity based on freedom which is the note of the British Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, returning to his own country, was received with something of the demonstrations which in olden times were reserved exclusively for conquering heroes returning from the stricken field. He has at once secured the dissolution of Parliament. The Canadian electorate will decide in early autumn whether or no they will accept the Reciprocity Treaty which has just passed the American Senate and been signed by the President. The New West may reveal its power in this election in unexpected ways. There has been formed a Western Party, which, following the example of the working classes of Great Britain has resolved to send farmers as representatives of farmers, and not trust to others than their own class to make their will known at Ottawa. Possibly the American and agricultural interests combined will give Sir Wilfrid Laurier more than the mandate he requires. When the cultivators of the soil have such deadly foes to face as the bush fires which have swept like a tornado of devastation over hundreds of miles

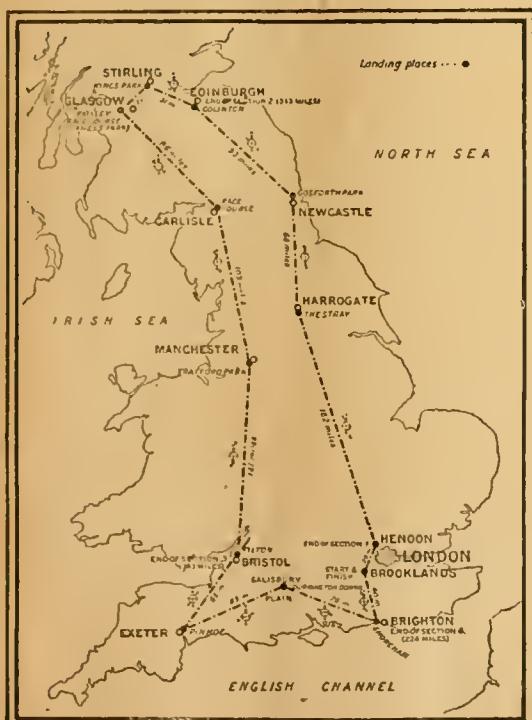
of Northern Ontario, they may be pardoned for thinking that they should not further be exposed to the purely factitious obstruction of Protective tariff-mongers.

A Peaceful
German Invasion.

Meantime the movement towards the achievement of unreserved arbitration is advancing apace. It is said that President Taft wishes to postpone the signing of the Treaty until France, "and possibly Germany," are ready to sign too. There has been much hubbub about the German man-of-war in the waters off Agadir. Comparatively little notice has been taken of a very significant visit of a hundred German working men, guided by Baron de Neufville of Frankfurt and Herr Stoffers of Düsseldorf, to the Adult Schools of this country. They went to most of the great towns of England, were boarded out amongst their English hosts, and everywhere gave and received assurances of international fraternity. They have gone back resolved to introduce Adult Schools, or some similar movement, into the Fatherland. Such a movement might do more for peace than many treaties. Treaties may be torn up, but friendship between the working classes is made of much tougher material.

New Aerial Honour
for
France.

What may prove a more efficient organ of a far wider reciprocity, and of a peace which is the only alternative to universal destruction, has won fresh triumphs during the month. The French naval officer, Lieut. Conneau—who prefers to be known as M. Beaumont—has added fresh laurels to his country's aerial record. He has won the first prize for the European Aviation Circuit, and again he has won the £10,000 prize offered by the *Daily Mail* for the swiftest flight round the British Isles. In the first instance



Photograph by [Topical Press]
M. "Beaumont."

he covered about a thousand miles in 58 hours 36 minutes. In the second he covered 1,010 miles in 22 hours 28 minutes, an average of about 45 miles an hour. The leadership of France in the command of the air is a factor to be reckoned with by those Powers that have occasionally seemed to regard France as a negligible fighting quantity.

The Maharajah of Gwalior has presented the King with £10,000, Fresh Links with India. which His Majesty has distributed to Metropolitan and national charities. The Gaekwar of Baroda, perhaps the most progressive of the chiefs of India, has sent over a professor from the Baroda College to investigate and

so influential an organ of public opinion from being applied to the service of unbelief. Methodists will remember him with gratitude as one of the most staunch and influential supporters of the West London Mission, and as the loyal successor for some years of Mr. Price Hughes in the editorship of the *Methodist Times*. But as friend and adviser Sir Percy exercised an unobtrusive influence which extended far beyond merely denominational circles. Throughout the trying days of the "Maiden Tribute" agitation he showed himself a chivalrous and generous friend. The late Chief Rabbi, Rev. Hermann Adler, was another of those large-spirited comrades who have done so much to abate the bitterness of sect and to open wide the door to the combined forces of progress. One of his last public appearances was at the great meeting in support of Anglo-American arbitration in the Guildhall.

"We all love Jack" runs the popular song. But so far as pay and conditions of work go we strangely dissemble our love. The

British Empire, we say, floats upon the British Navy; the British Navy depends upon our mercantile marine; and the ultimate factor in our Imperial and commercial ascendancy is none other than Jack. Yet in comparison with the advance in the conditions of labour ashore he is often left in a state bordering on serfdom or even slavery. The freeborn Englishman more and more withdraws from so unenviable an occupation. His place is filled first by the white alien, and then by the Asiatic. Even in harbour the fundamental human right to one day's rest in seven is not conceded him. At last, this summer, he has asserted himself. The shipowners at first ridiculed the idea of a strike. But a strike took place in most of our seaports. The trade in some of our principal ports was practically held up. Cargoes were allowed to rot on board, warehouses were besieged. Perhaps the most picturesque incident occurred at Liverpool, when the ocean liner which had on board Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Canadian troops bound for home was kept two days from going to sea. There were riots in Hull, in Manchester, in Cardiff, with sympathetic strikes among the carters and dockers, and occasional incendiarism. The honours of war belong on the whole to the men. They have won in most cases an increase of 10s. wages per month, with the recognition of their Union. It is to be hoped that our great shipping industry will be able to bear this additional strain.



Photograph by

[C. Fandyk.

H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda.

report upon the religious, social and political conditions of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Remembering the enlightened spirit and resolute courage of the Gaekwar, the result of this inquiry may prove to be historic.

Two friends of co-operative goodwill will have duly removed from the visible plane, two notable figures in what one might call the associated effort of all good men. Sir Percy Bunting, who died at the ripe age of seventy-five, will perhaps be best remembered as the editor of the *Contemporary Review* from 1882, a post which he undertook out of loyalty to the Christian faith, in order to save

Two "Men of Goodwill."

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Turkey Revisited: Three Years of Revolution, and After.

By W. T. STEAD.

JULY 23, 1911.

I.—THE FÊTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

I WAS wakened this morning early by the sweet, weird, throbbing music of the Turkish national march. My window overlooks the main road leading past the British Embassy to the Taksim Barracks. I got up and looked out. A regiment of Turkish soldiers, in full marching order, were following their band up the hill. They were all in khaki, with putties and knapsacks and great-coats. Some carried

irresistible until it recoiled before the walls of Vienna. But here were the men, the same tough material out of which successive Sultans had carved the scimitar which made them the terror of the world. Young men they were almost entirely—none over twenty-five—save the officers, and few of the officers were beyond middle age. Well set up they were; brown of face, spare of figure, they marched with a steady stride to the music of their band. If these men can shoot as well as they can march, if these officers can lead as well as they



Hakki Pasha.
Grand Vizier of Turkey.



Mahmoud Chefket Pasha.
Minister of War.

behind the knapsack the brightly burnished brass vessel in which they cook their food. After each company of fifty men rode an officer on horseback. The whole regiment moved with the precision of a machine. Here was none of the pomp and panoply and circumstance of glorious war. I saw in motion a section ready for instant action of the manslaying mechanism which for more than five centuries has enabled the Ottoman Turk to hold his own against Christendom. There was nothing here of the familiar, romantic and picturesque savagery of the Moslem hordes which swept in fury over Eastern Europe,

can ride, and—which is perhaps the most important of all—if the Government refrains from wasting them in unnecessary campaigns against tribes which only ask to be left alone, this Turkish army will be an important factor in the politics of the near future.

The Ottoman Turk has been five hundred years in Europe, and he has developed no kind of capacity but that of the fighting man. He has neither been author, sculptor, painter, inventor, nor indeed anything but a first-class fighting man. He is wiry, tough, frugal, sober, capable of enduring privation, amenable to discipline, and, in his own way, religious enough



Mahmoud Chefket Pasha.

Leaving the tomb of the Revolutionary Heroes, July 23.

to observe his fasts and say his prayers and die cheerfully, with a good hope that it is well with him beyond. By the sword he won his way into Europe, by the sword he retains his position, by the sword he will lose it. As the cat said to the fox in the fable, she only knew one trick to escape the dogs, but her device of getting up a tree was worth all Reynard's hundred devices. So it is the Turk's one talent—a calm, business-like readiness to kill or to be killed—which has made him a match for all the cleverer nations that surrounded him. His capacity in that line is his one talent. Nor has he ever let it remain hidden in a napkin. Whether with scimitar or repeating rifle, this one thing he does, and does it well.

So inveterate is his devotion

to his solitary art that when there was a revolution to be made, a Parliament to be created, and a Constitution to be proclaimed, it was the army who did it. And if, as some fear, the Constitution is abolished and Parliament dissolved and despotic rule restored, it is the army that will be employed to do the job. First, last, and all the time, the Turkish Empire is the back garden of a barracks. It was, therefore, but in accordance with the fitness of things that the fête of the Revolution should be first and foremost a military spectacle, and that it should be celebrated round the Column of the Cannon. Since Tamerlane's mound of skulls, and similar mounds which the Ottoman Turk reared here and there in Europe, there is nothing so nakedly, brutally military as the monument which the Turks set up to commemorate the triumph of the Constitution. The Arc de Triomphe and the Vendôme column in Paris are memorials of victorious war; but the art of the architect is used to give a beauty, a dignity, a splendour to the soldiers' work. Not so with the Turks. To commemorate the triumph of liberty they erected upon a solid pedestal a gigantic reproduction in stone of a modern cannon. Now a cannon has its uses in the field of battle, but this monster stone-imitation of a field-gun with its open muzzle pointed skywards, as if, like Nimrod, who has vanquished all rivals on earth, it would wage war on heaven—was there ever a more crude or ugly memorial erected by man? Yet there it stands to this day, and there the Turkish Ministers and representatives of all arms of the Turkish army assembled to commemorate the triumph of the Constitution. How characteristically Turkish! Below the pedestal on which the breech of the skyward-pointed cannon is resting there is a mausoleum, in which are preserved as a national heirloom the remains of the soldiers of Liberty who perished in the Revolution. Four officers shot by their own men when the counter-revolution broke out were buried here as Revolutionary heroes. Afterwards others were added. I hope that in the near future it may not be necessary to enlarge the mausoleum.

When I emerged from the small and crowded chamber,



Meeting of Mahmoud Chefket and Marshal Nogi.

on the walls of which were inscribed in Arabic texts from the Koran appropriate to the martyrs of liberty, whose death was to enable the Turk to spring at a bound to the forefront of the constitutional and civilised nations of the world, I was suddenly flung back across the centuries. Immediately outside the entrance to the cannon-crowned mausoleum of the Revolutionary heroes, in the midst of an apathetic crowd of gaily uniformed officers and white turbaned Moslem clergy, there stood a butcher with a long keen knife in his hand which dripped with blood. At his feet, writhing in the agony, kicked and shuddered his beautiful white rams with gilded horns, whose throats had been cut right across. The blood was pouring out of the half-decapitated trunk, the end of the hideous severed windpipe protruded from the head, while from the reeking trunk came faint shuddering gasps as the air from the labouring lungs forced its way through the blood. The poor animals were lying on their sides kicking convulsively. The butcher wiped the bloody blade upon the snowy wool of his victims; and then, as if impatient they were such an unconscionable long time in dying, he seized the head of one, and pressing it backward tried to break its neck. Failing in this he took the point of his knife and tried to pierce the spinal marrow, with but little better success. The only result was to increase the shuddering convulsions of the ram. Gradually, however, as the life-blood ebbed the evidence of life became extinct, and the two sacrifices lay side by side in their gore, to the glory of God and for the cause of charity to the poor.

I asked a Young Turk about the loathly spectacle. "It is religion," he said, "and besides that, it is a work of charity, for the flesh of the sacrifices is given to the poor." No Turkish function is complete without such sacrifices. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, says the Old Book, older even than the Koran. Here then was the shedding of blood. Here was the cannon with its muzzle reared on high. It was the Turkish Empire in a microcosm. The religion of the Asian desert and the weapon of modern war—that is the Church and State of the Ottomans yesterday, to day and for ever. To find them both united in celebration of the latest born of Constitutions based on revolutionary theories of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity was a somewhat startling experience.

"This will destroy that," said Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame," pointing from the printed page to the great cathedral which embodied the religious faith of Catholic France. Will this Constitution be equally fatal to this religion which sacrifices rams at the foot of the Cannon monument? Who knows? The two can hardly live together in the same house. So many are saying, so some are fearing. Militarism and the Koran are strange supporters of a Constitution based on the rights of man and the teachings of Auguste Comte.

II.—THE MIRACLE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Mohammed in the Koran perpetually renews the faith of his followers and stimulates their enthusiasm by recounting the miraculous victories which God had enabled them to win over their enemies. None of the victories of Islam in its earliest days afforded such manifest and unmistakable signs of the protecting hand of Allah as are to be found in the success of the Young Turks in their campaign against Abdul Hamid. The Salonica Committee had fifteen shillings in the treasury. In Constantinople the Revolutionary exchequer had exactly ten shillings when the Committee declared war upon the Sultan, who was also Caliph of Islam, the sole lord of the lives of twenty-four millions of subjects, whose empire stretched from the Persian Gulf to the Adriatic. The Committee consisted of a mere handful, not enough to fill the ranks of a single regiment, of young men inexperienced in affairs, full of all manner of conflicting enthusiasms.

Never did a tinier David go forth with a sling and a stone against a mightier Goliath. Besides the disaffected officers who cared little for their Constitution, they had nothing to rely upon beyond the possible support of the most heterogeneous conglomeration of antagonistic elements the world has ever seen. They had no foreign Power to help them. They were even then by no means united in their own counsels. But, as the man of the world would say, they "pulled it off by a most extraordinary fluke." A combination of almost inconceivable coincidences aided them. Be it so. But to the simpler mind of the ordinary man, Christian or Moslem, it would be more natural to attribute their success, as Cromwell attributed the success of his Ironsides, to the manifest interposition of the outstretched hand of God. "He must be a very heathen," said the Lord Protector, "who does not recognise this."

The Young Turks overturned a sovereign whose Empire had a revenue of twenty-six millions a year, although their own military chest did not contain ten dollars. It reminds one of Tancred's saying in Disraeli's novel, "The Persian, Assyrian and Babylonian monarchies might be gained in the morning with faith and the flourish of a sabre." That, however, was but the smallest part of the miracle. It is much easier to overthrow a despotism than it is to found a Constitution. It is most difficult of all to found a Constitution by the aid of men who do not believe in a Constitution. But that is what the Turkish revolutionists actually accomplished.

There were probably never more than a hundred genuine Young Turks, meaning thereby men who believed or understood the meaning of Constitutionalism. They were the men who, reared in Western ideas, conceived the notion of exploiting the popular and military discontent in the cause of revolutionary Liberalism. By themselves they were

powerless. But behind them were forces which, if they could but be persuaded to act in concert, might be irresistible. Of these forces by far the most powerful, and indeed the only one which counted for anything effective, was the discontent in the army. This was primarily professional and personal, with the thinnest possible veneer of Liberalism. There is no doubt that the whole body of younger officers were in latent revolt against the existing system which confined promotion to those who were in favour with the Sultan's clique of favourites. It is as little open to question that this discontent was stimulated by a genuine desire to see the Empire rescued from the hands of an incompetent and cowardly ruler. But no one will seriously maintain that for constitutional principles as such, for parliamentary government, for all the Western shibboleths, there was one young officer in a hundred who cared a straw. The officers were Turks and Moslems to a man. They had been born and bred in an atmosphere in which the notion of equality between the dominant Turkish Mussulman and the Christian rayah can no more exist than a similar notion as to the equality of black men and white can exist in the mind of a South African Boer. They were men of the ruling caste, like our Anglo-Indian officers. Yet the handful of Young Turks, saturated with the ideas of the French Revolution, succeeded in exploiting this military discontent in the interest of the Constitution which defiantly asserts the equality of races and creeds. They persuaded the officers that it was necessary to pay this homage to Western ideas in order to secure the support of the Armenian revolutionists and the Bulgarian bands whose alliance was necessary to the movement. That someone might discover they had been duped after the Sultan was overthrown was probable. The Young Turks might combine the various elements of disaffection when they were confronted by a common enemy. When that enemy was out of the way it would be soon enough to quarrel as to which of the allies should be thrown over.

Behind the military discontent there was, of course, the general feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest among the masses of the suffering peasantry. That, however, is a force which is as constant as it is impotent. It operates like atmospheric pressure in all revolutions. But unless it is concentrated on one object at a given time it is wasted. Of a similar nature was the general discomfort occasioned by the despotic system of Abdul Hamid. But the better-to-do classes, who were the chief sufferers, had borne it for thirty years, and they would have borne it for as long as the Sultan lived had it not been for the Young Turks and their allies the Jews—here, as elsewhere, the mainspring of much revolutionary activity. The battering ram of military revolt was hurled against Abdul Hamid by a junta of enthusiastic freethinking Positivists and astute Jews, who were, perhaps, less idealistic in their calculations. In return for their clever engineering of the Revolution

they were allowed to name their price. That price was the Constitution. The soldiers paid the price stipulated with reserves, uttered or unexpressed. Men whose minds were incapable of realising the existence of a Turkish Empire that was not based upon the dominance of the conquering Moslem assented half unthinkingly to the wholesale application of the principles of Western democracy to Turkey of to-day. The Young Turks had their chance; they seized it; and although their military allies may have sometimes rueed the bargain they made, they have at least not yet gone further than to insist that the military expenditure of the Empire shall not be controlled by the Chanibar. How much longer the compact will last remains to be seen. But that is the way in which the miracle of the twentieth century was accomplished. The Constitution was as much a *coup d'état* of arbitrarism as any *coup d'état* in history. It was imposed upon a people which did not know what it meant by a mere handful of Positivists and Jews using for their purpose the formidable and irresistible instrument of a military revolt. They got rid of Abdul Hamid's system without a blow; they got rid of Abdul Hamid himself by suppressing the counter-revolution which the Sultan paid for and the clericals of Islam excited, and three years after their first victory they are still nominally in the saddle. At the Monument of the Cannon on the fête day of the Revolution, Mahmoud Chefket Pasha, who as Minister of War is chief of the army, appealed to all his officers to pledge him their word that they would oppose any and every force which might attack their sacred Constitution. With one voice the assembled officers responded, "We pledge ourselves." It was rather a sinister omen that within twelve hours Mahmoud Chefket Pasha was struck senseless by a beam which fell from the building of the General Staff as he was vainly attempting to rescue the structure from the conflagration which raged in the heart of Stamboul.

III.—THE GREAT FIRE.

When waiting for the march past on the fête day I was accosted by an elderly officer in uniform, who, speaking excellent English, introduced himself as M. Szechyeni, a Hungarian, who, after learning the art and science of fire-fighting under Captain Shaw in London, was now in charge of the fire brigade in Constantinople. He said fires were constantly breaking out; he had five or six the previous night. Stamboul, the Turkish city, being chiefly built of wood, was peculiarly subject to fires, especially in the dry season. I little thought as I gossiped with M. Szechyeni that before nightfall I should be afforded so terrible an illustration of the dangers he had constantly to face. The dashing drive of a fire brigade through the crowded streets of London or of New York is one of the most thrilling incidents in city life. But the steam or motor driven fire-engines, or even the

galloping horses of the days that are passing, cannot compare for weird romantic excitement with the rush of the Turkish fire brigade when the alarm is raised and the fire-fighters are mobilised for action. Preceded by men carrying flaring flambeaux high overhead, the men of the fire brigade run on foot through the street. Their red unpeaked helmets—M. Szeczyeni explained that no peaked hats of any kind are tolerated in Turkey, as the peak prevents the proper performance of the ritual of devotion—with their black veils streaming behind for the protection of their necks, gives them a quaint resemblance to the warriors of ancient Babylon. Some of them carry a force-pump, a horse cart conveys the hose, and then, to crown all, comes the pelting charge of the volunteers, bare-footed, bare-legged, and bare-headed, wearing little more than a combination of a gaily-coloured sweater and drawers of the same colour. As I witnessed the charge of the fire brigade down the hill of Pera for the first time it seemed to me more like the old-time style of "Turkish charge" than the parade ground discipline of the modern Ottoman army.

The fire brigade took part in the march past, not as firemen, but as an armed force, carrying rifles and cartridges. It was incongruous, but Turkish. All civil force to be respected must be at times converted into a man-slaying instrument. But for this divergence of civil agencies from their proper duties they pay a price, and the price is high. The money paid for the rifles of the firemen would have bought a floating fire-pump which could pour the inexhaustible water of the Bosphorus upon the fires of Stamboul. But as it is spent on rifles, the floating fire-pump cannot be bought, and Stamboul burns.

The fête of the Revolution was celebrated all over Constantinople by the usual popular rejoicings natural to the populations of great cities. There was a great display of bunting, red and white—the Constitutional colours predominating. The Red Flag, with the Crescent and the Star in white, met the eye at every turn. With it was often the green flag which seems to be equally dear



W. T. Stead talking to the Chief of the Fire Brigade on the morning of the Fire.

to the Irishman, the pious Moslem, and the Esperantist. The illuminations were in the simple old style which has gone out in countries where electric light and gas supply our needs, but which, I confess, seem to me more effective than much of our Coronation illuminations. Here and there, especially opposite military establishments, rude triumphal arches of unplaned deal were put up across the street and covered with small lamps. There were a few processions to the Monument of the Revolution, on horse and foot, with the usual display of banners, and a fair allowance of bands, both brass and drum and fife. There was not a tom-tom anywhere to be heard, save here and there in a low-class concert-room in the slums of Stamboul. In the evening the whole population



Ruin in Stamboul.—The Morning after the Fire.



Burnt-out.

Removing household goods saved from the fire.

turned out to see the illuminations and to enjoy the excitement of the crowd. The displays of fireworks were chiefly confined to the letting-off of squibs and kindling of fairy lights by small boys and girls in the street. Up the Bosphorus there were more ambitious displays, but in town the occasional cracker, the sparkling starlight, and the bright glare of nitrate of strontia supplied the simple needs of the masses.

Pera, where I am staying, is on the European side of the Bosphorus, divided from the Turkish city of Stamboul by the Golden Horn, which is crossed by two bridges. The Government Offices, the Sublime Porte, the Seraskerat, the Commission of the Debt, and all the great mosques are in Stamboul, which is said to have a population of over a million souls, lodged for the most part in houses built of wood with wooden roofs. It was

here where, on the afternoon of the fête day, incendiary or accident provided an illumination on a far vaster scale than any pyrotechnist dreamed of. The firemen had hardly disengaged themselves of their rifles and the cartridges on their return from the review when the wild, weird, thrilling cry of "Fire!" rang through the streets. Fires had broken out in two or three places in Stamboul, and were spreading fast. They gained considerable hold before the fire brigade could be got into action, and then it was too late. A wind springing up from the north-east swept the fire before it with a fury nothing could withstand. It raged with unabated intensity for more than fifteen hours. When it died out 7,000 houses lay in ruins and 100,000 persons were homeless.

I did not see the fire till about seven o'clock in the evening, when I saw from the top story of the Pera Palace a scene the like of which I had never seen before, and which I sincerely hope I may never see again. In the immediate foreground, in the slopes of Pera, the European city gleamed in long parallels of lighted windows down to the Golden Horn. All the shipping in the port was illuminated. The Regie, the Government tobacco monopoly on the Stamboul side, was brilliantly decorated with Imperial devices picked out with innumerable lights. Far above from the dark blue sky a few stars were looking down upon the gaily decorated city, from whose streets rose now and then the merry sound of children's laughter and the distant strains of music. It would have been difficult for painter or poet to conceive a scene more fairy-like in its beauty, more fascinating in its suggestion of jocund mirth than the great amphitheatre sloping down towards the Golden Horn, which scintillated with innumerable stars.

But all this witching scene was but as the setting of a spectacle of horror. For before one the whole southern sky flared to the zenith with golden clouds lurid with the glow of a fiery furnace which flamed below. In the daytime, as I observed at noon when another fire broke out near the water's edge, the smoke shows black in the sun, while the flames bite out, as it were from the blackness, red mouthfuls of fire. But at night all the smoke was transfigured into a vast swelling translucent cloud of gold that rose and rose continuously as from the



Balat Fire—July 24 (Afternoon).

depths below house after house crashed down in ruins, sending up great columns of vivid flame. The cloud was constantly in movement, but it remained rooted to its base. It was a great flag of fire waving in the wind, signal of terrible import, of incalculable human suffering now in any case, and possibly much more hereafter.

And as I stood fascinated, looking upon the great city with the fire eating out her heart—for the Military General Staff, the seat of the brain of the army which is an Empire, was blazing like a furnace—I could not help recalling the apocalyptic vision of the fall of Babylon, when all the kings of the earth bewailed and lamented for the great city “when they saw the smoke of the burning, standing afar off for the fear of her torments, saying, Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come. And as many as trade by sea stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city, yet in one hour she is made desolate. For in her was found the blood of prophets and of saints and of all that were slain upon the earth.” There, like the crater of a huge volcano, Stamboul blazed hour after hour. The flames, measured by the map, stretched in unbroken line for twelve miles along the sky-line. There were two active centres, but the smoke and flame from each centre joined hands in the midst. The vast dome of the Suleiman mosque, with its four slender minarets, stood out in bold relief against the fiery cloud that rose very close to its walls. The sky-line of the houses and mosques on Stamboul ridge was like a black silhouette against the background of golden light.

After watching the awful spectacle for some time I ordered a carriage and drove to the fire. Approaching it at first on the wrong side, we were driven back by the heat, but by executing a long detour we gained the windward side of the second and larger conflagration. Leaving our carriage under the guidance of a most courteous policeman, who refused to take any tip, saying, “I have only done my duty, I cannot accept your money,” I worked my way close to the edge of the fire. There I saw the fire-fighters at work, and pitied them from my heart. It was like trying to extinguish a volcano with a penny squirt. They were hard at work on the frontier of the fire, relays of them labouring at the pump, and wearying of a task which seemed utterly useless. A vast acreage of blazing ruins was visible in front of us, into which no human being could venture and live. Slowly the fire crawled nearer



The Fire areas are shown in black outline—one in the S.W. and a smaller one nearer the Mosque of Suleiman.

and nearer, like some great dragon whose breath was flame. House after house fell, and it was only a question of time when the house from which we were watching the flames would share the same fate. In the mosque yards, in the police stations crouched thousands of miserable refugees, some of them with their little store of household treasure that they had been able to rescue from the flames; others utterly destitute, glad only to have escaped with their lives. What an appalling mass of human misery!

The last fire I had seen was in Count Tolstoy's village, at Yasnia Polyana, where Count Tolstoy himself had a narrow escape of being burnt alive. Then as now the sudden irresistible rush of the flames suggested the hopelessness of arresting war when once it has broken out. Then as now the utter inefficiency of the fire-extinguishing apparatus reminded me of the impotence of Peace Societies. The water supply was insufficient; but even if there had been plenty of water, not even the fire-fighters of Chicago or of London could have stemmed that fire once it had fairly got hold. Behold how great a matter a spark kindleth! Of which the moral is sufficiently obvious. To interpose an inquiry by International Commission in all cases where national opinion runs high, before allowing any appeal to the sword, as is proposed by the American Arbitration Treaty, is an expedient for avoiding international conflagration infinitely more effective than all the efforts of all the pacifists to cope with the passions of the nations.

IV.—THE SULTAN.

On Monday, July 24, I was summoned to the Palace of Dolma Bagtche to an audience with the Sultan. I was duly warned beforehand, as I was

before I went to Gatschina to see the Tsar Alexander III., that I must not expect to have anything but the most formal conversation. "The Tsar never talks to any foreigner, least of all to a journalist. He will make a remark about the weather, pay a compliment or two, and then the audience will be over." I did not find it so. No man ever spoke more freely and more frankly to man than did the Emperor Alexander III., when in a crowded half hour we passed in review every question upon which there might hereafter arise points of friction between Britain and Russia. But I had my doubts about the Sultan. Alexander III. was a man of decided character, an autocrat who ruled as well as reigned. No one questioned his ability to talk if he chose, they only doubted his will. With the Sultan it was different. It was not that he lacked the will, I was assured that he lacked the intelligence to converse on matters of State. A man who has been kept a virtual prisoner for thirty years, and who was over sixty years when he was called to a throne which he was allowed to occupy in order that others might rule in his name, was a very different person from the Russian Tsar. Besides this, the Tsar talked English, so that our conversation took place between four eyes, whereas the Sultan only speaks Turkish, and the presence of an interpreter was indispensable. The latter difficulty was, however, minimised—indeed, altogether removed—by the kind offices of Loutfi Bey, the Court Chamberlain, who speaks English admirably, and to whose courtesy I am deeply indebted. I have seldom had a more careful and more sympathetic interpreter. Loutfi Bey—or Sir Loutfi, as he told me, with some amusement, he was entitled to be called, owing to his possession of the Victorian Order, bestowed on him by our King on his last official visit to London—was one of the few Court officials who served both Abdul Hamid and his successor. He is a pleasant-spoken man, with a keen sense of humour and a ready wit.

Everyone who has been in Constantinople knows the Dolma Bagtche Palace, which is one of the most beautiful in Europe, and much the most beautiful in Constantinople. Unlike Yildiz Kiosk, where the late tyrant secluded himself from the gaze of mankind, Dolma Bagtche stands close to the water's edge of the Bosphorus, and its windows look upon a scene of beauty to which two continents contribute, but which neither continent can excel. It is not an old palace. Dating back no further than the Crimean War, it has, nevertheless, seen some history in the making. Here the luckless Abdul Aziz was made a prisoner, and here in the great Throne Room the Turkish Parliament held its first sitting. On the day fixed for my audience the weather was ideally perfect. The sun and sea and sky combined to make the scene a vision of radiant beauty. The only dark cloud on the horizon was the smoke that rose from the fire which was raging far up the Golden Horn, and which wild, and

fortunately inaccurate, rumour said was eating its way towards the Patriarch's Palace at the Phanar.

We drove without check or challenge through the gates of the garden, and were ushered at once into the Chamberlain's room. My dragoman was at once dismissed as unnecessary. As cigarettes, sherbet and coffee were served, I asked Sir Loutfi if any special formalities had to be observed on approaching the Sultan, who, as Caliph, Commander of the Faithful, and the Shadow of God on earth, might possibly expect some outward and visible signs of respect on the part of his visitor. I was assured that His Majesty was quite in the English style, and that the reception would be simplicity itself.

Having finished coffee, which was served in cups set in silver holders thickly crusted with diamonds, I was summoned to the presence. An officer in khaki uniform conducted me to the door of the Sultan, to whom I was at once presented by Sir Loutfi. His Majesty advanced a step or two to meet me, shook hands, and motioned me to a chair. As he resumed his own, I scrutinised him with interest and curiosity. The Sultan is a man somewhat below the middle height, somewhat past the prime of life, slightly stout in body, and somewhat slow in his movements and in his speech. He was older than any Sovereign I had previously met, and with a less mobile countenance. He wore the inevitable red fez—an institution with which not even the Parliament dares to intermeddle—and beneath his grey eyebrows his eyes blinked with a somewhat vacuous expression. He wore a moustache, and his beard was trimmed short. He did not strike me as being a nervous man, neither did he give me the impression either of an alert mind or of resolute will. A somewhat dull, colourless face, with a curious suggestion in it of the old Land Leaguer, Matt Harris of Ballinasloe. It seemed to me that he had the somewhat shy reserve of a prisoner not yet fully accustomed to liberty; a man, I should say, naturally of a kindly disposition, but of somewhat confused mind, who has not yet got his bearings or felt his footing firm enough to show his own leanings. But I did not feel quite sure that there was not in him something more than appears on the surface, and that if his life be spared his Ministers may find that he has a will of his own. There is a good deal of dogged obstinacy behind that apparent timidity. It is not the timidity of temperament. It is only the timidity of a landsman who has not got his sea-legs.

As I looked at him I could not help feeling a certain sense of responsibility and even of awe. For whatever might be the value or the valuelessness of the human integer, I could not forget that the man before me represented one of the few factors that count in the ordering of the future of the Near East. After deducting 90 per cent. from the nonsense that is talked about the Caliphate, there still remains sufficient residuum to make him far more than an ordinary Sovereign. Before I left England I felt

that the Constitutional Party had made a great mistake in belittling the importance of the Sultan. In his name alone can they rule, and it is the worst of bad policies to discredit the position of the Sovereign. It is so in Great Britain. It is doubly so in the East, where the personality of the Padishah counts for much more than in the West. It was clear to me from the outset that the Sultan had nothing particular to say to me. He had received me as a matter of courtesy at the request of the Grand Vizier, and if he had any thought at all about the audience it was probably one of mild curiosity as to what kind of a creature I might be, and why in the world I should come to see him. But this, although it did not promise well for an interview such as are common when a Sovereign or his Ministers seek to obtain expression of their views through the columns of a newspaper, left me all the freer field in which to deliver my message. For I have never sought an audience with any ruler of mankind from any motive of idle curiosity or of professional ambition. I have never undertaken to spare time which I did not intend to use to the best of my ability in saying what I thought it would be useful for them to hear. In the present case it seemed to me before I left London that if I got a chance I ought to use it to impress upon the Sultan two ideas—first, the splendour and glory of the position of a Constitutional monarch if he relies upon influence rather than on authority; and, secondly, the absolute impossibility of keeping an Empire together excepting by a system of decentralisation, which Great Britain affords as the most advanced type. The universal enthusiasm with which the Coronation had been celebrated in my own country, and the remarkable evolution of decentralised Imperialism recorded at the recent Imperial Conference, seemed to afford me apt texts on which to discourse during my sojourn in Turkey. It might seem a little mad to dream of delivering such a message to such a man, but it was none the worse on that account. The Turks do not despise maimen, but say that they are men to whom Allah has spoken. Anyhow, I had no doubt whatever as to my duty, if I got a chance, or how I should use it.

"Son of man," so came the word of the Lord to the Hebrew seer, "I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore hear the word of My mouth and give them warning from Me"—a command that was coupled with the emphatic declaration that if the message was not delivered, "their blood will I require at thine hand." If the warning were unheeded the doom might fall, but "thou hast delivered thy soul." It may sound presumptuous to those not brought up as I was on the words of the Old Book, to appropriate to myself the mandate given two thousand years ago to the Prophet of Israel. But after all truth is truth, and if you are dead certain that you are right, and see dangers to which your fellow-man is blind, it is surely your duty,

under penalty of being responsible for your silence, to warn him of his peril. Anyhow, I felt if I were allowed a chance I should regard it as a "Thus saith the Lord," and that I would spare no effort to deliver my message as faithfully as I could. Whether it was heeded or whether it was disregarded did not lie in my hands. I would at least deliver my own soul. My interview with the Sultan was much more the delivery of a message to His Majesty than any catechising of the Sovereign for information or as to opinion. The conversation began with a few pleasant words of compliment from the Sultan, in which it was not difficult to detect the skilful hand of Sir Loutfi, who had long been a reader of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. I replied by expressing my sense of the high honour conferred upon me by being admitted to the presence of His Majesty. He bowed slightly. I went on, "May I take the liberty of expressing to your Majesty my profound sympathy with the unfortunate victims of the terrible conflagration which has devastated Stamboul."

"I thank you," he replied.

"I have telegraphed to America an account of the sufferings of thousands who have been rendered homeless, and have urged the American people to raise subscriptions for the poor sufferers."

The Sultan's eyes gleamed for a little. Then he spoke slowly, "I thank you for your expression of sympathy. Such sentiments not only do you honour, but they show that despite all difference humanity is one."

He paused. I asked Sir Loutfi, "May I speak freely?"

"Certainly," said the Chamberlain. "His Majesty desires it."

Here then was the open door and the wished-for opportunity. "I wish to congratulate His Majesty upon being the first of the line of Constitutional sovereigns in Turkey, to be followed, I hope, by a long line of monarchs who will excel in glory the greatest of their predecessors."

Again a pause. The Sultan brought his fingers together across his breast, and answered, "I thank you for your good wishes. I have always desired the establishment of the Constitution in Turkey, and now that it is established I shall maintain the Constitution."

It was evident that those who told me the Sultan would not talk were misinformed. He was not eager to speak. He always paused a little before he framed his sentences. But he answered in a way that showed he was listening attentively, and was sometimes reflecting shrewdly.

From this point the conversation went on freely. The opportunity given me of speaking freely was one which I took advantage of to the uttermost. I confess I was more than once in doubt as to whether I had not ventured too far, and begged Sir Loutfi to abstain from translating anything if he thought that

it might give offence. Sir Loutfi invariably replied that there need be no cause for apprehension. The Sultan wished to hear, and I could say what I liked. And I did.

It would not be right to publish a faithful transcript of a conversation so intimate, which, among other subjects touched upon, dealt with the functions of Constitutional sovereigns in the modern State, the advantages of their position as compared with that of

have a double reason for censuring atrocities, for not only were they bad in themselves, but I now knew from His Majesty's own lips that they were direct acts of disobedience to his commands. I assured him that I should deal as faithfully with all Turkish generals as I had done with British commanders, no more and no less. Then we discussed Turkey's relations with England, Germany and Russia. Here we were on safer ground than in discussing



A View in Stamboul: The large building on the extreme left

autocrats, the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility, and the danger of confounding the person of the monarch with the policy of his advisers. It was to me an interesting, and to the Sultan an unprecedented, experience to hear the most advanced doctrines of proper Imperialism discussed in the Dolma Bagtche Palace. That true loyalty to His Majesty might sometimes be best shown by offering a resolute opposition to evil advisers who might at times surround his throne was obviously to him something of a paradox. Not less interesting was the discussion as to the best way of treating disaffection. The South African Union on one side and the Albanian rising on the other came in as apt illustrations. The Sultan deplored the censures pronounced upon his troops and his generals in the English press. I said that in future we should

atrocity campaigns. The Sultan exclaimed with some vehemence, after hearing what I said about Germany, "Now I see that you are a man of a good conscience." The doctrine of alliances brought up the analogy of polygamy, and the wittiest thing the Sultan said was, that it was usual in a harem to have a favourite wife, but in international affairs he tried to treat all Powers with equality.

The conversation, which lasted more than an hour, did not come to a close before I had a full opportunity of bearing strong testimony to the fatal and suicidal policy of attempting to govern Turkey on principles of centralisation and Ottomanisation, which, if applied to the British or German Empires, would split them to pieces in six weeks. The Sultan repudiated emphatically any desire to pursue such a policy,

which, as I said on leaving, showed once more how much wiser he was than some of his Ministers. We shook hands and parted. It was a somewhat pathetic figure of a man which I looked upon as I backed out of the Imperial presence. He was, I think, somewhat bewildered, but certainly interested. I had not bored him, which is always the first thing to be dreaded when saying things. I had occasionally amused him, and possibly I had succeeded in conveying to a

surprise, for I had certainly "said things." "The Sultan has never had such a conversation before with anyone in his life," said Sir Loutfi.

He told me many things about the Sultan's kind heart, of his ready sympathy with distress. He was much upset by the fire in Stamboul; he had ordered that there should be no music in the palace for three days, and had subscribed £2,500 to the relief fund. During his tour in the provinces he delighted to



of the picture is that of the General Staff before the fire.

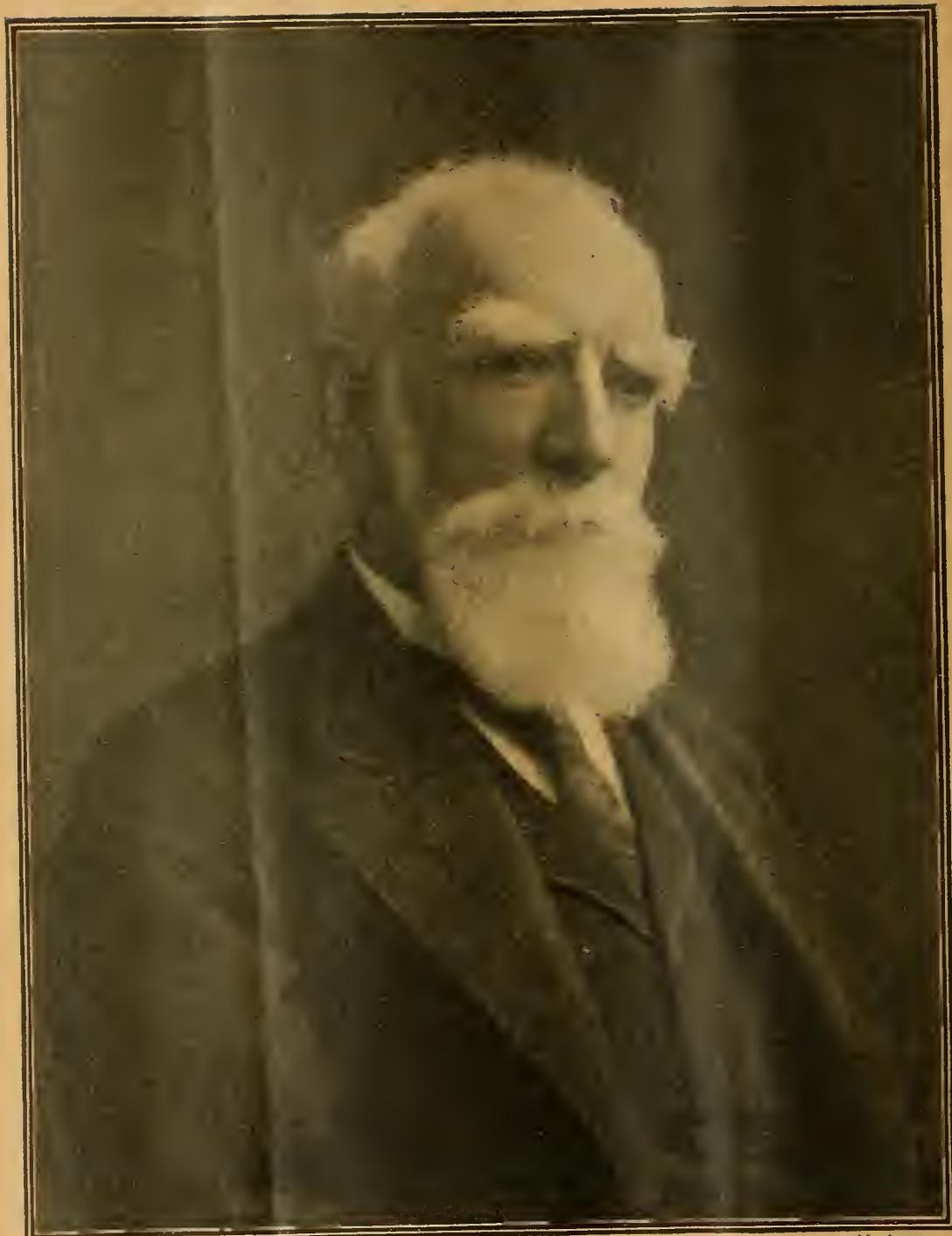
mind not quickly receptive some dim inkling of what I was driving at. "I thank you," he said as we parted. "I thank you very much for all you have said to me. I hope that I shall profit by your words."

Sir Loutfi took me back to his room, where we had a lively discussion about the Sultan and the interview. "He is such an intelligent man," said the Chamberlain, "he is so much interested in all the things you said." I expressed satisfaction, not unmixed with

gather the children of various nationalities around him and stand in their midst like a father. "Indeed," said the enthusiastic Chamberlain, "His Majesty is the real father of his people."

"I am delighted to hear it," I replied, "and most happy to believe it. But then, you know, we so often heard just the same thing about Abdul Hamid."

"Oh, but that is quite a different man!" exclaimed Sir Loutfi. Which is true.



Photograph by

[Lafayette.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE EMPIRE: LORD STRATHCONA.

IT is not on record that Lord Strathcona has ever made a joke. Nor has he yet lived to be a hundred. But there is every probability that he will do one of these things, and he may even do the other. Which I mean as "the one" and which "the other" I decline to say. With these trifling exceptions, Lord Strathcona has most of the distinctions that can fall to the lot of a British subject. The spectacle of solid, steady, continuous success—of Pelion upon Ossa of success—is, as a rule, uninspiring. And Lord Strathcona has succeeded so overwhelmingly that at first hearing it is incongruous to associate romance with him. Yet when the other day one read that the High Commissioner of Canada was about to resign his post, one could not help feeling that a chapter in one of the most interesting of modern politico-commercial romances was closing to the world. For a romance it has been, in a way, from the time that Donald Smith, a lad of eighteen, embarked in 1838 on the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, until the day when, as Lord Strathcona, he accepted the post of High Commissioner for Canada in London. His early life as a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company, on the St. Lawrence River, was singularly monotonous, and would have daunted a less strong-minded man. But, as it was afterwards proved, that experience in the wilderness gave him the self-reliance and judgment which may perhaps be singled out as his chief characteristics.

A CROMWELLIAN.

In a speech once delivered before a company of young men Lord Strathcona revealed a few of his own guiding principles. "Be content," said he, "with your lot, but always be fitting yourself for something better and something higher. Do not despise what you are. Be satisfied for the time, not grumbling and finding fault. If you want to get higher to a better position, only cheerful perseverance will bring you there; grumbling will not help you an inch. Your future really depends almost entirely on yourself, and is what you like to make it. I would like to impress this fact upon you. Do the work yourself; don't wait for friends to use their influence on your behalf; don't depend on the help of others. Of course, opportunity is a great thing, and it comes to some men more frequently than to others. But there are very few it does not visit at one time or another, and if you are not ready for it, and have not prepared to welcome it, that is your fault and you are the loser. Apart from that which we call genius, I believe that one man is able to do as well as any other, provided the opportunity presents itself, and he is blessed with good health. Much of what I would advise you young men to do is contained in the old counsel, 'Trust in Providence and keep your powder dry.'"

THREE CAREERS.

In the life of many a statesman his political career seems more or less marked out from the beginning. In Lord Strathcona's case this was not so. His life may be said to have been divided into three parts. His youth, as a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company, was spent among Indians in the dreary frozen wilderness; his manhood, in promoting railway companies and building up a nation; and his old age as a statesman and an Imperial force. Every period has been interesting, and every period has called forth the same characteristics—patience, perseverance, and blind devotion to duty. In the first years of Lord Strathcona's life in Canada there was no Dominion, nor were the provinces united. Neither the French Canadians nor the English-speaking people in Upper Canada were friendly towards England. The revenues of the country were small, there were no railways across the continent, and the Hudson's Bay Company was in the hands of trappers and traders. In 1838 Donald Smith entered this region. For ten years he remained in the St. Lawrence ports, doing the work of an ordinary clerk, with intervals of boating, fishing and shooting. But in some respects he differed from the ordinary clerk. While his companions in the office were what they called "skylarking," Smith would get out his sheets of notepaper and "enter into spiritual intercourse with home." "To this," says Mr Beckles Willson in his interesting book, "Lord Strathcona," "there can be no doubt that Lord Strathcona owes his facility of composition and his unusually ordered habits of mind." In 1848 Donald Smith went to Labrador as an administrator of the Hudson's Bay Company. His iron constitution here stood him in great stead, for the climate was unusually severe. But he was threatened with snow-blindness, and in connection with this a good story is told of him. Unable any longer to endure the intense pain in his eyes, he decided to travel by arduous stages to Montreal to consult an oculist. On the outskirts of that city he was met by Sir George Simpson (who had heard of his arrival) with the question, "Well, young man, why are you not at your post?"

"My—my eyes, sir," faltered Mr. Smith, pointing to his goggles. "I've come to see a doctor."

"And who gave you permission to leave your post?" demanded the Governor. Knowing it would have taken a year to obtain official consent to his journey, Mr. Smith answered "No one."

"Then, sir," said this fur-trade autocrat, "if it's a question between your eyes and your service in the Hudson's Bay Company, you'll take my advice and return to your post."

Mr. Smith was suffering terribly—but he turned and went back through a thousand miles of blinding snow,

RIEL AND THE RED RIVER.

And now we come to a most interesting chapter in Mr. Smith's life—the Red River Rebellion. For some years a number of malcontents, residing at Red River, had been trying to stir up an agitation so as to separate their settlement from that of the Hudson's Bay Company. The population in the district of Assiniboina had rapidly increased and was imperilling the hold of the Company. The Company's rule, which hitherto had been wise and practical, was denounced as arbitrary. Better representation was demanded, and, by dint of much uproar and noise, considerable sympathy was obtained from outside. To understand fully the character of this Red River settlement it must be explained that the population was considerably mixed. In all there were about 12,000 souls. There were Europeans, Canadians, Americans and French half-breeds. Most of the priests were natives of France, to whom Canada was almost a foreign country. With a mixed population like this it was difficult to deal, and when, on November 9, 1869, the deed was signed in London, whereby the Company surrendered its interests in the North-West to the Crown, with reservations for the Company, rebellion broke out. The leader was Louis Riel, a half-breed described as "a short, stout man with a large head, a square-cut, massive forehead overhung by a mass of long and thickly clustering hair, and marked with well-cut eyebrows—altogether a remarkable-looking face, all the more so, perhaps, because it was to be seen in a land where such things are rare sights."

This was the man whom Mr. Macdougall, the new Governor, had to deal with. Nevertheless, being a man of courage, he determined to push on. But Riel would not allow it, and Macdougall was sent back to the American border, there to await events. Meanwhile Riel had seized Fort Garry, made the editor of the local paper prisoner, and was issuing proclamations to the inhabitants. So matters went on, until sixty of Riel's enemies were confined in Fort Garry, and the insurgents' flag hoisted.

Away in Montreal, Donald Smith was slowly but surely studying the position. Understanding the characters of both Macdougall and Riel, he saw how hopeless the situation was. Understanding them better than they understood themselves, he realised that what was needed was a man who knew the inner mind of the Company well, and could clear its character of the imputations cast upon it. He was the man—he felt it, and although the journey involved grave personal risk, he resolved to go. Leaving all valuable documents behind (for he feared treachery from Riel) he set out, and, as was expected, was practically made prisoner by Riel.

MEDIATOR.

Followed a trying time for Mr. Smith. As he himself said, "The part I had to act was that of a mediator. Not only would one rash or unguarded

word have increased the difficulty, but even the pointing of a finger might, on more than one occasion, have been sufficient to put the whole country into a flame."

The first meeting was a memorable one. In the open air, with the thermometer 20 degrees below zero, a cruel, biting wind penetrating through the warmest clothing, there they stood, men of all nationalities and ages. On the small raised platform were the four men most concerned in the rebellion—Riel, O'Donoghue, De Salaberry (a man beloved by thousands), and Donald Smith.

At first the meeting was wholly with Riel, who cleverly got himself appointed French interpreter. But when things were at their worst, and men of the opposite sides glared at each other with hate in their eyes, Smith rose to speak. His facts, his practical wisdom, and, above all, his reasonableness, had their effect upon the swaying multitude. If he did not gain much that day, at any rate he averted bloodshed. The next day things went better. The proposition that representatives should be chosen from both sides was accepted, and when Riel agreed to disband the men at Port Garry all classes felt that the worst was over. However, matters were not so easily arranged. Riel broke his word, and after the murder of a young man called Scott, Mr. Smith, feeling that only the power of the British Army could do any good, left Fort Garry for Ottawa.

Speaking in the House of Representatives afterwards, Lord Strathcona said, "No one can deplore more than I do that a single life should have been lost, but I have since returned thanks most fervently that it was not a thousandfold worse under the circumstances. I believe that had a different course been pursued, instead of our having to deplore the loss of three lives, we would have seen the destruction of hundreds, perhaps of a quarter or a half of the population."

WOLSELEY, BULLER AND BUTLER.

Although the general inhabitants of the Red River Settlement were appeased, thanks to their confidence in Mr. Smith, Riel was not yet brought to reason, and in the summer of 1870, two men, afterwards famous, came out with Sir Garnet Wolseley. They were Captain (afterwards General) Buller and Lieutenant (afterwards General) Butler. They were the guests of Mr. Smith, and their arrival at Fort Garry was most welcome. The people, disgusted with the tyranny of the "New Napoleon," as they called Riel, wished for another administration, and received the new-comers with every sign of joy. Victory was easy. At the approach of the "red coats" Riel, with his co-conspirators, fled, and, crossing the ferry, took up a position on the shores of St. Boniface. When Riel, watching from the opposite bank, saw Mr. Smith entering the fort he was overcome with rage, and, clenching his fist, exclaimed, "There goes the man who upset my plans. Had I not listened to him

there would have been unity amongst my followers. Bishop Tache could have made a better bargain for me at Ottawa, and those soldiers yonder would not have come here."

A STORY OF BUTLER.

All was now quiet in the Settlement, the purchase price, £300,000, had been paid, and the territory transferred to Canada. Pending the arrival of the new Governor, the Hon. Adams G. Archibald, Colonel Wolseley called upon Mr. Donald A. Smith to administer affairs. This appointment gave great satisfaction, so completely was the acting-administrator trusted. When the new Governor arrived Mr. Smith greeted him with the utmost cordiality. "I yield up my responsibilities with pleasure," he said.

"Yes," returned Archibald, "I really don't anticipate much pleasure on my own account." His forebodings were correct. Even with the prudential advice given him by Mr. Smith, his was no ordinary task. Revulsion of feeling had set in against Riel and his followers, and the whole population was clamouring for their arrest. Mr. Smith, comprehending the danger, did not agree to this, and an arrangement was come to whereby Riel was allowed to leave the country. A sum of one thousand dollars was sent to him, with a further sum of three thousand dollars from Mr. Smith as Commissioner of the Company. *Apropos* of this visit to the Red River Settlement, Mr. Willson tells an interesting story in connection with Lieutenant Butler:—"He was a very entertaining companion, and at that time particularly interested in the progress of the Franco-Prussian war. One evening, after dinner, the future distinguished British General somewhat startled his host by announcing his determination to return to Europe, resign his command in the British Army, and join the French forces. As he himself shortly afterwards transcribed this thought, 'Why not offer to France, in the moment of her bitterest adversity, the sword and service of even one sympathising friend? So as I lay in the quiet of the star-lit prairie, my mind, running in these eddying circles of thought, fixed itself upon this idea. I would go to Paris.'"

During his visit, however, Mr. Smith had observed the great abilities his friend possessed, and work was found for him in the Saskatchewan country, where much disorder prevailed.

IRON BANDS OF UNITY.

For a long time the idea of uniting the Eastern Provinces of Canada with the West had filled Mr. Smith's mind. To become a nation Canada must have railways, and with this end in view, after becoming Member for Winnipeg in the Provincial Assembly, he used all his ingenuity and energy. In 1871 he was elected to the Dominion House as Member for Selkirk, by the almost unanimous vote of the community. As a result of hard and steady work for the good of his constituents, his district rapidly gained a name for sobriety and order. One

of his first steps was to abolish the liquor traffic among the Indians. For some time the Hudson's Bay Company had been accused of being at the bottom of all the trade in drink. To stop this, Mr. Smith had a law passed by the Council forbidding any intoxicating drink to pass the boundary. Even officers were not exempt from the law, and a small quantity of wine which was brought out for a factory was actually sent back to England. When Governor Archibald, in October, 1870, appointed Mr. Smith to the North-West Council, he had this prohibitory law carried out in the name of Canada. This Act is still known as the Smith Act.

AFTERMATH OF REBELLION.

As Member of the North-West Council and Member of Parliament, Mr. Smith at this time took a prominent part in local politics. The press, pulpit and local opinion generally demanded that the murderer of Scott should be brought to justice. In the Legislature feeling was divided. Mr. Smith introduced the following resolution:—

"That whereas during the period intervening between the passing of the Dominion Act and the temporary government of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories when the same should be united to Canada, and the date when the Union actually took place, very serious troubles occurred in the country now known as the Province of Manitoba; and whereas Her Majesty's Imperial Government is the only authority competent to deal with this grave question; and whereas, in the interests of peace and good order, it is not only desirable but requisite that steps should be taken to settle and set at rest all questions connected with such troubles: Resolved, therefore, that an humble address be presented to Her Majesty the Queen, praying that Her Majesty would be pleased to command that this House be made acquainted with the action already taken, or which it may be Her Majesty's Royal pleasure to take, with the view of satisfying justice and the best interests of this country."

The logic of this resolution was recognised at once by both parties. When Riel took the law in his own hands, the Province of Manitoba was non-existent. Neither was Canadian jurisdiction established. Therefore Riel and his confederates were only answerable for their actions to the Imperial authorities, and the only people who could forgive or punish were Her Majesty's Ministers. The justice of the resolution was recognised. It was passed unanimously, and the address drawn up and sent.

THE DELORME CASE.

Another interesting incident in regard to Mr. Smith's political life was the action taken by Mr. Ross against Delorme, to whom Mr. Smith had acted as sponsor. To a crowded House Mr. Ross declared that Delorme had been a member of the Riel Government, and was therefore guilty of murder. Delorme denied the accusation and turned to Mr.

Smith, upon whom all attention was centred. This is a description of Mr. Smith as seen by an eye-witness in the gallery.

"A figure over the medium height, but looking taller from the alert, well-knit character of the frame, arises, and all eyes are directed upon Donald A. Smith, the senior member of the brand-new prairie Province. No one can scrutinise the massive head and face which crowns this figure, with its high forehead, strong nose, long upper lip, and pent-house brows which jut out to twice the ordinary dimensions, without making up his mind that the Member for Selkirk is a man out of the common."

The accusations were proved false and the question dropped. But in Canada politics are taken seriously, and all Canadians remember how bitter was the controversy in the early days of November, 1873, when the question of building a railway was fought out in the House. There had been awkward questions asked as to the use of the money guaranteed, and the House had to divide upon a motion by the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Leader of the Opposition. The Government was led by Sir J. MacDonald, and parties were in the highest state of excitement.

At one o'clock in the morning Mr. Smith rose to his feet. The moment was an anxious one for him, for he and his followers were deeply concerned in the building of this railway. Was he going to desert the Government, of whom he was so valued a supporter? His closing words settled it: "For the honour of the country no Government should exist that has a shadow of suspicion resting upon it, and for that reason I cannot give the Government my support."

A tremendous scene followed. In the lobbies men were cheering, cursing, handshaking, or threatening, and the only name that seemed of any importance was that of Donald A. Smith. Sir John MacDonald made use of language which was not taken over by Blue Books, but which was intensely expressive. But the two politicians forgave each other, and in the years which followed the two men stood side by side when the Canadian Pacific Railway was being built.

FINANCIER AND MAGNATE.

The next great undertaking of this tireless worker was the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Money was wanting, and nothing but sheer pluck and energy could have pulled it through. The expenses were enormous, and both Mr. Smith and his colleague, Mr. Stephen, were obliged to pledge their private fortune in order that the work could go on. In Montreal to-day there are many stories in circulation of the meetings which used to be held at which the Board of Directors sat with blank faces, discussing ways and means.

At one of these meetings Mr. Smith is alleged to have said: "It's clear we want money. Well, we can't raise it amongst ourselves. Let us come back to-morrow and report progress."

When the Board met the next day each member

reported failure until it came to Mr. Smith's turn. "I've raised another million; it will carry us on for a bit. When it is spent we will raise some more." And so the work went on. On November 7th, 1885, five and a half years before its time, the railway was finished, and people began to realise how much one man had done by pluck, energy, and determination.

OPEN THE DOORS.

Not only did Mr. Smith advocate immigration, but from the first he was in favour of granting land to the new-comers. "It is a most unfortunate thing," he once said, "that Manitoba has been rendered one great reserve. Almost every section is reserved not for settlement, but to keep out settlement. About one-third of the whole nine million acres in Manitoba is virtually a reserve at this moment, that is to say, all the lands easily accessible are taken up." So strongly did he feel this that he continually pressed the Government to establish a separate province between Manitoba and British Columbia. Sir John MacDonald opposed this, but Mr. Smith believed otherwise and proved by figures that he was right. In the end he conquered, and in 1876 a separate Government was established with its capital, now called Prince Albert. As he grew older and saw how severely the Prohibitionist Act pressed on the white people, Mr. Smith endeavoured to remove some of the restrictions. In answer to a deputation of Prohibitionists who waited on him he said, "You have a large population now. They are drawn from all parts of Europe and this country, they have been accustomed to have their wine and their beer, and it is a very difficult thing to change the habits of the people. Perhaps the very fact of forbidding them having any such drinks would have in itself a very undesirable effect upon intending settlers."

HONOURS FROM THE QUEEN.

In 1886, after the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Smith received a knighthood of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. But he needed not a title to make himself known. As his riches increased so did his philanthropy. One of his gifts, which Montreal will never forget, was the erection of a free hospital. When the building was erected, he, with the assistance of his cousin, now Lord Mount-Stephen, gave 800,000 dollars towards its endowment. There is no finer site for a hospital anywhere. Overlooking the city and the valley of the St. Lawrence, it seems a fitting monument to the patience and perseverance of the man who built it.

Towards the cause of education Lord Strathcona has stretched a liberal hand. One of his most popular bequests was to the Royal Victoria College for Women. It is called "Donald," a "feminised" form of the donor's Christian name. As illustrating the reserve which has always characterised the man, it is told of him that when his hospital was finished the committee wished to open it with pomp and ceremony. "No, no," said Sir Donald, "open the doors

when the building is ready, and let the patients come in."

In 1889 came the highest honour of all in his commercial life—his appointment as Governor to the Hudson's Bay Company. He had gone through every stage, from clerk to Governor, of the Company's business, and proved himself faithful in all. Further honours were in store for him. At the age of seventy-seven he was offered, and accepted, the post of High Commissioner for the Dominion, and the same year he became a Peer of the Realm. In the latter part of August, 1897, he was gazetted Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe, Argyllshire, and Montreal, Canada.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

In this limited space it is difficult to do anything but sketch briefly the further career of this indefatigable man. But no one can forget his splendid fight when the Bill for the legalisation in the United Kingdom of marriages with the sisters of deceased wives contracted in the Colonies came before the Lords. Then, too, his intrepid energy caused him to send out a mounted troop of 600 men to South Africa when the Boer War broke out, needless to say at his own cost. One of the speeches made by Lord Strathcona, when he was chosen to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen as Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, is worth preserving: "We have," said he, "glanced at some of the milestones along the road which has led to the cross-roads we are now facing, and the question before us is, which of them must be taken? Shall it be the one which points to the maintenance of the existing order of things, or the other which will lead to closer unity for Imperial purposes, for commercial purposes, and for defence? There seems to be a general feeling in favour of the latter, which will assure the different parts of the Empire full liberty of self-government, while giving them a voice in Imperial policy, the desire for which is becoming stronger every year. There are some who think that the solution of the problem is to be found in the representation of Canada and the Colonies in the Imperial Parliament. I am not one of those who share that view, at any rate until a truly Imperial Parliament to deal with Imperial affairs can be established. That some way must be found of meeting the aspirations of the Colonies does not admit of doubt. I have made some reference to the question of an Imperial Parliament. That may be the ultimate solution, or it may not. But in the meantime the constitution of an Imperial Council in conjunction with the Colonial Office, consisting of representatives of the Imperial Government, and of Canada and the Colonies, has been mentioned as a preliminary step, even if the Council were only consultative at the commencement."

STRATHCONA AND RHODES.

In reviewing the life of Lord Strathcona one is struck by the simple manner in which he has always

undertaken patriotic responsibility. And instinctively one thinks of another great man whose life was also given to the Empire in one of its younger States. Cecil Rhodes and Donald Smith both left their homeland young. Both were endowed with brains, energy, and determination. Both took their lives in their hands, without attaching any great importance to the risk. Just as Donald Smith, with a handful of followers, entered Fort Garry to negotiate with a band of rebels, so Rhodes faced the Matabele chiefs and made known his terms to them. Except that the climatic conditions were different, both men's difficulties were much alike. When men have grievances it does not matter whether it is under the blazing sun of Africa or the snowy sky of Canada; human nature is always the same, and if in either case tact or courage had failed, the lives of Donald Smith and Cecil Rhodes would probably have ended there and then.

It is often asked, what is the secret of a man's success? In Lord Strathcona's case perhaps it has been the cultivation of two great qualities: perseverance and a habit of doing his work with regularity and ease. Never vehement, he has at the same time always been mindful of the difficulties which beset him. When differences of opinion arose amongst his followers in politics, his practical mind always found a way out, and in Imperial matters he has always been depended upon as a reliable force. Another factor has been his supreme health and vigour. To the many young men who have sought his advice Lord Strathcona has always had the same answer to give: "When a man has his duty to do, he has not time to think of himself or his years, nor to allow himself any of those indulgences which make him slack and spoil him for good work."

AT HOME.

In private life Lord Strathcona is a considerate husband and a devoted father. His wife, whom he married when he was a factor in the Hudson's Bay Company, was a daughter of Richard Hardisty, a trader in the same Company. They have no son, but a daughter, the wife of Dr. Robert J. B. Howard, upon whose son the peerage will descend.

"In Lord Strathcona's bearing there is control and a sort of lofty prudence expressed by the intrepid look in his eyes. He carries with him the atmosphere that surrounds all men who have dwelt long in solitudes. His favourite attitude when he converses is a strong folding of the arms and a downward, pondering look. His hair is now snow-white; his skin is fresh, and about him there is a pleasant vigour that is wonderful for his years"—this is from a personal description by one who has known him, and we may take leave of Lord Strathcona with it, and with the reflection that so long as Britain produces Wardens of the Marches of this type—half Samuel Smiles, half Cecil Rhodes—all will be well with her.

A. C.

Current History in Caricature.

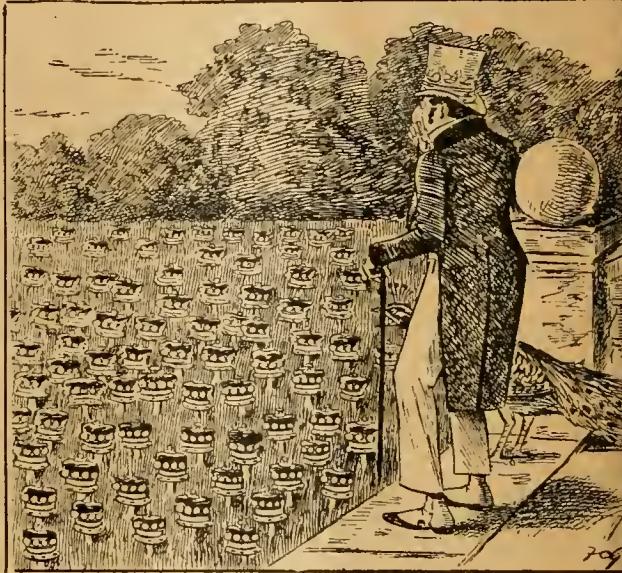
"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ousels as ither see us."—BURNS.



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."]

"Casabianca."

LORD LANSDOWNE (observing the attitude of some of the Unionist Press): "Well, I've saved my face; and now perhaps I'd better save the rest of me."



Westminster Gazette.]

An Appalling Vision.

ANCIENT NOBLEMAN: "Mushrooms! By George!"



Pall Mall Gazette.]

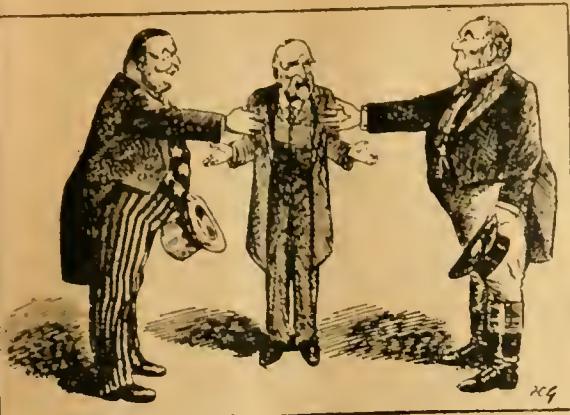
The Lion and the Jackals.

THE PACK (in chorus): "Why doesn't he die?"



Minneapolis Journal.]

A Sign of Peace.



Westminster Gazette.]

Arbitration through a Mutual Friend.

JOHN BULL : "Delighted—I'm sure!"

MR. TAFT : "Shake!"



Westminster Gazette.]

No Farther!

JACK-O'-LANTERN LORD HALSBURY (angrily) : "Come on ; why the deuce don't you follow me ?"

LORD LANSDOWNE and MR. BALFOUR : "No thank you ! We've gone quite far enough ; your sort of light and leading has done quite enough mischief as it is !"



Westminster Gazette.]

At Carnarvon Castle.

The Prince, the Welsh dragon, and the British lion.



Kladderadatsch.]

In the Provincial Theatre.

CASTRO : "One moment, gentlemen ; the performance will begin in a moment."

[Berlin.]



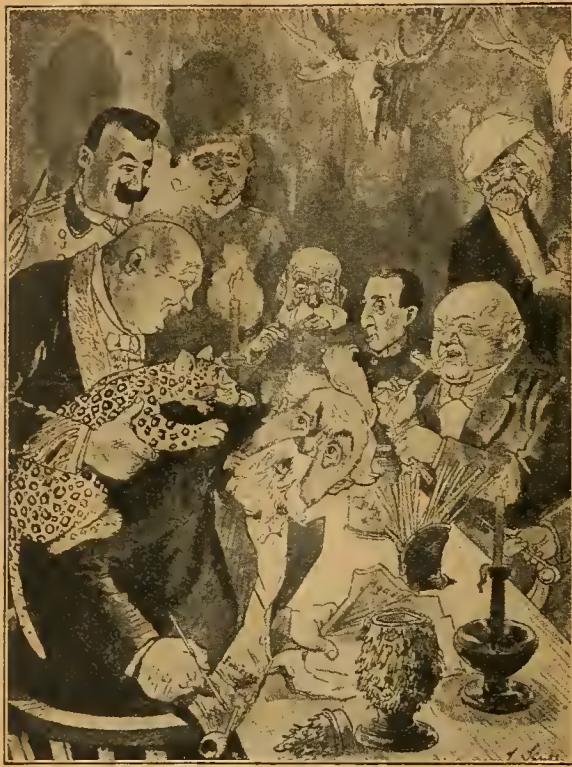
Leporello.]

A Flying Visit to Dublin.

HIS MAJESTY : "Just dropped in, Pat, to see how you are going on."

PAT : "Welcome, your Majesty ; I could be a lot worse, but I'm looking forward to that little Parliament your Government has promised me so long, and I hope you'll bring it on your next visit."

[Dublin.]



Kladderadatsch.]

Introducing Trouble.

The "Panther" was the name of the German vessel sent to Agadir, to the annoyance of France and the disturbance of all the Powers interested in Morocco.



Nebelspaltung.]

A Long Arm and a Mailed Fist.



International Syndicate.]

The First Step: Hands Up!



Mucha.]

A Polish forecast of what will happen in 1912 if Germany once gets a hold in Morocco. "Sultan and ex-Sultan roped together are, with their followers, going into exile—probably to some far-off German Colony (South West Africa)."



[Turin.]

The Kaleidoscopic Kaiser.

WILLIAM (in a new rôle) : " This time, I hope, I shall be taken seriously ! "



[Berlin.]

A Messenger to Morocco.



[Turin.]

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR (to the French Ambassador) :
" Welcome, friend ! We shall soon understand each other."



[Turin.]

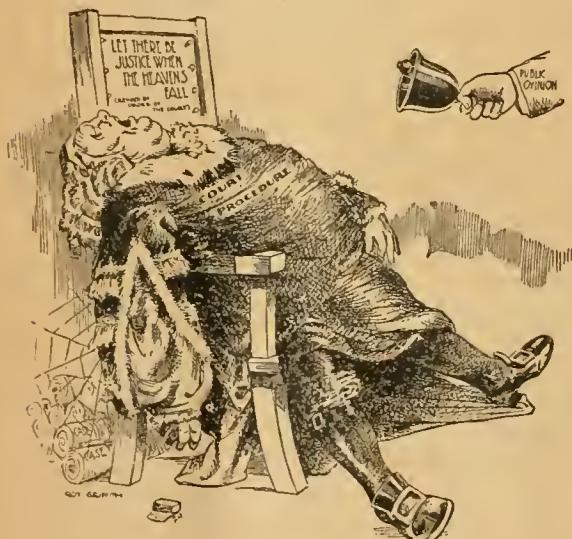
Under the Mailed Fist.



[Zurich]

The Heat Wave.

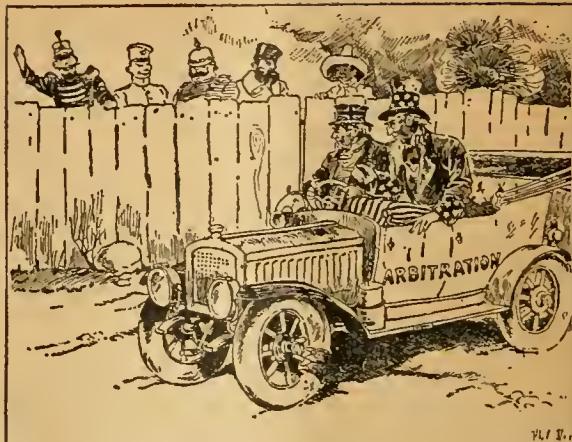
In America the heat has been so intense that His Majesty Roosevelt has almost disappeared.



[International News Syndicate.]

Wake Up!

An allusion to the complaints made recently in America of the laxity of the Courts in administering justice.



[Montreal Daily Witness.]

Watch it Grow.

"Slow up, John, there's another fellow who wants to ride!"



[Toronto News.]

Helping Little Willie.

UNCLE SAM: "If you hitch up to me, Miss, you can be such a help in developing my Little Willie."



[Berlin.]

"Merry Old Trustland."

The parties in the Trust-Ship will just pour a little palm-oil on the troubled waters and all will again be calm and peaceful!

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS.

TORY CENSURE OF THE PEERS.

The *Quarterly Review* declares that it is the duty of the Lords to insist on the amendments they have inserted in the Parliament Bill to the utmost of their power, or, it warns them, they will forfeit for ever the good opinion of their fellow-countrymen. Contrary to the general opinion of his party, the writer thinks that in the case of a dissolution "the Unionist Party may go into the contest with light hearts and a confident spirit." Nor does he fear that the creation of many new Peers would do much harm.

A DOUBLE INSINCERITY.

But the piquancy of the article is the vigorous criticism to which the writer subjects the recent action of the Peers. He finds the cause of the rout of the Unionists in 1906 to be not merely the adoption of Tariff Reform, but "how could those who claimed that their fiscal policy was revolutionary be entitled to object to the same attribute in the social or constitutional proposals of their opponents?" —

Hence has come about a double insincerity. The enthusiastic Tariff Reformer, in order to conciliate the bulk of his supporters, has been obliged to assume a belief in old-fashioned Conservatism; and into the mouth of the Conservative has been put extravagant eulogy of changes to which he has given a reluctant and half-hearted assent. The British electorate, always sensitive to any want of straightforwardness in public men, has been quick to perceive and to resent the consequent unreality of much of the Unionist propaganda. Much as the moderate man disliked Messrs. George and Churchill, he distrusted even more the Unionist Party and its leaders. Everywhere has been heard a growling chorus of disgust with both the great parties in the State. The Government is far from popular, but it is less unpopular than the Opposition; and the voters have in consequence decided that it is better to bear those ills they have than fly to others that they know not of.

"HOW THE PRESTIGE OF THE ARISTOCRACY SUFFERED."

But it is in respect of the Budget of 1909 that the writer is most pungent. Of the arguments that if the Budget passed, Tariff Reform would be killed, mingled with appeals to Conservative sentiment about the rights of property and the House of Lords, he says: —

They aroused the contempt of a large section of the voters, particularly in the industrial North, to a degree unparalleled since 1832. It is, perhaps, not yet generally recognised how seriously the prestige of the aristocracy suffered in the election of January, 1910. Till then the Lords had been thought, even by their opponents, to be straightforward and disinterested. They might be stupid and even prejudiced, but they were credited with a high sense of public duty. In 1909 they seemed to be entering on a revolution—for it must not be forgotten that, whatever the result of the General Election, a profound change one way or another was almost inevitable—not because the majority of them were really driven to it by fear of national ruin, but because they had allowed themselves to be made the tools of a clique of reckless and impatient enthusiasts. The suggestion that the Lords were straining their constitutional powers in order to protect their pockets was damaging enough. When to that was added the suspicion, and more than the suspicion, that a large number of them were moved by political

motives of the narrowest party character, it is wonderful that the Ministerial victory was not more complete than it actually turned out to be.

MR. BALFOUR'S NOTION OF LEADERSHIP.

Mr. Balfour, says the writer, ought to have made Home Rule and not Tariff Reform the rallying point of his party. But he failed to do so because of his conception of leadership. To him it appears that the chief business of a party leader is to keep his party together, and with this object it is his duty to make almost any modification in his methods of party warfare, or in his statement of political opinions. Of the promise to submit Tariff Reform to a referendum, the writer says "it is difficult to imagine a more unfortunate procedure than that adopted in making this proposal."

AN IRRELEVANT ALTERNATIVE.

Nor can he regard their conduct in dealing with the reform of the House of Lords as more satisfactory: —

The Reconstitution Bill was put forward as though it were the Unionist alternative to the Parliament Bill, a position which was quite untenable. We are reminded of the old Oxford story about the divinity student who, when asked to state the names of the major and minor prophets, replied that, without drawing invidious distinctions between these holy men, he would prefer to give a list of the kings of Israel. The difficulty which the Parliament Bill is designed to meet is that created by deadlocks between the Houses. In whatever way the Second Chamber were reformed, such deadlocks must occur from time to time.

The writer goes on to denounce the actual provisions of the Reconstitution Bill as ill-judged. The retention of the hereditary element was not explicable to the people. "The Reconstitution Bill is vitiated by the same weakness which has underlain almost every important action taken by the Unionist leaders during the last two years."

SWEEEPING CHANGES NEAR.

The *Edinburgh Review* thinks that the fundamental good sense of our public men and of the people generally will succeed, and enable the nation to pursue the even tenor of its way with as little disturbance as possible. The real subject for anxiety is the future of Parliamentary representative government in the United Kingdom. An extreme distrust of representative Chambers appears to be a mark of modern democracy. The writer still believes that on the whole popular election collects together representatives far better qualified for their work than the millions of electors who have chosen them. He thinks that the payment of Members is a very serious blow to the character of the House of Commons, since the tradition of unpaid public service is an old and honourable one. The writer has little doubt that the Parliament Bill will pass, though the Lords' amendments prescribing the referendum in certain questions he thinks to be a not unreasonable requirement. But the Bill is only opening up sweeping

changes in our Constitution. The hereditary Chamber has had its day. We still need a Second Chamber. More than ever do we need an improved House of Commons. He cannot suppose that the British Constitution will lose its principal organ, an independent legislature, and henceforth consist of Ministry and Mob.

"A DISGUSTED CONSERVATIVE."

Lord Lansdowne's leadership is the theme of a long and bitter plaint in the *Fortnightly Review* by one who is announced on the cover as a disgusted Conservative, but who signs himself Aristarchus. The writer says that if he were a Unionist Peer he should be annoyed with Mr. Asquith and Lloyd George, but much more indignant with Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour. He says:—

The Parliament Bill, which will no doubt receive the Royal Assent in 1911, the Home Rule Bill, which may be expected to receive the Royal Assent in 1914 or earlier, will owe their origin directly to the action of the Opposition leaders in 1909.

The writer is wroth with the Unionist leaders for not retrieving or mitigating the disaster in the Conference of last year. The Unionists might have had Home Rule almost on their own terms, and might have given it a Federalist rather than a Nationalist complexion. A settlement on this basis was nearly reached, and Mr. Balfour himself favoured it. But the Unionist Peers insisted that Home Rule must be excluded from the operation of the Parliament Bill. Then, to make matters still worse, the Lansdowne resolutions are declared to be revolution far more sweeping than anything contained in the Government measure:—

If I were a peer, backwoodsman or other, I would rather be a member of the existing Chamber, even with a suspensory veto, than take my seat in this shoddy debating society. The Conservative party has been invited to die in the last ditch for an idol which its own chiefs would convert into a rag-doll, a thing with glass eyes, and straw intestines, and a face of putty.

The writer looks to Mr. O'Brien, or Sir Edward Grey, or Mr. Ramsay Macdonald to save the Union, but not to Lord Lansdowne or Lord Curzon:—

The Union is endangered, the House of Lords is weakened and discredited, the Constitution is shaken; but there is still a Conservative party, and it really cannot afford to sustain many more of the shocks inflicted upon it during the past two years by the select and aristocratic caucus to which it has committed the direction of its affairs.

"THE SOVEREIGN ELECTORATE."

"THE King and his Prerogative" is the title of an interesting study in constitutional law by Professor J. H. Morgan, in the *Nineteenth Century*. He prophesies that the historian will select the year 1911 as the high-water mark of the prerogative. "The prerogative to create life peers has never been taken away. The prerogative to withhold writs of summons from peers at the commencement of a new Parliament is legally unimpaired." Men will now, the writer prophesies, reflect on the magnitude of the power that may be

exercised by a Ministry commanding the confidence of the House of Commons. More true than ever is the ancient saying, dating from 1676, that "the prerogatives of the King are the privileges of the people."

THE ENGLISH MONARCHY A CONSTITUTIONAL FICTION.

The writer quotes M. Boutmy, that the English Constitution is full of "hibernating parts," ancient statutes, disused prerogatives, derelict councils, which time cannot enervate nor desuetude destroy:—

The two centuries that have since elapsed have witnessed a gradual transfer of the prerogative from the King to his Ministers. What they at first viewed with suspicion as the King's they have come to regard with affection as their own. We are confronted with the paradox that the power of the Crown has grown in proportion as the power of the King has declined. The English monarchy in the reign of George the Fifth has become almost as much a constitutional fiction as was the Roman Republic under the principate of Augustus. . . . In the twentieth century the English executive is legally the most powerful Government in the world.

ROYAL PREROGATIVE PASSING TO THE PEOPLE.

Speaking of the policy of the present Cabinet, the writer says that Mr. Asquith might conceivably have either resigned or dissolved before December:—

Had he attempted to insist on the exercise of the prerogative before the election he might have exposed himself to the risk of a refusal, and as he could not have dissolved against the Sovereign he would have had to resign. His resignation would doubtless have been followed by the acceptance of office by Mr. Balfour, who would then have been in a position to dissolve with all the prestige of the King's refusal to accept the advice of his opponent. Neither the King nor his Prime Minister, therefore, has been a free agent—it cannot be said that either "demanded" a dissolution of the other: both bowed to the necessity of consulting the popular will.

The prerogative in this matter has passed from the hands of the King, not so much to his Prime Minister, but to the electorate, for whom the Prime Minister holds it in trust. We think that this will be the verdict of posterity on the events of the month of August, 1911. Other and lesser prerogatives may be and may remain "the discretionary power of the executive"; this supreme prerogative of forcing the House of Lords to yield has passed definitely into the hands of the people. Juristic speculation in future will be inclined to speak not, as Blackstone did, of a dual sovereignty residing in the "King in Council" and the "King in Parliament," respectively, nor of a single sovereignty of "King, Lords, and Commons," but, going even beyond Austin's "King, Lords, and electors," it will speak of the sovereign electorate.

KING AND PRIME MINISTER MOST HARMONIOUS.

The Professor goes on to remark:—

The peculiar circumstances attending the exercise of the prerogative of creation of peers make its assertion not the despotic act of an autocratic Ministry, but the logical expression of the national will. This is not the time to enter into the delicate question of exactly how and when the request for the exercise of that prerogative was made by the Prime Minister. I have good reason for saying that when the time does come to write of these things, the public will learn that never have the relations of a King and his Prime Minister been more harmonious than in the present crisis. To talk of "the prostitution of the Crown" is mischievous nonsense. Those who talk like this forget that for the first time in our history the opinion of the country was invited and taken on the very text of the measure in question, after attempts at compromise had been tried and had failed. In the language of the jurists the electorate was invited to exercise "constituent" powers.

"IMPERIALISM DEAD."

MR. A. G. GARDINER, editor of the *Daily News*, contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an article of sustained eloquence headed "The End of Imperialism." He announces as "the supreme fact which emerges from the Imperial Conference of 1911" that "Imperialism is dead." The Conference "turned an adamantine front against all proposals to put the Empire in chains," but it devoted itself with equal unanimity voluntarily to co-ordinate in advancing common interests.

CONSERVATIVES THE EMPIRE WRECKERS.

The Conservative will doubtless wince a little at the uncompromising way in which Mr. Gardiner maintains that the British Empire is entirely the creation of Liberalism, and that in spite of Conservatism:—

The Conservative vision of the Empire as the far-shining tail of a comet whose head is the office of the Tariff "Reform" League is dissipated for ever. Too long that mischievous view has prevailed. Too long it has been assumed that the Dominions are the legitimate offspring of Conservatism, to be exploited in the interests of any scheme which the Conservative Party may wish to impose upon the people of these islands. The idea which dictated the policy of Lord North, when he sought to break the spirit of the embattled farmers of New England, was the same idea that brought Canada to the point of rebellion in 1837, the same that inspired the opposition of Mr. Balfour and Lord Milner to the grant of self-government to the conquered provinces of South Africa, the same that led Lord Selborne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, on the eve of the Conference, to denounce the proposed reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States as an act almost of treachery to the Empire. However it is concealed, with whatever sophistries it is enveloped, the idea of the Imperialists is that the Colonies are the property of this country, to be exploited for our profit and to be displayed as a barbaric prince might display his splendid retinue of followers.

LIBERALS THE TRUE EMPIRE BUILDERS.

But the root of the Empire is in Liberalism, and its life is inspired by the Liberal idea:—

No fabric comparable with it exists in the world to-day. No fabric comparable with it has ever existed. It is the greatest achievement of the spirit of liberty that history has to offer—the supreme contribution that the English people has made to the affairs of men. It is much to have won liberty for ourselves; but it is an immeasurably greater thing to have spread that priceless heritage over a quarter of the globe.

With the false idols of Imperialism lying broken and discredited in the dust, the future of the British Empire becomes clear and pregnant with vast and beneficent results to the world. A family of sister nations bound together by "ties light as air but strong as links of iron," it stands sentinel around the seven seas, speaking one language, acknowledging one crown, united in the sacred memories of a glorious ancestry. The English Bible is its common heritage, and Shakespeare the crown of its common literature. Its traditions have their roots in the glens of Scotland and on the downs of England, and its customs and speech are more reminiscent of Old England than our own. One civilisation, adapting itself to varying conditions and flowering into diverse experiments, unites the whole family. Over it there broods the spirit of a fraternal and indestructible peace, and through it there run the sanctions of a common law, whose highest seat of authority is in the Motherland. But greatest of all the spiritual links that make us one is the tradition of British freedom. It is as the sanctuary of freedom that, as Burke foretold a century and a half ago, the children turn their faces to the Mother Country. If we had sought to put

the Colonies in the strait jacket of Imperialism they would have gone the way of the United States. We gave them their liberty, and they remain our children.

**PENNY A WORD IMPERIAL TELEGRAMS
AND UNIVERSAL PENNY POST.**

MR. HENNIKER HEATON, in the *Nineteenth Century*, discusses the Imperial Conference and our Imperial communications. He feels bound to express the most profound disappointment with the results of the late Imperial Conference. He gives the letter that he submitted to the Conference, from which the following extract may be taken:—

(1) We want to secure for our countrymen cheap and perfect communication by telegraph with all parts of the Empire.

(2) The electric telegraph has annihilated time and space, and enabled us to crowd the operations of a year into the space of a few hours.

(3) The cables of the world are now in the hands of monopolists or "cable rings." It is advisable, at all costs, to put an immediate end to all cable monopolies. We ask that they be bought out at the market price of the day by the Governments of the civilised world.

(4) The people of England now pay four to five millions sterling annually for cable communication, yet the charges are so high that only one in a hundred messages is a social or family message. The cables, I repeat, are now for the millionaires, and not for the millions. The present high cable telegraph rates are prohibitory to the masses of the people.

(5) The British and Colonial Governments (of over sixty Colonies and Dependencies) now pay nearly a quarter of a million sterling every year for official cable messages. This sum would go far towards the interest in purchasing the cables from the companies.

(6) We ask the civilised Governments of the world to abolish political frontiers for telegraph purposes. To show what can be done it is pointed out that in Australia a message is sent 7,000 miles, at a penny per word, across territories of six Governments and States. Telegrams from London passing through Germany to India and Australia are charged 3d. a word by Germany; the local rate is only $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a word.

(7) A land telegraph line can be constructed throughout Europe and Asia at a cost of from £25 to £30 per mile, whereas a cable costs from £200 to £300 per mile. A land line can carry ninety words a minute, and a cable only about thirty words per minute.

(8) A glance at the map will show that Europe, Asia and Africa (and even, with short sea gaps, Australia) can be linked up, and connected by international land wires, by arrangements with the various Governments.

He insists that the most vital need of the Empire is to make communication practically perfect and instantaneous with every part of our planet. We shall never see a perfectly developed, unassailable British Empire until we annihilate time and distance in communicating with every part of it. The only concession obtained, of half-price for non-code messages, is illusory. The Postmaster-General of the Commonwealth of Australia is quoted as hoping that the day is not far distant when cable messages can be sent to England for 3d. a word. Mr. Heaton laments that we have never yet had an Imperial Postmaster-General, but he has positive knowledge that "our present enlightened and far-seeing Postmaster-General will not leave office without establishing universal penny postage."

MOROCCO, THE POWERS AND FINANCIERS.

ALL FOUR POWERS IN THE WRONG.

A WRITER signing himself F. L. Bensusan writes in the *Contemporary Review* with incisive brilliance on Morocco, the Powers and the financiers. He insists that if the signatories of the Act of Algeciras had been prepared to abide by the spirit as well as the letter of it, there would have been no trouble.

FRANCE FIRST—

But France ran a railway through one of the Moorish burial grounds outside Casablanca. The Moors retaliated and killed a workman or two. The Basha arrested the murderers, and offered to hand

SPAIN NEXT—THEN GERMANY.

This Spain did not like, remembered that European life and liberty at Laraiche and Alcazar were in grave danger, so she occupied both towns. France deeply resented this move. "Every student of political morality will realise the vast difference between the despatch of 20,000 troops by a great military power, and the despatch of 500 by a small one." Then Germany sent a warship to Agadir, in order to protect her subjects. To be sure, Germany has no subjects at Agadir to protect. Germany had been content to wait for the psychological moment:—



Morocco: the affairs of which have long caused, and continue to cause, grave trouble to the European Powers.

them over to justice. But a French warship arrived, bombarded the defenceless town, landed soldiers, and France asked the Sultan to pay the bill. Then the financiers arrived, and lent money. The people were taxed beyond the limits of endurance to pay the debts incurred through these incidents. The revolts of the tribes near Fez gave France the pretext she wanted, and promptly she despatched a large army to save the Europeans in the northern capital. On arriving, "the Europeans were found to be in the best of health and spirits, quite unconscious of the enormous risks to which they had been exposed."

Only when Great Britain had been sufficiently inactive in the preservation of the Algeciras Act, and Spain and France had been sufficiently active in its destruction, did Germany intervene, having seen all three put themselves in the wrong, and, consequently, outside the pale of logical explanation. If, as seems likely, the Act of Algeciras is to be torn up in theory as it has been torn up in practice, the significance of Mr. Asquith's recent declaration in the House of Commons is not hard to grasp.

THE FINANCIERS THE REAL CAUSE OF TROUBLE

The writer says, even if France withdraws and compels Spain to do the same, and offers Germany compensation elsewhere, what permanence can such an arrangement afford?—

As soon as there is trouble in the Near East or elsewhere, the

Moroccan question will be opened up again, for it is quite clear that the financiers of Europe, whose influence, whether for peace or war, is paramount, are not going to allow such trifles as International integrity or respect for treaties to stand in the way of a profitable company promotion over two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of virgin territory. They will fight tooth and nail, and they have friends in the high places of Paris and Berlin. That France must have a big slice of the country is inevitable. Her geographical position demands it, but there seems no reason why the claims of other Powers should be overlooked, or why, if France refuses to act loyally by the Act of Algeciras, Germany, Spain, and Great Britain should suffer.

"If diplomacy is to be directed from the Bourse, we are only at the beginning of trouble."

THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE MOORS.

Mr. Arthur James contributes to the *World's Work* a most informing article on the situation which has brought about the present crisis in Morocco.

The only hope for the Moors, he says, is occupation by the French on similar lines to that of the English in Egypt. Morocco is to the French Empire what Egypt is to the British, and France can no more tolerate the predominance of anyone else there than Britain could in Egypt. The present danger is that French loyalty to England may close the one path of hope for the Moors. The condition of the country is dreadful. Bribery and extortion are rampant, and, unless under the protection of some European Government, everyone is liable to imprisonment and torture, and may be stripped of everything he possesses by the tax-gatherers. As a result no one works hard, because he is safer as a beggar than as anything else. But, says Mr. James, this state of affairs is not a bit worse than that which existed in Egypt before the British occupation:—

Nor is there a characteristic or quality in the state of Morocco which would incapacitate the Moors for the benefits the Egyptians have obtained. They are, on the contrary, a people more fitted by nature for civilised life. They are more fierce than the Egyptians, but they are greater hearted. They are more honourable and more intelligent. They need nothing but a Lord Cromer, and they need him very badly.

GERMANY BLEEDING TO DEATH.

The whole present trouble rises from the so late emergence of Germany into the first rank of nations at a time when there were no overseas empires left to acquire. As a result Germans see themselves bleeding to death and bitterly behold their population drifting to foreign lands, the most painful experience that could befall a great nation:—

These foreign lands, full of Germans, have treated Germany like a stranger with tariff walls and an attitude of aloofness. In South America, which has been the bitterest of the griefs of Germany, German immigrants have allowed the United States to forbid the creation of a colonial empire which was Germany's natural inheritance. Germany has everywhere been too late, and not from any fault but that of her youth. Germany is driven thus into something which is less of a policy than a frame of mind, and hence comes the crisis in Morocco.

A DISCONTENTED NATION.

It is a pity, says Mr. James, for all Europe that Germany has not been allowed to have her way in South America. Without the conveniences which

other nations enjoy in their undeveloped territories it is quite inevitable that Germany should become the discontented and passionate child in the nursery of the world:—

The characteristics of German diplomacy can be explained thus and not otherwise. The observer is perpetually reminded of a quality which is, to repeat the idea, less of a policy than a frame of mind. It is passionate, spasmodic, quarrelsome, studiously inconsiderate, often melodramatic, and generally designed at least as much for the gratification of the German people as for the advancement of their serious interests abroad. . . . The German Government says to the world, "Are we Ishmael? Then remember that Ishmael has fists." While to Germans it says: "Behold is this filibustering diplomacy a sacramental reminder of that which the German spirit will achieve one day by a method far nobler than diplomacy."

THE BALKANS THE KEY TO THE SITUATION.

Before Germany can seriously contemplate a war she must find Russia busy and Austria at leisure. Whilst the Balkans are in their present state such a condition cannot exist. Consequently we can solve our question as to the outcome of the present Moroccan difficulties by the application of a sort of Balkan test:—

For Morocco will be Armageddon or it will be nothing; and the test must be used to show whether it will suit Germany to have Armageddon just now. In this respect the Balkan test must be conclusive. Balkan politics are more explosive this year than they have been for a great many years past. All the worst difficulties of the Young Turks have come home to roost, and the Christian States are acutely excited and expectant. A situation in which the latent rivalries of Austria and Russia might break into flame in the space of a few days is absolutely the worst that could be conceived for Germany on the brink of a great war. If anything, therefore, can be taken for certain in foreign politics, it is the deduction that Germany does not and never did intend the question of Morocco to lead to war at this phase.

DR. DILLON'S VIEWS.

In the *Contemporary Review* Dr. Dillon describes the incident of Agadir as a *coup de théâtre*. There is not one Teuton in the district. The protection that has to be accorded by the German warship is mythical. Germany has no grievance whatever, no pretext for action. A few months ago she scouted with fierce indignation the hint that Germany contemplated the despatch of a warship to Moroccan waters. But Mr. Dillon expects that:—

When it comes to the point and war seems imminent, France will retract, the Teuton will have his way, obtain his demands, and may then retire to meditate a new *coup*. And to this game there need be no end. Moreover, it has the advantage of not violating the peace of Europe.

BRITISH 37 P.C. AGAINST GERMAN 9 P.C.

From the conversations at present going on between Germany and France, England is excluded. Yet:—

British trade with Morocco is more valuable even than that of France. It occupies the very first place. Statistics set down the total value of our commerce there at 37.3 per cent., while that of France is but 37.1 per cent. Germany, who has twice shaken the world's confidence in peace, ostensibly for the sake of her trade interests in Morocco, transacts just 9.5 per cent. of all the business done there. Only 9.5 per cent. Yet her political leaders profess to believe seriously that we ought to and shall

retire while they transform the international status of Morocco, and arrange special terms for German commerce there !

Dr. Dillon insists that France must be predominant in Morocco, or cease to be a great Power. The present tension, he says, ought to be put an end to.

GERMANY WOOING FRANCE.

"The position of France ought to be fairly faced, recognised once for all, and guaranteed by the other States interested in the maintenance of peace." But—

Germany's present scheme, if Maximilian Harden may be taken as its exponent, is to discuss the matter thoroughly with France, not merely frankly or amicably, but quite fraternally ; and not to confine the discussion to the Morocco problem, but to melt down all outstanding questions in the crucible, and to settle them for good and all by means of such a close offensive and defensive alliance as binds Austria-Hungary to Germany. The scheme sounds startling, but it is not absolutely new, and it has long been kept *in petto* by Kaiser Wilhelm.

In view of the absence of finality in German policy, Dr. Dillon insists that though Germany and England ought to be able to live in the best intelligence with each other, yet :—

Far from relieving us of the necessity of keeping up the two-Power standard on the water, this friendly intercourse ought to spur us on to maintain it unflaggingly. For the friendlier we are with Germany the greater will her demands be on our altruism.

The German policy has been to increase her national defences to a certain level of efficiency. When they are obviously superior to those of the enemy the issue is a foregone conclusion. The hostile forces need not meet in the field. If the German navy were superior, or even equal, to our own the same tactics would be applied to us.

GERMANY WISE TO WITHDRAW.

"Mr. J. Ellis Barker," writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, "as a sincere friend and admirer of Germany," declares that while in Bismarck's time German diplomacy was dramatic and vigorous, now it is dramatic and futile. He says it can scarcely be doubted that Germany desires to acquire Morocco, or at least the south of that country, and that she wishes to defend its integrity and independence until she is ready to make it a colony of her own. Morocco is larger than Germany, enjoys a singularly valuable world-strategic position, and though Germany has only an infinitesimal trade with Morocco, the advantages of position are obvious nevertheless, especially in the case of either a German-American war, or a Franco-German war, or an Anglo-German war. But as a German settlement in Agadir would be disliked by the Powers of the Triple Entente, and would scarcely be looked upon with favour by the United States, Germany may find a graceful and early retreat the wisest policy. She may find that the German firms that called for her protection had not sufficient cause, and that her warship may be withdrawn when it is found that there is no danger to German lives or property.

FRANCE NO LONGER SCARED.

Mr. Laurence Jerrold in the same *Review* says Tangier, 1905, cost France dear ; Casablanca, 1908, was worth the price ; and Agadir, 1911, proves that Casablanca, 1908, is beginning to pay. In 1905 France was scared, and humbly submitted to Germany's demands. In 1908 France had unconsciously or instinctively recovered her self-respect and self-dependence, and was not cowed by the threat of war. Germany consequently withdrew her demand for an apology. The writer maintains that England forced the *entente cordiale* upon France, and that it was the German Emperor's dismissal of Delcassé that sealed the *entente cordiale*. So Agadir, 1911, is leaving France cool.

FRENCH ATROCITIES.

The other side of the Morocco question is forcibly stated in *Blackwood*, of all places in the world, by a writer signing himself "Kepi." He pooh-poohs the hubbub that has been created over a small German cruiser rolling her bilge keels clear on the Atlantic swell in front of a mudhole on the Moroccan coast. But to make clear the ultimate issues, he bids us remember that Morocco is as much as Spain a white man's land, with extremely productive soil and vast stores of mineral wealth. The French have, according to the writer, been very much exceeding their legitimate powers in Morocco. They have given the



Mucha.]

[Warsaw.

The patient Moroccan camel is mounted by France. Spain also attempts to hold the reins, and Germany hangs on to Spain. France would not mind Spain alone, but objects to Spain's friend, and says, "Get off! I might put up with you alone, because you don't weigh much, but neither I nor the camel can, or will, stand your weighty and objectionable friend."

Sultan an European-led, armed and drilled force which has made him an absolute ruler in French hands. Mulai Hafid has officially intimated that unless a French force be left in Fez he will himself leave the capital. Things point to France becoming in Morocco what England is in Egypt. But Germany has no intention that France's ambition shall be equally indefinite or interminable. "The French have now gained at the capital an ascendancy which has reached the limit which German interests can afford." Colonel Mangin, Head of the French Military Mission—

permitted the French-trained, French-officered troops of the Maghzen to descend upon the peaceful homesteads of the Uled Jamma tribesmen, and to burn, ravish, loot, and destroy as to them seemed sufficient. As the result of this atrocious licence, much property of British and German protected Moors was destroyed, and children of tender years were torn from their homes, and after being ravished, were sold in the streets of Fez into life-long slavery for a few silver coins. When officially remonstrated with by the representatives of friendly European Powers, the leader of the French Mission is said to have replied, "There are no rights of private life and property in a rebel country." There are other excesses upon the slate that have been permitted during the French control of Mulai Hafid's action.

German diplomacy "knows what the effect of a humanitarian screech, if properly pitched, can have in this country."

AGADIR WORTHLESS.

The writer ridicules the idea that Germany means to make Agadir an ocean harbour:—

Those who light-heartedly talk of converting these open Moroccan bar-ports on the Atlantic seaboard are recommended to study the Admiralty charts and sailing directions before they are carried away by their fears. It would not matter how many millions sterling Germany was prepared to spend on Agadir in converting it into a naval base; it would still be, to the intents and purposes of naval gunnery, an open port.



At Agadir.

The writer disclaims any antagonism to the supremacy of French interests in Morocco. But the supremacy of any individual European Power is a matter about which there can be no sentiment, but must be the hardest international bargaining. As a friend of France, he regrets that she had been so badly served by the members of the French Mission at Fez, whose actions have been such that German diplomacy can state a case against France's claims that cannot be contravened with a clear conscience.

A POSITIVIST VIEW.

Professor Beesly, writing in the *Positivist Review*, while staunchly insisting on the maintenance of the *entente cordiale*, thinks that England would have shown truer friendship if we had advised France to content herself with her large opportunities for a gradual and peaceful penetration of Morocco, and to avoid any step that could give Germany or Spain a pretext for interfering:—

A slow and prudent policy of this kind would not have suited the usurious loan-mongers, concession hunters, company promoters, mining syndicates, and other financial sharks in a hurry to exploit a virgin territory. But by tendering such counsels we should have escaped the reproach, which, if the worst comes, we may perhaps have to endure, of having lured France into fighting our battle with Germany.

If Morocco is going to be partitioned between either two or three Powers, let us stand aloof. But the freedom of Europe depends on the maintenance of the *entente cordiale*.

WHAT TOOK THE KAISER TO TANGIER.

The *English Review* tells how Germany went to Morocco. The Kaiser, it appears, was unwilling to go, but was practically jockeyed into it by his advisers. At last, arrived at the roadstead at Tangier, he did not intend to land, but, asking the French Naval commander if it was possible to land without danger, was told, "Certainly. Why not?" So the Kaiser went. Whence the German intrusion into Moroccan affairs, and all that has followed. The writer says:—

Nor, from our point of view—from the military point of view, of course—would it seriously matter to us if France agreed to present Germany with a port, or, indeed, gave her such sphere of influence as she might please. A port in Morocco would decentralise the German Navy. It would be a source of weakness to Germany in time of naval war. From the English standpoint it is ludicrous to pretend that we have any reason to complain if the defensible area of Germany is extended. The very contrary is the case. The more Germany enlarges her line of defence, the more vulnerable in time of warfare would she be to us. It may be said outright that Germany's enconcegment at Agadir would materially weaken her naval arm.

The writer's suggestion is:—

With Spain jealous of her rights, and Germany entirely indifferent to the morality of treaties, it may be questioned whether France would not do well boldly to summon another conference and see what general policy of demarcation and compensation could be arrived at, satisfactory and binding to all the signatories.

WHY NOT SEND A BRITISH CRUISER?

The *National Review*, while declaring that Mr. Lloyd George expressed unimpeachable sentiments in unimpeachable terms, declares that the Government has handled the crisis with deplorable irresolution. There was nothing but weakness of will to prevent Sir Edward Grey from dispatching a British cruiser of tonnage and power superior to the *Panther* to aid her in her work of protecting the imaginary whites at Agadir against disorder.

BRITONS LEARNING TO SHOOT.

BRITISH marksmanship is the subject of an illustrated paper, by Frederick Walker, in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for August. He recounts the gradual rise of the movement from the dark week of Colenso, Stormberg and Magersfontein by the following table :—

Year.	No. of Clubs.	No. of Mea.
1899	60	6,000
1900	100	10,000
1901	211	16,000
1902	328	24,000
1903	440	30,000
1904	550	34,000
1905	670	43,000
1906	946	70,000
1907	1,281	88,000
1908	1,530	102,000
1909	1,897	122,000
1910	2,083	125,000

The number of clubs now affiliated to the National Rifle Association number 2,400. The following figures about Bisley are more eloquent than much description :—

Camp population	4,000
Living in the villages near	1,000
Daily visitors to the ranges	5,000
Ammunition used (rounds)	500,000
Targets used	4,300
Camp and range staff, officers and men	1,000
Special correspondents and artists	85
Cash in prizes	£14,000
Entries	50,000
Number of prizes	5,000
Trophies	Several tons
Telegrams dealt with	6,300
Words punched and signalled	1,800,000
Press telegrams	7,000
Pages of Press matter	10,000
Letters dealt with	100,000

HOW TO LEARN TO FLY.

IN the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Charles C. Turner, aviator, explains the art of learning to fly. He declares that it is as easy to learn to fly as to learn to ride a bicycle. He himself in learning, up to the time of obtaining his pilot's certificate, never did more damage than could have been repaired for 5s. The proportion of accidents to the number of flights and to the mileage flown is very steadily diminishing. He insists that flying is very simple, but a school is advisable :—

The good flight school of to-day is a well-organised institution, with excellent teachers, chosen not for their own good flying but for their ability to impart their knowledge and skill to others. It is still possible to teach oneself to fly, and it is easier to do so than it was two years ago, for it is now possible to read in detail the experiences of those who have shown the way ; but hundreds per cent. of time, trouble, and danger are saved by going to a good school.

A copy of the aviator's certificate is given, from which it appears, in six languages, that civil, naval and military authorities, including the police, are requested to aid and assist the holder of this certificate.

A CHURCH WHICH DOES NOT ADVERTISE.

THE English Church of to-day is the theme of the first paper in the *Edinburgh Review* for July. The standpoint of the writer may be roughly described as that of a Liberal Churchman. He admits that quietness is still the note of the English Church, inspired very largely by the gracious and delicate verse of the "Christian Year." The writer says :—

A distinctive mark of the Church of England is that, in an age of advertisement, she does not advertise. Had Hannington and Patteson been Jesuits, the world would have rung with their heroism : the native martyrs of Uganda would have been raised, as deservedly as any of former ages, to the altars of the Church.

The same spirit appears in lesser matters. Does a curate secede to Rome, it is proclaimed in the newspapers. Does a Roman Catholic or a Dissenter conform to the Church, no one hears of it ; the result being that a false impression of the situation is given, and that an inaccurate estimate of the relative gains and losses prevails. A sensational Catholic preacher denounces the sins of society, an eclectic Nonconformist proounds a New Theology ; their respective chapels overflow, and descriptive accounts of their proceedings and their personal appearance appear in the halfpenny Press. A scholarly Churchman speaks from a University or Cathedral pulpit, and few hear or heed. He does not call in the reporter, or enlist in the service of religion and learning the arts of the acrobat and the buffoon.

WILL SHE BE THE CHURCH OF ALL THE ENGLISH ?

The English Church, in the view of the writer, has come to the parting of the ways :—

She may resign herself to the distinctive position of Anglicanism, or she may rise to her higher calling and take her stand for English Christianity as a whole. In the former case, "Abide ye here with the ass" will be her programme. . . . But this road leads nowhere. A Church which takes it may be long in dying, but is on the road to die. On the other a great, a very great, destiny awaits her—the furtherance of the religious life of the English people at home and beyond the seas. The "least reformed" of the Reformed Churches, and inheriting the political genius of the nation to which she owes her distinctive features, she may unite for her own people the best elements of the old order and of the new. Should it be so, it is not England only that will be the gainer.

WHY SO FEW ART GALLERIES ?

IN the *Local Government Review* Mr. H. J. Hoare urges that greater prominence should be given to the æsthetic side of municipal work, notably in the parks and open spaces, in town planning, and in providing art galleries and museums. He says :—

There are only about thirty art galleries in the whole of the United Kingdom maintained by municipal authorities. There seems to be no reason why authorities in large provincial areas should not, while retaining separate library administration, make contributions towards the cost, purchase, or erection of a joint art gallery ; contributions no doubt comparatively small, but in the aggregate sufficient to build and equip a gallery worthy to rank with those in the capital itself. Indeed, it may not be inappropriate to make here the suggestion that some of our municipalities should negotiate with the national authorities for the establishment of jointly controlled provincial sub-galleries, to which the masterpieces from our central national treasure-houses could be loaned. Similarly with museums of rare gems of sculpture, of carving, of specimens of artistic crafts of all places and times. How few of our municipalities possess museums !

SLIPPING THROUGH AN ALPINE ROPE.

AN extraordinary Alpine incident is reported in *Fry's* for August by G. D. Abraham, who gives the beginner on the Alps a great deal of most valuable advice. It occurred on one of the Zermatt peaks:—

We were following downward behind a party composed of two guides and a stout Continental climber, who objected to having the rope tied tightly around his waist. At one point we were dismayed to see the amateur suddenly vanish through the apparently level surface of the snow, leaving the empty loop of the rope dangling down the hole. We rushed to the edge of the crevasse, and a glance down into its black, icy depths showed the serious nature of the accident. The crevasse was evidently fully two hundred feet in depth, and our ropes were no use for the rescue; besides, as no answer came to our repeated calls, we all dreaded that the unfortunate climber had paid the extreme penalty of his foolishness. Some of us ran down to the hut and a number of guides carrying a long strong rope, and the wherewithal to carry the human remains down to the valley.

We lowered the leading guide into the depths of the glacier. Judge of our surprise when we heard voices far below. Our wonder was still further increased when the guide came up and said that the stout Teuton was sitting at the bottom of the crevasse smoking a cigar. Luckily he had fallen on to a bed of soft snow, and his only serious damage was a broken leg. Strange to say, he absolutely refused to be pulled up until a bargain had been struck as to the cost of the rescue.

"THE OVERWHELMINGNESS OF LONDON."

MR. SYDNEY BROOKS in the July *Forum*, on London and the Coronation, says:—

Never has the overwhelmingness of London and London life seemed so palpable or so oppressive as at this moment. The "season" is in full swing; we have a political and constitutional revolution in progress, complete in everything save barricades and bloodshed; the Imperial Conference is sitting; of pageants, fêtes, banquets, concerts, tournaments, horse shows, operas, picture exhibitions, dinners, balls, receptions, race meetings, naval and military reviews, there is no end; the streets and the parks and the shops are fuller and more brilliant than I have ever known them.

The social strain is terrific; one misses half a dozen functions for every one that is attended; no one, and least of all the responsible statesmen of the Empire, has any time to think. Yet it is on such occasions that London, after all, is most herself, and that one is positively grateful for the long chapter of accidents and events that have made her not only the biggest but the most comprehensive capital in the world. Her absorbent magnetism is not, to be sure, at all times and under all circumstances a good thing either for herself or for the nation. London not only dominates England, but overpowers it and in a measure devitalises it.

But at a time like this one is content not to look too narrowly into the social, political, intellectual or other effects of London's immensity. One accepts and welcomes and enjoys it, without any obstinate questionings, just as it is—the gorgeous, mellow supplanter of Paris in the social primacy of Europe, the world's centre for every form of art, amusement, and intellectual diversion, the capital not only of the kingdom but of the Empire, the seat of the Legislature, the home of Royalty, and the scene of the thousand and one festivities and ceremonies that, in a Coronation year especially, go with and branch out from the presence of a Court. One does not stop to inquire whether it is proper and wholesome that practically all the creative and all the critical power of the country should be heaped together in this one city. One simply plunges into the incomparable—literally incomparable since the fall of the Second Empire—richness and variety of its social life; one steeps oneself in its tolerant, unquestioning, easy spirit.

THE MODERN ANIMAL STORY.

THE *Edinburgh Review* for July has an interesting paper on the animal story as developed by Roberts, Seton Thompson, Jack London, and W. G. Long. The reviewer thus describes the heart and soul of the modern animal story:—

Under the compulsion of a new sentiment towards Nature, of a new rebound from the conventions of civilisation, with the love of open-air living, of the freedom of a world unshackled by the smooth trammels of human artificialities, the call of the wild sounds, not for beasts alone. Man had subjugated the wild, man had driven it afar from him, he had dealt with it as if it were an enemy to be conquered. He had set his foot on its head and in walled cities had proclaimed himself its victor. Ploughed land produced grain at his bidding, fenced fields pastured his flocks. But in its turn the wild has reasserted its power. Not over the many to whom the roofed-in life of house-dwelling citizens, the trodden paths, have become a second nature, but to the reactionary, who has tried and found wanting the crowded thoroughfares of humanity, the routine sameness of intellectualism, the complicated machineries of physical comfort and the empty formulas of European communities.

For him the hour of awakening has dawned. He has felt the tenacious links that bind him with unseen bonds to the wilderness, he has experienced the homesickness, a nostalgia perhaps explaining many a malady that escapes the physician's diagnosis, for the ancient, primordial earth his forbears have overlaid with brick and stone. He craves for its silent spaces, its rugged severities, its immense solitudes, unexplored, unploughed, unhedged, unsown; for its inexorable laws of physical being, its simple mercies and invulnerable elemental forces that overpower with the calm of their immensity the struggle, futile and vain, of puny human wills. And it is from amongst such awakened sleepers, from amongst men who have hearkened the call, men upon whose hearts the wild has cast its spell, that those modern writers from over the seas have arisen who have contributed most largely and most notably to the recent stores of animal literature.

A KING-EMPEROR FUND SUGGESTED.

In the *East and West* the editor suggests a way by which "His Majesty may find an opportunity of winning the hearts of the people in Delhi." He says:—

It must be possible for the Government of India to set apart a sum annually to be spent on the relief of distress, the entertainment of children or the feeding of the poor on special occasions, and such other objects under His Majesty's directions from England. Princes and private philanthropists or millionaires may add to that sum, which may be constituted into a fund with a special name. Fire, flood, and other calamities now and then call for private charity and Government succour. The King-Emperor sometimes telegraphs his sympathy from England. The telegrams are published in the newspapers, and they are all good enough in their own way. But under the rule of a Sovereign whose name has become synonymous with sympathy, may we not go a step farther than verbal sympathy on such occasions? If we may have a Famine Fund, which fortunately we have had no occasion to draw upon recently, why may we not have another Fund, to which annual contributions may be made by Government, and from which His Majesty may order contributions to be made for charitable and other purposes which may constantly put the people in mind of their King-Emperor? Such a Fund would combine Eastern traditions of the personal beneficence of the Sovereign with Western traditions of organisation.

THE CONGRESS OF RACES: WHAT MAY COME OF IT.

BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON.

THE *Contemporary Review* opens with a characteristic paper, by Sir Harry Johnston, on racial problems and the Congress of Races. It is stored with the observation and experience of one of the most experienced and observant of modern Imperial statesmen, and on this basis of fact is reared an edifice of speculation that is characteristic of the author.

WHO THE RACES ARE, AND HOW MANY.

The opening of the article boils down a whole library of anthropology. He thus divides the inhabitants of the globe :—

The Mongol-Amerindian division of Yellow-skinned men leads in numbers, for it may be roughly calculated at 612,000,000 (586,000,000 Mongoloids in Asia, 16,000,000 Amerindians, and about 10,000,000 European Mongoloids). The Whites, or Caucasians, of Europe, Africa, Asia, Australasia, and the Americas follow next, and amount to about 570,000,000. There are some 300,000,000 hybrid brown types, such as the Southern Moors, Tuaregs, Teda, Egyptians, Abyssinians, Somalis, the bulk of the Dravidian inhabitants of India and Ceylon, the Polynesians, and the peoples of Madagascar; and, lastly, there are approximately 135,000,000 Negroes and Negroids (109,000,000 in Africa, 24,500,000 in the Americas, and 1,500,000 in Southern Asia and Oceania). The Negro does not make a bad fourth in these divisions, for his 135 millions are by no means a negligible quantity as a world-force, and count for more at present in world-politics than the 433 millions of Chinese.

THE PROVED SUPERIORITY OF THE WHITE MAN.

The white, or Caucasian, division is mainly divided by religion between the five hundred and ten millions of white Christians and sixty-four millions of white Mohammedans, the latter led by some twelve million Turks. Sir Harry maintains that the white or Caucasian sub-species is superior to the other variants of the race in brain development and in physical development—"it is really only amongst the white people of the world that the women are more comely than the men." The Caucasian race "seems to stand revealed as the redeemer of the world, the creator of Palæolithic, Neolithic and early Metal-Age civilisation." Asking whether the white race can colonise the tropics, Sir Harry answers that the white man must resign himself to a colonisation of the sub-tropical and temperate regions of the globe. White people are fully equal, if not superior, in the rate of increase. Among the non-white races birth-rate and infant mortality are both higher.

NEGRO AND RED INDIAN IN SCOTCH AND IRISH.

Inquiring next into the inter-mixture of races, Sir Harry asserts that there is an ancient negroid strain underlying the populations immediately to the North of the Mediterranean, as well as in Ireland, Wales and Scotland. "There is something of the Red Indian in the peoples of Scotland and Ireland, of Germany, and Southern Russia, Tatary and Siberia." The statement that there is but one special type of man on the earth is proved by the complete fertility between all known types of existing man. "There

are no human mules." Sir Harry sees the prospect of great racial developments in Asia by a mixture of blood, especially in Russian Siberia. The white type is already mingling with Mongols, Japanese and Chinese, producing offspring of good appearance, physical vigour, and mental alertness.

EMINENT ABILITY OF THE NEGRO.

Sir Harry nobly vindicates the abilities of the non-white races, notably of the negro. Books by pure-blood negroes give him the keen delight of the best French literature. Sir Harry declares that there are to be found, of high eminence in their respective vocations, negro composers, musicians, actors, surgeons, dentists, generals. The chief danger is, he says, the arrogantly imperfectly-educated white man, and the conceited recruit from the one-time helot of nations

WANTED, AN INTER-RACIAL RELIGION !

Then Sir Harry goes forward to propound his most daring suggestion. He has scant sympathy with the Hindu and Moslem faiths. He speaks of the silly and foul accretions of the Hindu's once pure and transcendental religion, and the profitless doggerel dictated by Mohammed. He boldly proposes a common inter-racial religion, and, doubtless to the fearful scandal of sectarians like Lord Hugh Cecil, proposes what is in effect that awful thing, undenominational Christianity. He says :—

— If only in this battle we could agree upon a common Inter-racial Religion, and that the most simple, undogmatic form of Christianity—Christianity without the creeds that were unknown to Christ ! The Christian principles that were laid down in the authentic Gospels and Epistles still remain unsurpassed as a rule of conduct, as a basis of practical ethics. They are unconnected with totemism, Sabbaths, fetish-worship, mysticism, vexatious observances, litanies, and the disputable adjuncts of a religion. If we could agree to define and adopt such a basis and make it the State religion of every country, with leave to each person and community to add, on their own account, the elaborations of ritual necessary to some individualities, we should have gone far to establish a brotherhood of man, a brotherhood which need not mean necessarily a mingling of blood, but a common sympathy and interest in the development of humanity. Applying Christian principles, the White Man would treat the other races of mankind with kindness and justice, without scorn or harsh impatience; and they, on their part, would co-operate with him in the tremendous struggle with the blind and heartless forces of Nature which ever and again seem to threaten man's very existence.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST PLUS MODERN SCIENCE.

Thus would ethics be provided for in the inculcation of Christian principle, but we have still to fight the devil of reactionary nature; and to carry out the faith, the only faith worth living and dying for, in the Divine purpose of our evolution and existence, we want all the help that Science can give us :—

Ever and again it shall be lawful for some bright intelligence among us to guess at what lies round the corner, and proclaim his theory—perchance, being taller than his fellows, he may catch a glimpse before the rest of the Land of Beulah or the peaks that girdle Paradise. But let such far-sighted ones have no claim to persecute, crucify, pinch, or burn those others of us who are keeping our faces to the ground to be sure we are on the right track.



Prominent Members of the Universal Races Congress.

Standing: Mr. G. Spiller (organiser of the Congress), Dr. W. B. Rubusana (South African Parliament), Herr Gerlach (Germany), Hadji Mirza Yahya (Persia), Dr. Zacharias (Malay), Rev. J. A. T. Hazell (Colorado), Miss Alice Buckton, and Mr. Sprague. At the table General Legitime (ex-President of Hayti), Lord Weardale, and Mr. T. Watanabe (Japanese Parliament).

Sir Harry, who is nothing if not bold, calmly suggests that some such inter-racial congress as that now meeting in London should define a religious basis such as the Christianity of Christ, in which all nations and civilised races could agree. Japan would take a tremendous step forward in the comity of nations if to-morrow she declared her State religion to be undogmatic Christianity.

FACTION VERSUS NATION.

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, which this month comes out as a mere organ of the Tory Party, Mr. F. E. Smith writes on Conservatism and the problem of government. To put his point briefly, Radicalism has shown itself the Party of faction, Conservatism the Party of the nation. The art of government in a democracy is an attempt to weld civil society into a whole. Its watchword should be, Unity, Harmony, and Co-operation. Its vices are faction, class war, disorder. He undertakes to show that the present Government has practised the vices and avoided the virtues of democracy. It has striven not

to express national purpose, but the animosity of a faction, the one part of the nation governing against another part. The recent practice of Radicalism requires that the Government must always be against someone, against the brewers, against the clergy, against the landlords, against the House of Lords. Its administration has shown disrespect for national institutions and judicial impartiality. The inference he draws from the record of the last six years is that the Conservative Party has a distinct and urgent mission to re-establish and maintain the art of responsible government. It must eradicate departmental hooliganism, it must punish administrative indecency, it must restore the authority of respectable tradition to the organs of government. Mr. Smith goes on with unblushing effrontery to declare that tariff reform is the true type of a national policy, a scheme the supporters of which seek for no enemy to strike down, no class to rob or bribe.

The poor man whose food is taxed for the benefit of the landlords may perhaps think that tariff reform does "rob" him.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT.

In the *Forum* for July Baron d'Estournelles de Constant writes on the remedy for armed peace. He says that the Governments of the world confine themselves to developing the progress of arbitration. They refuse to go down to the root of the matter. They are waiting until the Franco-German reconciliation, upon which everything else depends, has become an accomplished fact.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

The policy of revenge in war has no one to support it amongst the labouring population of France. Were the Germans to meditate war, he declares, "willing or unwilling, the whole world would oppose to their ambition a coalition more imposing than that which Prince Bismarck himself headed in 1878 at Berlin to stop the Russian conquerors at San Stefano." He says:—

There is no doubt in my eyes that it is time for the two countries, as well as Alsace-Lorraine herself, to put in motion all their resources of patriotism and reason to solve the problem sensibly and fairly, and not to justify the belief that only socialist levelling can procure for us the remedy which the middle classes have given up as hopeless.

SOLUTION OR REBELLION?

He urges that French thought and German thought should join together to seek the solution of the problem. Let the discussion once be opened, from conscience to conscience, if not from Government to Government, the result would be better than the ambiguities of silence. Otherwise the pressure of armaments will become insupportable. "The day when rebellion bursts forth, the antagonism of Governments will be nothing in comparison with the real antagonism they will have prepared against themselves, the antagonism between the Governments and the people. The Governments can still choose between reconciliation and the chasm." "The victory of arbitration is coming closer, and only the Franco-German situation stops the way."

WHAT ARBITRATION CANNOT DO.

ADMIRAL MAHAN, in the *North American Review*, distinguishes between diplomacy, underlying which is always force, and arbitration, which is based on a code of accepted law. Carefully endeavouring to overcome his professional prepossession as a fighting man, the Admiral goes on to point out the cases in which law cannot be regarded as decisive, and where arbitration fails. Armed resistance, he says—that is war—helped to win for mankind freedom of conscience. No international law could prevent the two Sovereign States of Germany and Denmark arranging for a transfer by sale of a Danish island in the West Indies. Only diplomacy, based on the determination of the United States and now of Great Britain to

enforce the Monroe doctrine, could prevent Germany thus securing a coaling station in the Americas. So, too, the demands of the United States on Spain for the independence of Cuba could not be justified in law before an international court, unless the internal forces of a Sovereign Power are supposed to be amenable to jurisdiction. The overthrow of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope by Italy would have been disallowed by an arbitration court, as also the claim of Great Britain to demand internal reforms in the Boer Republics, and the claim of the Northern States to abolish slavery. The way in which England governs Egypt, and the way in which the United States governs the Philippines, are questions which could not be discussed before a court of arbitration. Admiral Mahan holds that the Italian occupation of Rome, the independence of Cuba, the ultimate union of South America, the abolition of slavery, are boons to the human race which would never have been secured if legal arbitration had succeeded to diplomacy backed by force.

THE POPE AND THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST.

CANON BARRY writes in the July *Dublin Review* on Catholicism and the spirit of the East. It is a striking plea for the Papacy and the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. He draws a vivid contrast. On every line of assault by arms or diplomacy the Pope has undergone defeat after defeat. Yet he neither leaves Rome, nor surrenders, nor dies. He disposes by unquestioned fiat of the fortunes and possessions of the Church in France; he puts down Modernism; he creates a world-wide legislation; he is a name and an influence which no State can afford to overlook. The explanation given is that "he is the embodiment of an Eastern religion in an Imperial Western power. Because the Pope holds of the East, he can defy the West. Because he is enthroned in the West, he can evangelise the East. His power is elemental, mysterious, perhaps divine, a living energy in union with the Everlasting." It is a theocracy. Theocracy in modern, scientific, democratised Europe and America—that is the wonder. The struggle of to-day is between secular civilisation and this supernatural power, between Renaissance and Revelation. "The Roman Church embodies for all civilised peoples that mysterious tendency of the soul which we designate the spirit of the East, and its Forum is the supernatural." Israel had the Book, Rome has the Chair, the Chair which protects altar, cloister, Scripture, Revelation. Canon Barry closes with a hope of the time when the Holy Father comes forth from the Vatican to celebrate the feast of reconciliation with a repentant Italy, and the third Rome, Catholic and modern, may keep its birthday.

THE *Indian World* declares of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's book on the awakening of India that "Mr. Macdonald has understood India."

CHOKEFUL CHINA.

THAT, in simplest English, is the gist of a paper by Professor E. A. Ross in the July *Century* on the struggle for existence in China. The writer says that in two-thirds of China a traveller can find no room on which to pitch a tent:—

He will find no roadside, no commons, no waste land, no pasture, no groves or orchards, not even a dooryard or a cow-pen. Save the threshing-flour, every outdoor spot fit to spread a blanket on is growing something. But, if he will pay, he may pitch his tent on a submerged rice field, in the midst of a bean patch, or among the hills of sweet potatoes.

NO ROOM FOR PLEASURE GROUNDS.

China is cultivated like a garden, in that every lump is broken up, every weed is destroyed, and every plant is tended like a baby. But there are no visions of beauty and delight:—

In county after county you will not see altogether a rood of land reserved for recreation or pleasure—no village green, no lawns, no flower-beds or ornamental shrubbery, no parks, and very few shade-trees.

Only an agriculture of incredible painstaking would have escaped exhausting the fertility of the soil ages ago.

EVERYTHING EDIBLE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

Every cesspool is drained, the night-soil of all towns is carefully taken on the land:—

No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by the teeming population. The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shell-fish, no bigger than one's finger-nail, are opened and made to yield a food that finds its way far inland. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato-vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are baled out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. Great panniers of strawberries, half of them still green, are collected in the mountain ravines and offered in the markets. No weed or stalk escapes the bamboo rake of the autumnal fuel-gatherer. The grass tufts on the rough slopes are dug up by the roots. The sickle reaps the grain close to the ground, for straw and chaff are needed to burn under the rice-kettle. The leaves of the trees are a crop to be carefully gathered. One never sees a rotting stump or a mossy log.

EATING RATS AND CATS—AND PIGSKIN.

Chinese cookery is one of the most toothsome cookeries in the world; but everything is grist that comes to the mill of the popular digestion:—

The silkworms are eaten after the cocoon has been unwound from them. After their work is done, horses, donkeys, mules, and camels become butcher's meat. The cow or pig that has died a natural death is not disdained. In Canton dressed rats and cats are exposed for sale. Our boatman cleaned and ate the head, feet, and entrails of the fowls used by our cook. Scouting a possible opening for a tannery, the Governor of Hong Kong once set on foot an inquiry as to what became of the skins of the innumerable pigs slaughtered in the colony. He learned that they were all made up as "marine delicacy" and sold among the Chinese. Careful observers say that four-fifths of the conversation among common Chinese relates to food.

DUE TO FAITH IN IMMORTALITY!

Comfort is as scarce as food. To a Western world that so rarely allows the other life to govern its actions in this, it may come as a surprise that this

over-population of China is due to the universal Chinese belief in the demands of the spirits of parents and other ancestors:—

For a grinding mass-poverty that cannot be matched in the Occident there remains but one general cause, namely, the crowding of population upon the means of subsistence.

Unless certain rites are performed at a man's grave by his male descendants, his spirit and the spirits of his fathers will wander for long in the spirit world, begging rice of other spirits. Therefore a man's first concern is to assure the succession in the male line.

APPRECIATION OF PROGENY.

Before his son is twenty-one he provides him with a wife. The average age of Chinese girls at marriage appears to be sixteen or seventeen:—

The very atmosphere of China is charged with appreciation of progeny. From time immemorial the things considered most worth while have been posterity, learning, and riches, in the order named.

As a result, the mortality among infants is well-nigh incredible, amounting to ninety per cent. Probably one female infant in ten is done away with at birth!

HIGH BIRTH-RATE: ANTICIPATED LOW DEATH-RATE.

After all this terrible description of the multiplication and light valuation of life, the article concludes with a prediction as to the near future of Chinese population:—

Within our time the Chinese will be served by a government on the Western model. Rebellions will cease, for grievances will be redressed in time, or else the standing army will nip uprisings in the bud. When a net of railways enables a paternal government to rush the surplus of one province to feed the starving in another, famines will end. The opium demon is already well-nigh throttled. The confining walls of the city will be razed to allow the pent-up people to spread. Wide streets, parks, and sewers will be provided. Filtered water will be within reach of all. A university-trained medical profession will grapple with disease. Everywhere health officers will make war on rats and mosquitoes, as to-day in Hong Kong. Epidemics will be fought with quarantine and serum and isolation hospitals. Milk will be available, and mothers will be instructed how to care for their infants. In response to such life-saving activities, the death-rate in China ought to decline from the present height of fifty or sixty per thousand to the point it has already reached in a modernised Japan, namely, twenty per thousand.

But it may easily take the rest of this century, the writer says, to overcome ancestor-worship, early marriage, the passion for big families, and the inferior position of wives. So for a generation or two China will produce people rapidly in the Oriental way, who will die off slowly in the Occidental way.

EMIGRATION—OR STARVATION.

Scientific agriculture cannot cope with the consequent increase. The surplus must emigrate or starve:—

With a third of the adults able to read, with daily newspapers thrilling the remotest village with tidings of the great world, eighteen provinces will be pouring forth emigrants instead of two.

What shall we do with the Chinese? will be a world question.

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY IN ART.

IN the *Contemporary Review* Mr. L. March-Phillipps writes on the aristocratic influence in art. He sees it strongly exemplified in the art of the Georgian era. Eighteenth century painters produced no single great religious composition, or any historical or other event of general interest treated adequately. Their portraits were of the nobility. Their representations of rustic life were not as it was, but as aristocratic taste desired it to be. The whole of the eighteenth century art, the writer avers, is pervaded by an extraordinary and unusual refinement. It is in all respects intensely aristocratic. Gothic art had, on the other hand, a democratic inspiration.

GOTHIC v. GEORGIAN ART.

The root of the whole Gothic creative movement was the theory that art was a perquisite of the people, emanating from and uttering the national life. The great Gothic creations knew no architects save the guild masons and carpenters. They were built by working men, and represent what working men felt to be appropriate and becoming :—

What then we find on surveying the general course of art from the rise of English nationality down to the eighteenth century, is that a democratic theory of art, though weakening as it went, lasted on practically to the rise of the aristocratic movement. Through the sixteenth century it was ailing; during the seventeenth it was dying. Before the end of the latter century, but probably not much before, the great Gothic tradition—which had not only played such a part in the history of art, but was so indissolubly associated with the struggles of the mediæval boroughs in the cause of liberty—was laid in its grave. It was followed, as ebb follows flood, by an exactly reverse movement. The old style had taught that art belonged to the people, that through it the national life found utterance, that all labour was ennobled in that process of utterance. Georgian art contradicted every one of these propositions. Art, it said, was not meant for the many, but for the few. Its motives were to be sought not from within the national life, but entirely from extraneous sources. Its purpose was not to enoble toil, but to adorn leisure. The whole sequence of contradiction concentrates on the denial of the popular character of art. The most marked characteristic of Georgian art, and that towards which all its motives tend, is its extreme disdain of everything that savours of democracy.

This change in art corresponded to political change. When the leading noblemen of England called in the Prince of Orange, the vindication of the cause of freedom passed from the people's hands into the Peers'.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN ART.

Now, however, both in politics and art, the people are coming to their own. The centres of democratic vitality, the great industrial cities of the North, are the chief centres also of its influence in art. Art and liberty are in England indissolubly united. The Greeks translated their thought of the beauty of the ethical principles of harmony and symmetry into art; the matter-of-fact Romans left behind them “sewers which have been the admiration of all succeeding ages”; the Gothic expressed the thought of democratic

liberty as an ideal of life. “The things we have done nearest the Greeks have been the statues of mediæval saints and virgins of our cathedral fronts.” Now again the air is full of promise. “It is from the workshops of England that the rescuers of our art are coming.”

BEGINNING TO EDUCATE INDIA.

The approach of the Coronation Durbar at Delhi, with all its splendour and magnificence, ought to throw up into strong contrast the miserably inadequate provision that the British Empire, with all its resources and all its glory, has made for the education of its Imperial wards in India. The *Indian World* contains this statement :—

We find that the total population of India according to the provincial returns of last census is 31,50,01,099, and the fact that out of this number only 22,912 are receiving high education is not a very encouraging and creditable record. Turning to secondary education, we find that the number of schools throughout India increased from 1,165 in 1906-7 to 1,190 in 1909-10, and the number of pupils receiving education in them rose from 2,86,391 to 3,44,647. Then the number of schools imparting primary education rose from 1,02,947 in 1906-7 to 1,07,463 in 1909-10, and the number of boys from 34,24,618 to 38,88,671. Here the most deplorable state of affairs shows itself. It does not seem to be a gratifying spectacle to find that only about thirty-nine lakhs out of so large a population are receiving the rudimentary instructions in reading and writing!

There is much discussion of primary education in the same number, and it is stated that Mr. Gokhale in his Education Bill has suggested that compulsion should only be introduced when 33 per cent. of the boys of school age are at school. Judged by this 33 per cent. rule, some provinces in India have approached, and one even exceeded, this standard. In some areas in the more advanced provinces 45 per cent. of boys of school age are already in school. Taking both private and public schools together, while there is one school to every $3\frac{1}{2}$ square miles in Bengal, there is only one school in forty-four square miles in the Central Provinces. At present the Government contribute only 15 per cent. of the total expense of primary education. Mr. Gokhale asks for 66 per cent. Mr. Satyananda Bose thinks that the reasonable proportion will be 75 per cent., and local bodies may find the remainder. Of Mr. Gokhale's Elementary Education Bill the editor says :—

There are only four, and no more than four, important principles involved in the Bill. One is the idea of compulsion; the second is the idea of the education being paid for and not free, in the cases of boys whose parents or guardians earn more than ten rupees a month; the third is that a wider diffusion of elementary education is impossible in India without a further enhancement of the burden of local taxation; and the fourth is the apportionment by the Government of India of the entire cost of this education between the Provincial administrations and the local bodies.

In the *Irish Review* there are, printed on opposite pages, specimens from the *Irish Anthology*, Erse on the left, English on the right.

THE REICH LAND STILL FRENCH.

UNDER the title of "Gravelotte Revisited" Mr. J. B. Greenway sheds, in the *Cornhill* for August, a light on the real disposition of the people of Lorraine, which has its significance at this moment when a Constitution is being granted them. The writer had the impression that German civilisation was sweeping all before it, but when he left the towns and went into the villages he found the people French to the core. He called on an old woman, who replied to him in French, telling with pride that her husband had been a soldier of France. Her son had served in the German army, and was at present at home on furlough. He remained in his room all day, because he wore the German uniform, and did not wish to give offence to his neighbours. "We are French to the end." He went with an old Saxon General who was revisiting Gravelotte on the anniversary of the battle, and Mr. Greenway, meeting a young peasant, spoke to him in German. The peasant replied in French. "'Did he not speak German?' my companion asked. 'Oh, yes, but only under compulsion'—a reply which caused the good Saxon considerable annoyance." Mr. Greenway concludes that after forty years, in spite of her military prowess and her wonderful organising genius, Germany has failed to reach the hearts of the conquered race.

HOW GERMANY HAS STRENGTHENED US.

MR. ARCHIBALD HURD writes in the *Fortnightly Review* on the prospect of naval economy. He opens by pointing out:—

Germany is emerging from the struggle, with a vastly increased debt and heavy taxation, as the second greatest naval Power: she possesses about half the strength of Great Britain. Incidentally she has increased, by her rivalry, the margin of British superiority over the other leading fleets of Europe—French, Russian, Italian, and Austro-Hungarian. The British Fleet is now, and to the limit of naval vision will remain, more decisively mistress of the seas, in contrast with the four great historic navies of the Continent, than at any time in the past half century. Simultaneously, by her acts and words, she has cemented the friendships between Great Britain, on the one hand, and France, Japan, and the United States on the other. She has promoted the consolidation of the English-speaking world, and she has thrown the Dominions into the arms of the Mother Country.

Whichever party will be in power, consequently, Mr. Hurd predicts that the Navy Estimates of 1912-13 will show a reduction. If there is no expansion of German naval power in the immediate future, the British Navy Estimates have this year reached the highest point to which they will attain during the present generation. In 1915 Great Britain will possess at least two more armoured ships of new types than the next two greatest Powers—Germany and the United States—and will be far stronger than the Triple Alliance. The naval policy of the Dominions in the Pacific has only begun. The Commonwealth and New Zealand will relieve the Mother Country of the burden of naval defence in the Pacific. Mr. Hurd pours cold water upon the dread of the havoc that might be wrought by converted merchantmen. He

points out that conversion must be announced to belligerents and neutrals, or the ships be treated as privateers, and that now the swiftest war cruisers are swifter than the merchantmen. But the hopes of economy he expresses depend on one factor only—the action of Germany:—

British diplomacy will fail in its duty if this truth cannot be conveyed to the German Government. The authorities in Berlin, after thirteen years of naval expansion at immense cost, have secured a fleet of only about half the strength of that of Great Britain. The effort has augmented their naval budget by 238 per cent., while the British naval expenditure has increased by about 72 per cent. We have the least reason of all the nations to complain of the pace in naval armaments set by Germany, because we have gained many solid advantages.

SLEEP THE EFFECT OF POISON.

ACCORDING to the chemistry of sleep, as described in the July *Atlantic Monthly*, by Fred. W. Eastman, it is correct to say that we go to sleep because we are intoxicated—that is, poisoned. The cause of sleep are the fatigue products. For example, carbon dioxide is produced in large quantities in nervous and other tissues, but in the main by muscular action. It is known, by laboratory experiments, to have a clogging effect on the action of muscle tissue, and excludes oxygen from the brain cells, which require a relatively greater supply of oxygen than the other organs do. Lactic acid is another important fatigue and sleep-producing substance. It retards muscular action, and lowers the activity of brain cells. In all diseases where an unusual amount of sleep is a prominent symptom, the system becomes saturated with various poisonous products, and the common termination of them is coma. A further predisposing cause is that the vasomotor system for controlling the distribution of the blood is itself subject to exhaustion, and ceases to direct the necessary amount of blood to the brain. The blood-vessels in the lower part of the body automatically expand, and sleep results from diminished oxygen supplied to the brain.

SLEEP DEEP AND BRIEF.

Much else of interest is stated concerning sleep. Depth of sleep and degree of restoration go hand in hand. Those who sleep intensely for a short period, instead of lightly for a long period, gain in time and efficiency. The writer proceeds:—

The above considerations would therefore invite us to spend only that time in bed in which sleep is deep and dreamless and really valuable. If nine or ten hours are spent in bed every night, it will be the personal experience of most persons, unless they have engaged in considerable muscular exercise previous to sleep, that much of this time is spent in getting to sleep, and in repeated waking and dozing and dreaming during the morning hours. Therefore about a third of the time is wasted.

If we concentrate our sleep into short and intense periods of strict regularity, the results will in every way be more satisfactory.

REST WITHOUT SLEEP.

The writer goes on to speculate that sleep may in time be eliminated:—

Rest there must always be, on account of the mode of action of living matter; but with increasing cell-efficiency it may not in the future have to be of the extreme type that we know as sleep.

HOLIDAY PHILOSOPHY.

THE NEED OF CHANGE.

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* the learned Italian, Professor Ferrero, writing on the Papacy and the Papal seclusion, says :—

To-day, change of residence has become a physical and moral necessity for every man devoted to intense and unremitting intellectual labour. Change is a means of renewing periodically the vigour of the body, the strength of the will, the elasticity of the mind ; of sharpening the edge of the will and of the intelligence, when long continued use has blunted it. The proof of this may readily be found among the Americans who work so hard and travel so much. No matter how gifted a man may be with rich and rare faculties, no one, without deterioration, can apply himself, year in, year out, to intense labour while imprisoned in a few thousand square metres, even though within this little space there may be gathered for his refreshment the most famous beauties of the arts, the most perfect industrial appliances, and the choicest refinements of life. Life in the cloister must inevitably lay upon the greater number of those who have chosen to live there a heavy burden of physical fatigue which few indeed can bear.

THE USES OF LEISURE.

Mr. Temple Scott, writing in the July *Forum*, dealing with the right use of leisure, says :—

If we ask now what we shall do with Leisure, I answer : Build hopes in it ; grow ideas of beautiful things to be done by us in our hours of work ; dream dreams of joyful homes for us to establish in our waking days of freedom ; plan living methods for schoolmasters and educators of the young ; plant playgrounds in the centres of our cities and play there with the children, and only with children, so that we may keep young ; wander by rippling brooks and under blue skies over "grassy vested greens," that we may learn to love Nature and feel her response. We cannot hope and work at the same time, so we must have leisure which shall be the breeding-time of hope.

INDIAN SISTERS OF MERCY.

ANOTHER illustration of the way that the people of India adopt institutions of Christendom that have been tried and proved is afforded in the *Indian Review* by Mr. Saint Nihal Singh. He says :—

For over two years an agency has been at work in this country which, in its small but creditable way, has been seeking to divert the potentiality of the fair sex into national uplift by carefully training women to be Sisters of Mercy. Reference is made to the *Seva Sadan*—"The Sisters of India Society"—which was established on July 11th, 1908.

The *Seva Sadan* is the first effort made by Indians to organise their charity work. Over and above all things, it seeks to break down the barriers of religious prejudice that are keeping the people of India in separate cliques, by dispensing its benefits amongst all the needy, without question as to creed, and by interesting the ladies of all communities to work together for the uplift of humanity. Withal, the work is being done in a delicate manner. The needy ones are helped, but their dearest religious ideals are not rough-handled. Their beliefs are respected, and they are not made to feel that they must relinquish the smallest part of their religion in favour of some other faith in order to receive aid. In order to emphasise this phase of the service, the watchword of the *Seva Sadan* is : "One at core, if not in creed."

The work performed has progressively broadened :

During the year ending June 30th, 1910, 6,236 out-patients attended the *Seva Sadan* Dispensary for Women and Children. Of this number, 2,542 were Hindus, 228 were Mahomedans, 3,336 were Parsis, and 130 were Christians. Besides these, 171 patients, consisting of 92 Hindus, 60 Parsis, 17 Mahomedans,

and 2 Christians were treated at the eye dispensary ; and 754 cases were treated at the Jacob Circle *Chawl* Dispensary.

The order is gradually spreading from Bombay to other cities. All the printing work required by the *Seva Sadan* is done on the premises at Bombay by two widows who have been taught type-setting.

THE LATE TOM JOHNSON.

THE single-tax Mayor of Cleveland, the late Tom L. Johnson, is the subject of an obituary eulogy by the Hon. Henry George, jun., in the *Twentieth Century Magazine* for July. It appears that Mr. Johnson was thirty years of age when he bought from a train-newsboy a copy of Henry George's "Social Problems." He had heard of neither book nor author before, but became one of the chief apostles of the gospel according to Henry George to be found in municipal America. He was elected Mayor of Cleveland, and in order to get the single tax introduced municipally he resolved to strike at the street railroad combination that had won its baneful monopoly by the usual illicit means. He fought them until their treachery proved too strong for him, and he was beaten :—

He was beaten at the polls, beaten for a re-election to the mayoralty ; beaten when his fortune was gone, his health broken, sickness was in his family, and when he was surest of election ; when, indeed, he had his plans laid for triumph. Lies upon lies and tricks upon tricks had for the moment told, and he was thrown out of office. The people had failed him in the most critical moment of his life, and he stepped down, not complaining, but wounded to the soul.

Yet even then he would not yield. He valiantly announced that he would run again. And indeed there seemed cause for keeping good cheer. Had not some of his best lieutenants succeeded in election even if he had failed, and had not a majority of his candidates for the new local tax board been elected, and now at last, under his eye and with his disengaged counsel, might it not start on the first steps toward the single tax ?

The new board did at once settle down to the grave problems of its task, and made rapid progress. But, alas ! now when the hour of fruition was approaching, the great leader of the struggle was dying.

Often that pain was torture. Yet he worked on. Between paroxysms he planned, instructed, cheered. He had properly been called "the best mayor of the best governed city in the world." He strove to go far beyond that. He had in his mind's eye the most just city in the world.

His body was borne to Greenwood Cemetery, New York, where, on the crest of Ocean Hill, the two friends, so close in life, now lie close in death.

LIKE the Mother Country, the Canadian Dominion is having trouble with the reform of its Upper House. In the *Canadian Magazine* for July Sir George W. Ross discusses Senate Reform according to the Constitution, and insists that the reform of the Senate should not begin in the Parliament of Canada. It is the creation of the provinces, and owes its existence to the agreement by which the provinces became the Dominion. Why not, he asks, go direct to the source of the Constitution, to the treaty-makers, and then, having obtained their consent, ask for the ratification of the Imperial Parliament ?

MUSIC AND ART IN THE MAGAZINES.

MR. BALFOUR ON MUSIC.

THE July number of the *Musical Times* publishes the text of the address on Music which Mr. A. J. Balfour delivered before the recent International Musical Congress. There was a time, he said, when Britain bore its full share in the output of music, when we were not behind our Continental friends in our contributions to the art. Why, after the death of Purcell, we have for a long period to admit ourselves to have been, relatively speaking, barren in original production, he could not say. The original production in the eighteenth and in much of the nineteenth century of British musical art centred in the main round Church services. But there have long been signs that this state of things has come to an end. Looking back over the period of his own life, he had seen, year by year, more and more men of original productive capacity come to the front, and now we could look our Continental friends in the face and say that Britain has at last come into the process of taking its place among the great creative musical communities. Turning our gaze to what is, after all, the object of all art, namely the joy of human beings, surely musicians stand in these modern times at the head of all the other arts, and have advantages which none of them can pretend to. Of all the arts and of all the fine forms of imagination that which chooses music as its means of expression is the one which has the greatest future among the masses of all nations.

MUSICAL RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS.

In a recent issue of the *Bulletin de l'Institut Général Psychologique* there was published a paper, by M. Jean d'Udine, on the Co-ordination of Movements and the Cultivation of the Will by the Rhythmic Gymnastics of Emile Jaques-Dalcroze. The inventor of the system, an excellent musician, was for many years a professor at the Conservatoire of Geneva. He noted, among violinists and singers especially, that there are many musicians with a defective sense of rhythm. By degrees he came to realise that when a pupil lacked a sense of time, that defect could not be remedied by musical methods, because the feeling for the duration of sound is of muscular and not of auditory origin. Associated with the sense of duration of sounds there must also be the sense of intensity or accent. The principle of M. Jaques-Dalcroze's Rhythmic Gymnastics is to make the whole organism participate in the operation. The pupils march according to the most different time values. The system should be taught before instruction in music is given. Not only does it make better musicians, but it makes the co-ordination of movements complete, for the pupils learn to represent several rhythms at once by the perfect independent action of the different parts of the body. Also piano, forte, crescendo, diminuendo, etc., can be represented.

A GREAT SWEDISH PAINTER.

The *Connoisseur* for July includes an article on Anders Zorn, a Swedish painter and sculptor, by E. Wettergren. Anders Zorn is more sought after and appreciated than any other Swedish artist. He has painted about 650 pictures in oil and water-colours, his engravings number nearly 200, and in addition there are his excellent achievements in sculpture and other branches of art—not a bad record for thirty-five years' activity. His portrait-etching of Renan is named as one of the works that will certainly endure for all time among the most powerfully individual portraits in the world's art. In his portrait of himself in 1896 it is as though the man in his white painting blouse was made out of a piece of clay, sharply illuminated by a sidelight, so forcibly does the picture stand out from the frame, declares the writer. In this he has points in common with another painter of light—Vermeer of Delft, who also obtained a modelling quite sculptural in its effect by means of the opposition of light and shade in a broad, pure scheme.

TAPESTRY-WEAVING IN ENGLAND.

Writing in the *Art Journal* for July on Tapestry-weaving in England, Mr. W. G. Thomson reminds us that the custom of draping our walls with tapestries goes back to Anglo-Saxon times, when "wall-clothing" adorned the hall on occasions of high festival or of ceremony. These were often enriched with representations of heroes or scenes from legends wrought in colours, and were greatly esteemed as gifts or legacies. A manufactory of Gothic tapestries existed in London in the reign of Edward III., but about the middle of the sixteenth century a most important manufactory was established at Barcheston and at Weston, and some pieces from these looms are illustrated in the article. One depicts the armorial bearings of the first Earl of Pembroke. On either side are circular panels, one representing Superbia or Pride, and the other Luxuria. Other tapestries woven in England were maps of the English counties, fragments of which are preserved in the Bodleian Library and elsewhere. One Bodleian map shows the valley of the Thames and the counties of Oxford and Berks, the most interesting portion being the Thames from London Bridge to Brentford, including Westminster and its palace, the Archbishop's Gateway at Lambeth, Hampstead Heath, etc.

THE August number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* caters for a very miscellaneous taste. Several papers have been separately mentioned. Frank Morgan and Harry G. Hopkins give a humorous description of their tour in London with a barrel organ in search of money for a poor children's holiday fund. In three days they collected £9 6s. 3d. E. F. Benson tells the story of Puss-cat, with illustrations by Wallis Mills. A series of photographs by Donald McLeish take the reader away to Switzerland and Normandy. There is, as usual, plenty of fiction.

EDISON ON MIND AND MAN.

In the *Century Magazine* Mr. Waldo P. Warren narrates the interview that he had with Edison on invention and inventors. Edison frankly confesses, "I can understand or imagine that the brain can record impressions, but I cannot understand the will that forces it to take records":—

I once made a calculation if it were possible to record in so small a space the whole record of a man's life, supposing him to have a perfect memory. And I found that if it were possible to make a cylinder of diamond three-quarters of an inch in diameter and four inches long, by shaving off the records after each layer was made there could be recorded thereon all that a person could say in talking ten hours a day for thirty years, and none of it would be beyond the limits of the microscope. So this branch of the thing is not so wonderful.

"THE WILL—THAT IS THE MYSTERY."

But the will of man, that is the mystery. Our body is highly organised and made up of cells, all symmetrical and beautifully arranged. Is it the combined intelligence of the whole of the cells which we call "will-power," or is our body only a building in which these cells are bricks without intelligence and the will resides in a highly organised unit which everywhere permeates our body, and which is beyond the range of vision even with the most powerful microscope, just as I imagined in the case of the tree?

NEVER THINK HARD.

Asked if he could force a solution by making himself think hard along a given line—

"Oh, no," he said, "I never think about a thing any longer than I want to. If I lose my interest in it, I turn to something else. I always keep six or eight things going at once, and turn from one to the other as I feel like it. Very often I will work at a thing and get where I can't see anything more in it, and just put it aside and go at something else, and the first thing I know the very idea I wanted will come to me. Then I drop the other and go back to it and work it out."

"I READ EVERYTHING."

Asked what he read, and if he liked poetry:—

"Oh, I read everything," he said. "Not merely scientific works, but anything that helps the imagination. But I can't stand jingle. Where the thought is twisted out of shape just to make it rhyme—I can't stand that. But I like 'Evangeline,' 'Enoch Arden,' and things like that. These I call true poetry."

Then, as if suddenly remembering the best point of all, he spoke in an enthusiastic way: "But, ah! Shakespeare! That's where you get the ideas! My, but that man did have ideas! He would have been an inventor, a wonderful inventor, if he had turned his mind to it. He seemed to see the inside of everything. Perfectly wonderful how many things he could think about. His originality in the way of expressing things has never been approached."

A SCIENTIFIC KINDERGARTEN.

Edison thinks there is a great possibility in starting the mind right with toys. Give children problems to work out that will make them think for themselves. "It's a good thing, a scientific kindergarten. Somebody will work it out. Plenty of time yet." He has no love for the system of taking up too much time "teaching things that don't count":—

Latin and Greek—what good are they? They say these train the mind. But I don't think they train the mind half so much as working out practical problems. Work is the best kind of school to train the mind. Books are good to show the theory of things, but doing the thing itself is what counts.

FIVE HUNDRED REAL INVENTORS IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Edison has no admiration for the long-haired fellows who act queer and figure out queer things. He does not call them real inventors. Once in a while they may hit something, but not often:—

There are perhaps five hundred real inventors in the world—men with scientific training, and imagination. They have made about ninety-five per cent. of all the good things in the way of inventions and improvements. They are usually connected with some big plant; you may not hear of them, but they are there, working out all kinds of machines and processes. They are the real inventors, not the long-haired kind.

"FOUNDING A NEW CHRISTENDOM."

THIS, according to Canon Barry, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is what the Papacy is doing! The article follows one by Professor Ferrero, who writes on the Pope as the Pontifex Maximus, and points out that the demands on the Pope are increasingly great. He must be cosmopolitan in spirit, a great theologian, a diplomatist and politician, and endowed with extraordinary physical vigour. He must be chosen from a very limited group, namely, the ten or twelve Italian Cardinals. "The pious Pope is still a dream." For the present "the Pope still dwells in Rome as Pontifex Maximus, successor of Augustus and of Trajan." Canon Barry follows with a glowing eulogy of the Papacy. He says that the Pope will never consent to be a State official like the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Metropolitan of Moscow. He embodies the universality of man. He is international and ubiquitous, the embodiment of a universal power.

A FREE RELIGIOUS CONFEDERATION.

He is heir by remainder of Christianity, which among non-Catholic bodies would seem stricken unto death by Monism and Modernism. He says:—

Papal Rome cannot pass. It is the organised and concrete shape of that Bible religion which has called out of chaos Europe and America, subduing their peoples to Roman law, Greek philosophy, and the God of Israel. It is antiquity living and moving in the world of to-day.

We are laying the foundations of a new Christendom. The old was established by law and privilege; deservedly so, for the Popes had rescued Europe from barbarism. But this which I contemplate as the grand event, the golden age, in a world regenerate, will stand on free human choice, on the gradual drawing together of Christian elements, wherever existing, into a society ruled by the mind of the Master. It will be a visible kingdom, yet no force save that of opinion will hold its parts in their due place and rank. It will deserve to be called an International, but not an Empire. Language, race, boundaries, flags, will put no limits to its influence. The world is moving on all paths towards this confederation, not military, nor political, but of the higher type cherished by Catholicism from the day of Pentecost.

The Canon puts his argument thus crisply:—

The people reign; they must have religion; there is none that can meet the demands of civilised order save the Christian; and historical Christianity is centred in Rome.

Such, in substance and principle, would be the Catholic answer to prophets of evil who imagine that where democracy flourishes the Church cannot live. . . . The safeguard of liberty for the people, and, when need shall be, against them, is Revelation.

THE PARADOX OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LIFE.

By MR. A. C. BENSON.

To the *North American Review* Mr. Arthur C. Benson contributes a suggestive character sketch of Matthew Arnold. He says that two more adverse temperaments than those of Dr. Arnold and his son could hardly be selected. His services to the cause of national education are not estimated highly. He remarks that "Matthew Arnold did not care for Shakespeare, Tennyson, Shelley, Keats or Thackeray." Matthew Arnold's view of Christ was very much what his view would have been of St. Francis of Assisi. His poems, as a whole, illustrate "a melancholy habit of mind, giving the impression of a mind ill at ease, with an intense love of beauty and of heightened living, struggling with a nature hardly robust enough to live as it longs to live." This is Mr. Benson's summary:—

When one comes to survey the life and character of Matthew Arnold, one is struck at once by the curious set of contrasts which it displays. His grand manner, his social brilliance, his love of appearances and high consideration, do not seem to correspond to the extreme homeliness of his letters, which are, perhaps, the tamest documents—for all their goodness and kindness—ever penned by a man of genius: they are so much concerned with the details of life, with the food he ate, the names of the people he met, his trivial adventures, that, taken by themselves, one might imagine them to be the work of a capable, kindly, and intelligent commercial traveller. There is no enthusiasm, no discontent, and an almost total absence of ideas about them. But at least his extreme and deep-seated modesty comes out. He speaks in one passage of the fact that is borne in upon him every year that he lives—that success as a writer is far more a matter of good fortune than genius, surrounded, as every writer is, by hosts of intelligent and capable people, all aiming at the same sort of success. That is a very wise and mellow maxim; but it is the last thing that a casual stranger meeting Matthew Arnold, in all his princely condescension, would have credited him with seeing. Then, too, behind this easy and distinguished life there looks out from the poems the eager, dissatisfied, unhappy spirit, only craving for peace, and unable by any device to compass it. Yet, looking at the facts, even his overwhelming sorrows—his three sons died in boyhood—seem to have been gently borne. It is difficult to bring all these strands together. There appears at first sight a duality of disposition, a nature that agonised in the depths of thought, and a nature that could live easily and cheerfully in daily life. My own belief is that he was one of those rare spirits who had really disciplined his life into patience and acquiescence out of feverish discontent and limitless dreams. He had realised, as all poets do not realise, that, apart from visions and reveries, there is a very real and simple life of duty and family ties and intellectual enterprise that must be courageously and genially dealt with. He had a very noble and simple nature, incapable of meanness, or suspicion, or resentment.

In one of his poems he says that *esteem* and *function* are the only merits which death allows. And these he had in full, when his body was laid to rest, of purest quality and in fullest measure.

"WITH an Automobile off the Brazilian Highway" is the title of an interesting sketch in the June *Bulletin of the Pan-American Union*. The writer says that the automobile is the test of a road nowadays, that most of the Brazilian cities stand this test, but in the country districts the roads are not by any means what they ought to be.

POET CRITICISED BY POET.

ALFRED NOYES ON THOMAS HARDY'S VERSE.

WHENEVER, as in Francis Thompson's Preface to Shelley, one poet can express his mind upon another—in sympathy, not in hatred—the public mind is enriched by a deeper glance into the heart of both poets. In the *North American Review* for July we are given this privilege. Mr. Alfred Noyes reviews the poetry of Thomas Hardy. The profound disparity in the ultimate belief of the two poets makes Mr. Noyes' criticism all the more striking, alike in its fraternal courtesy and firm assertion of his own beliefs. The following passage is a luminous judgment of Mr. Hardy's verse:—

The poetry of Thomas Hardy is meat for the strong; but so is the Book of Ecclesiastes, and the "pessimism" of both is so profound that it postulates without affirming a passionate gospel. For there is one reality that they leave us—the grim reality of infinite passion, infinite pain; and infinite compassion, too. The starving thrush of *Time's Laughing-Stocks* demands, like the caged red-breast of Blake, an enraged heaven. This poet strikes notes—pessimist though he may even think himself to be—which demand only one answer from the symphonic whole—"not one of these shall fall to the ground without your Father." Negation may be swept aside at once. The superficial pessimist is necessarily wrong, for he says that last word which no man can say or can ever say. Amid all our talk of "progress," mankind cannot, without self-stultification, acquiesce in a theory of a universe based on Nothing and ending in Nothing, or even in one which involves—at any stage, no matter how distant in time—the proceeding of the greater from the less, of the conscious and loving from the less than conscious. Logically, Hardy realises this, and speaks here and there of a Something that is more than "conscious" and above "love"; but the human imagination is bound by its own limits, and in refusing to allow its own highest attributes to the Power behind the Universe it necessarily runs the risk of allowing merely mechanical attributes. This is the one flaw in the philosophical system of Thomas Hardy considered apart from its artistic import. In refusing to lessen the Highest by a lofty yet humble anthropomorphism he too often seems to set the Eternal lower than the brutes by reason of its mechanical aloofness; and lower the things mechanical by reason of its brutality. But this flaw is merely in his philosophical armour. It does not affect the artistic values of his work of which he himself may philosophically be "un-aware." He is to be thanked for bringing our optimism face to face with those grim realities which the religion of the future (and if mankind be in earnest about itself some religion it needs now more than ever, and needs passionately) will once more have to embrace. "In poetry," said Matthew Arnold, "our race will come to find an ever surer and surer stay," for the inevitable answer of poetry to the question of All or Nothing is—All.

Great art establishes for us the hidden harmonies of the universe and reveals our membership of the whole divine body, linking details which science cannot ever get into the same field of vision, linking the shrunken moth with the wheeling stars and the passion of the Godhead. There is no gap in the scheme of things for the great artist in his infinite field *any* more than for the scientist in his finite field. The poet cannot pluck a flower "without troubling of a star." There is no severance, nothing but unity.

THE late Sir W. S. Gilbert is the chief theme of the *Bookman* for July. Recollections of the deceased librettist are contributed by George Grossmith, Jessie Rose, Edward German, C. H. Workman, and William Purvis. A plate portrait is added.

THE QUARREL OF DICKENS AND THACKERAY: How It was MADE UP.

THE younger daughter of Charles Dickens, Mrs. Kate Perugini, tells in the *Pall Mall Magazine* how she came to know the great man who was so long a friend of her father. In a paper that is full of interest, she tells of the misunderstanding that came between Thackeray and Dickens. She recounts a conversation she had with Thackeray on the subject:—

One day while paying me a visit he suddenly spoke: "It is ridiculous that your father and I should be placed in a position of positive enmity towards one another."

"It is quite ridiculous," said I, with emphasis.

"How can a reconciliation be brought about?" said he.

"Indeed, I don't know—unless you were to—"

"Oh, you mean I should apologise," said Thackeray, turning quickly upon me.

"No, I don't mean that, exactly," said I, hesitating; "still—if you could say a few words—"

"You know he is more in the wrong than I am," said he.

"Even if that were so," I said, "he is more shy of speaking than you are, and perhaps he might know you would be nice to him. He cannot apologise, I fear."

"In that case there will be no reconciliation," said Thackeray decisively, looking at me severely through the glare of his glasses.

"I am very sorry," said I sadly.

There was a pause that lasted quite a long time.

"And how do I know he would be nice to me?" mused Thackeray presently.

"Oh, I can answer for him," said I joyfully. "There is no need for me even to tell him what has passed between us, I shall not say a word. Try him, dear Mr. Thackeray, only try him, and you will see."

And later on Thackeray did try him, and came to our house with radiant face to tell me the result.

Thackeray's eyes were very kind as he said quite simply: "I met him at the Atheneum Club and held out my hand, saying we had been foolish long enough—or words to that effect; your father grasped it very cordially—and—and we are friends again, thank God!"

THE TRAGEDY OF GOLF.

ARE GOLFERS TRAITORS?

UNDER the heading, "The Tragedy of Golf," Mr. P. A. Vaile, who writes as "one who has done his best to spread the higher knowledge of golf," utters in the *North American Review* a mournful lamentation over the national obsession of golf. He says:—

The tragedy of it is two-fold. Thousands of the alleged golfers are spurious followers of a noble game, and tens of thousands of both the spurious and genuine followers think more of golf than they do of their own country.

It is hardly too much to say that at this time there are many thousands of golfers in England who go perilously near to deserving the word traitor. I know it is almost a shocking statement to make. Nothing can excuse it but truth. Can it be denied that to-day England needs all the help of all her men to bind her and her Empire together, to maintain her in the position that she has so long held among nations?

Taken as a whole, the real golfers are recruited from the finest class in the world, and, in many cases, they are both travelled and cultured men. What is to prevent them from forming a Golfers' Imperial League, and doing yeoman service for the Empire by placing at the disposal of the nation the wisdom and experience gained by wide travel and varied service in every corner of the Empire—of the world?

A NEW AND RICH OCCUPATION FOR OUR POOR.

In the *Economic Review* Rev. J. C. Pringle writes on the Japanese raw silk export. He says:—

The position is briefly this: Japanese raw silk first appeared in the European market in 1857; in 1881-2 the Japanese export was only 1,550,000 lbs.; Italy at that time producing 7,000,000 lbs., and China exporting 5,850,000 lbs., and the total available for Western consumption being 16,300,000. In 1908 the total available for consumption by Europe and America was 50,314,000 lbs., of which the Japanese export accounted for 15,994,000 lbs., a rise from 9.5 per cent. of the whole to 31.1 per cent. Stated in another form, the Japanese export of raw silk in 1868 brought in £625,347; in 1885, £1,303,387; in 1910, £13,083,294. The total exports of Japan for 1910 brought in £45,842,669. Raw silk thus accounted for nearly one-third of the total, and far exceeded in value any of the other exports.

He concludes by asking:—

Why should the families of the less prosperous citizens of London, Portsmouth, and Birmingham not raise cocoons? While the Japanese have been exporting raw silk to meet their foreign purchases, Britain has been exporting cheap garments, the producers of which have been paying London rents on daily wages often hardly double those paid, with board and lodging, to a Japanese female sericultural labourer. The tending of silkworms is obviously more suitable work for a girl or a mother than driving a treadle sewing machine; the work is quite as easy to understand, and the trouble of delivering even three crops of cocoons in a year hardly equal to that of delivering many dozens of garments every week! Many London women and young people keep birds and other pets, and many are remarkably successful with their tiny gardens. Even if it was difficult to grow the mulberries in London back gardens, the leaves could be brought up daily from Devonshire, the Channel Islands and the Scilly Isles.

BUSHIDO AN ENGLISH CREATION!

In the *Taiyo* (Tokyo) for June a writer says:—

I do not mean to say anything striking if I say that "Bushido" was an English discovery, or more true to say, an English creation, in the same sense that we say the Japanese colour print was discovered in London or Paris; with that discovery we Japanese have almost nothing to do. When Dr. Nitobe brought out "Bushido," long before the Russia-Japan war, it was looked upon here as a sort of fiction; the Westerners, not finding a satisfactory answer for the reason of our victory over Russia, made the fiction turn to a fact. I am going only to say that it does not exist in the present heart of Japan; it has declined, if it ever existed.

If this be so, then a whole-world of Western fancy about our Eastern allies falls to the ground. The writer persists:—

The true condition of Japan and the Japanese is not much different from any other country in comedy as well as tragedy, with various beliefs and still more various skepticisms. Bushido helped doubtless to a great measure in the formation of Old Japan; but modern Japan is the creation of the Western civilization we have adopted.

Mr. Shigetaka Shiga, the known writer, who himself saw the fall of Port Arthur, said to me that it was the Western science more than anything else (Japanese courage least counted) that made us the winner; and he laughed saying that the dead ethics called Bushido had nothing to do with that war. And I should like to insist upon the fact that our present Japanese life has also nothing to do with Bushido. It is more or less a sort of Japanese curio so much valued in the West.

I am told by a curio dealer that there are almost no colour prints left in Japan, while they are sold and bought at the highest prices in New York or London; it curiously made me reflect that it might be the same with Bushido. How little we have it now in our minds! (Still less we practise it in fact.)

THE CORONATION.

THE JAPANESE VIEW.

THE *Taiyo* for June, published in Japanese and English, finds the Coronation trebly interesting. The three reasons are suggestive :—

In the first place, King George V. and his Queen represent at present in Europe, so far as we know, the oldest dynasty of unique historic continuity. We understand that the blood of King Egberht and Aelfred the Great is still flowing in the veins of George V. The Ceremonial taken as a whole illustrates the most wonderful history of the English Throne and Realm, growing up from the little Kingdom of Wessex and expanding to the present "Great Britannia ruling over the Seas." No other great Empires, ancient or modern, can match with it, either in extent or in its complexity ; no, not even that of Rome.

In the second place, we are bound by the treaty of alliance, which is the foundation of the peace in Asia, and, we hope, also the chief basis of the peace of the whole world.

In the third place, the people of Great Britain are one of our grateful instructors and guides in the paths of modern civilisation, and in some branches of culture, we owe most to them. The English is the Language now taught in the schools all over Japan.

In the *Canadian Magazine* for July Mr. Robert Black contributes verses upon the Coronation which conclude :—

Crowned, they arise. The organ peals a strain
Prophetic of their dazzling destiny.
We have solved Man's problem : taught our Kings to join
In stately order nations great and free.
Dark problems set ere history began,
With death their penalty, who tried—to fail ;
Eternal life for those whose powers prevail.
For nations have their lives, like men ; and they
Perish who will not tread the narrow way.
Our triumph is incarnate in the fair,
Fresh, comely youth of that Imperial Pair.
It is the Birthday of the Peace of Man.

DESECRATION OF THE ABBEY.

PROTEST BY A POSITIVIST.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, writing in the *Positivist Review* on the Coronation, protests against the desecration of "the House of God and the sleeping-place of so many heroes." He grants that the public investiture of the Head of the State would be treated in Positivism as a sacrament. But he complains :—

First, that the most sacred church in all Christendom was for six months converted into a builder's workshop, and night and day remained in hourly danger of utter destruction, whilst minor injuries to the fabric and tombs were done by carpenters and scene-shifters. Secondly, I complain that for six months the grandest monument in Europe was turned into a St. Martin's Lane Hippodrome, or a mere Olympia Horse Show, where the only thing considered was "the seating accommodation" for so many thousands. These two things, the risk of fire and the disfigurement of the church, were quite separable from the Coronation. There was no real need to seat the backwoodsmen and the busybodies and touts of society. There was no need to build a huge green-room, a restaurant, and dressing-rooms for Royalty, as if the crowning were another Shakespeare costume ball. If the tedious ceremonial could not be abridged, and all this "quick-change costumery" was a necessity of kingship, there was no need of tawdry booths stuck on to the Abbey which were only fit for the Crystal Palace or Earl's Court. The Abbey communicates with the Deanery, Cloisters, and an immense range of buildings in which there was ample room for robing, rest, refreshment, and every other incidental purpose. It was wanton vulgarity to plaster the Abbey with side-shows which suggested "Old Westminster"; entrance, 1s., and 6d. If the crowning had taken place in the Abbey as it appeared last Christmas Day, in the presence of about a thousand persons selected by ballot out of about a hundred different orders (and that would give fifty peers), it might have been a fine and typical representation of the kingdom. The desperate effort to cram in society notables reduced the whole thing to a farcical pageant, reeking with snobbery and bad taste.



Photograph by

Lafayette, Dublin.

The Royal Visit to Dublin; Their Majesties at the Viceregal Lodge.

Reading from left to right (front row) : The O'Conor Don ; Countess of Granard ; Countess of Mayo ; Earl of Aberdeen ; the Queen ; the King ; Countess of Aberdeen ; Duke of Connaught ; Lady Haddo ; Lord Haddo ; Mr. Gavin Hamilton ; Sir A. Weldon.

A MENACE TO WHITE AUSTRALIA.

THE JAPANESE IN NEW CALEDONIA.

THE *Lone Hand* is never tired of urging upon its readers the danger Australia runs of invasion by Japan and colonisation by the little brown men. In Mr. A. K. Shearston May it has found a man after its own heart. He has spent some time in New Caledonia, and contributes an article upon the Japanese there which is calculated to make his readers' hair stand on end. He says:—

There is a shadow of a mighty hand over Australia to-day. A grim, armoured hand, a brown hand that is stretching its fingers out over the Pacific Ocean . . . Nine hundred miles away from the coast of Queensland lies the French island of New Caledonia, a pretty little spot, a valuable little property. It is hardly more than two days' swift steaming away from the nearest point on our seaboard. At this moment it has at least two thousand five hundred Japanese within its gates, men who profess to be miners in the employ of the Société de Nickel, a wealthy corporation backed by Rothschild gold.

SOLDIERS IN DISGUISE.

Despite the obstacles thrown in his way by the officials of the company, Mr. Shearston-May appears to have seen a good deal of what is going on, and to have met many of the Japanese there:—

They were not always miners. Nearly every man-jack of them fought for Nippon in the Jap-Russo war. Many of them to-day wear the ulster military overcoats that were served out to them when they marched to beat the Bear. Numbers of them have a smattering of English. But the most important phase of their presence in the island only nine hundred miles away from coveted Australia is that they include among their numbers civil and electrical engineers, and skilled masons and carpenters and bridge-builders and telegraphists.

SIX THOUSAND FIGHTING MEN.

The companies deny that many more Japanese are expected, but Mr. Shearston-May has better information, and says that—

Within eighteen months New Caledonia will have a brown population of over six thousand capable, fighting Japanese, even judging the future only on figures that I know of to-day. That is the position in a nutshell. An army a fourth as large as Australia's less than a thousand miles from her back door. An army in possession, to all intents and purposes, of an island that has a fine strategical harbour, which could be made into a splendid naval station, and that has coalfields sufficiently rich to provide an excellent coaling base for Japanese ships in the Pacific. The island is defended by 213 soldiers and eighteen artillerymen, with one antiquated gun; has no forts, no submarine mines; sometimes has one warship, either the *Montcalm* or the *Kersaint*; and has a total white population, free and ex-convict, of twenty thousand, with sixty thousand Kanakas, Loyalty Islanders, Javanese, Tonkinese, and Solomon Islanders—to say nothing of the little brown men from in and around Tokio. If these facts point in any direction at all, do they not point towards Australia?

JAPANISING THE PACIFIC!

We are frightened by tales of Japanese garrisons on every little island in the Pacific, beginning with Hawaii. From New Caledonia and the New Hebrides come reports of intense Japanese activity:—

Japs surveying with theodolites, Japs who practise flag-signalling from hill to hill, Japs who sail about in little boats ostensibly engaged in the occupation either of trepang or bêche-de-mer gathering, and Japs who live in Noumea and in

different parts of the main island who are periodically visited by others of their fellows from Thio.

The agony is piled up all through the article. We read of wireless stations established, of islands which serve as dépôts, of the purchase of huge quantities of rice, of Japanese spies throughout the Commonwealth, and so forth and so on. The French inhabitants of New Caledonia fear and hate the Japanese. The way out of the difficulty, according to Mr. Shearston-May, is that the island should be ceded to Great Britain to avoid its purchase by Japan.

NEW WORDS OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

In the *English Review* for August Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith writes a very interesting and entertaining article on our modern vocabulary, based on the partially complete Oxford Dictionary of Sir James Murray. He gives the crop of new words, decade by decade, which the nineteenth century has produced. Of the last fifty years he says, putting into italics old words used in a new sense:—

The altruist, the Pan-Anglican and the kleptomaniac instruct us, from 1860 to 1870, to gush and interview; they come bearing with them chromo-lithographs, heart-disease and Home Rule, dynamite, good form, garden-parties, bowler-hats and boredom. But life in this rich period was not even then complete. In 1870 the agnostic and the *realist* arose; they were followed by the bicyclist, the deer-stalker, the house-agent, the art-critic, the Jingo, who introduced polo and massage, diamond weddings, phonographs, School Boards and gasoline, lawn-tennis, megaphones, linoleum, roller-skates and the Salvation Army. Surely that was enough! But the generations, like the daughters of the horse-leech, still cry for more. In the next decade from 1880 appear the aesthete, the *crank* and the globe-trotter, the muddler, the mugwump and the impressionist, and their contributions to our complex civilisation include dress-improvers and the Referendum, microbes and Cunarders, boycotts and blizzards, cordite and the County Council, crêches, gramophones, matinées and the fashion-papers, Faith-Cure, Collectivism and Gladstone bags. For the last twenty years, beginning with 1890, our records are more scanty, the great Dictionary was now well under way, and many new words, such as automobile, appendicitis, bridge, and hooligan have arisen since the publication of the earlier volumes. But the records are sufficient to show that our generation, too, will leave, as the poet exhorted us, footprints in the sands of time. Tariff Reform and hair-restorers, pragmatism and the roadhog, criminology, megalomania, the kodak, the Imperialist, the pianola and the suffragette, these are among our contributions to the richness of the English language.

He laments the deterioration which appears in this list of modern words, when compared with the word-creations of the past. He finds this is partly due to the immense activity of men of science as word-makers on the one hand, and on the other to the inaction of our men of letters. Tennyson was no great word-creator, still less Browning. Carlyle was, however, the one great word-creator of the Victorian era. In closing, the writer urges that we need a new word to replace Reform. He suggests Construction, or Constructivism, the Constructive or Constructivist Party.

THE *Indian Magazine* for July is entirely taken up with the Coronation, and is full of the warmest loyalty.

PARNELL'S HOME LIFE.

IN *T. P.'s Magazine* for August, "one who knew him well," apparently now a woman, describes the Parnell of home life. This is said to be a side of him that is comparatively unknown. The writer first knew him when she was a small child. He was standing, Parnell the dreamer. She touched him and—

He seemed to have to draw himself back from some long way off before he shook hands and spoke to me in the soft, low, caressing voice he kept for children and animals. Parnell had a love and an understanding for children which made little ones cling to him, and be friends with him directly.

HIS KINDNESS TO CHILDREN.

She tells of a little child who wanted to get a book from the schoolroom where her elder sisters refused to let her enter. She went to Parnell and found him in the study, and told him all her trouble :—

He was at the moment examining some important papers relating to the Home Rule Bill. But he at once turned to his little favourite, and welcomed her with his shrewd, kindly glance. He brushed the traces of tears away from her face, and gathering her gently in his arms—sending as he did so his precious papers flying in all directions—he carried her to the schoolroom. He got the book, and gave it to her. Then, looking reproachfully at her sisters, he said sadly, "Why did you bully the child? She only wanted her book." Parnell at the time must have noticed the title and the binding of the book, for some months later, on the child's sixth birthday, he presented her with one exactly the same, writing her name in the title-page.

The affection he had for children extended also to animals :—

He was never without two or three dogs, and it was a clear revelation of the kindness of his heart and the great sympathy of his nature that his favourite dogs were treasured more for the misfortunes they had gone through than for any intrinsic merit or beauty.

"EACH SOUL ITS OWN STAR."

The writer speaks of his exquisite sensitiveness, such that when a lady friend has fallen from a carriage—happily without injury—he turned deadly pale, trembled like a leaf, gave a gasp, and dropped down in a dead faint. Deeper traits are mentioned :—

There was, in reality, a strain of the mystic in Parnell, and one very beautiful idea of his was that the souls of men when they died took possession of the stars; that each soul had its own particular star, and that after death it would reign there for ever and ever. So strongly indeed did he hold to his star theory that I once heard him say he was sure that Christ's words, "In my Father's house there are many mansions," really meant there are many stars.

HIS LOVE OF ASTRONOMY AND GEOLOGY

He was very fond of the stars :—

Mounting to the roof of his house he would set a night glass to his magnificent telescope, and for hours he would sit searching the heavens for new appearances. It is no exaggeration to say that during those long hours when his telescope swept the skies Parnell was as far removed from life and its pettinesses and

earthburnings as were the invisible stars whose presence he sought.

We are told that in his home life Parnell had the simplest and most unaffected tastes. The study he loved most of all was geology. With his papers he was "the most untidy of men"; tables and desks were always littered. Of all the addresses and pictures presented him he seemed to value most an illuminated address from some blind girls in an Irish convent, and a pencil sketch of himself in Parliament by an unknown artist. After dinner at Brighton he read the newspapers, always the *Westminster Gazette* and the various Irish papers. He sometimes played chess, the only game he cared about. The only novel the writer ever knew him to be interested in was "A Tale of Two Cities." She remembers the time when he wore continually a bullet-proof waistcoat.

PEPPERING THE INTERVIEWERS.

He hated being interviewed, and the American interviewer in particular is said to have been his abomination. A crowd of newspaper men once called to see him at Brighton during a time of political strain, and had all been refused interviews :—

They, however, remained outside the house in the hope of gleanings some news. After dinner Parnell gently stole on to the balcony with a pepper easter and slowly emptied it on to the heads of the unsuspecting men below. When he came in he looked hugely delighted over the joke.

He insisted that the accent should ever be on the first syllable of his name, and not on the second—Parnell and not Parnell.

HIS SUPERSTITIONS.

He extremely disliked the colour green :—

Parnell himself could only say that green meant "forsaken." He often speculated as to whether Ireland's long-continued bad luck had not come through her national colour being green, and one of his favourite schemes was that under Home Rule he would change the national colour to something else. The other superstition of Parnell's that I remember was that he never, if he could avoid it, travelled on a Friday. Now, as a final contradiction in the nature of this man of dreams and mysticism, let me say that he had neither soul nor ear for music. With a smile I must confess to the recollection that his favourite musical instrument was the barrel organ.

Such are some of the glimpses of one whom the writer describes as "the most kind, the most lovable, the most gentle, the most courageous, the most noble, and the most unselfish character" she ever knew.

Proportional Representation in France.

MR. T. F. FARMAN, writing in *Blackwood*, gives a succinct account of the progress of proportional representation in France. He says :—

We have the thing (R. P.), because the Chamber decided successively, first, by 341 votes against 223 (Malavialle amendment), that the *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* (small district voting) is dead for ever; second, by the unanimity of Deputies, minus four, that the method of voting shall be *Scrutin de Liste* (voting by departments), with the representation of the political minorities in the country; and third, this time with complete unanimity, that the electoral quotient shall be fixed by dividing by the number of Deputies to be elected the number of persons going to the poll, and not the number of citizens inscribed on the electoral roll.

THEATRES FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE EXAMPLE OF FRENCH SWITZERLAND.

THE *Revue Générale* for July contains an article by M. Adolphe Villemard, on the People's Theatres in French Switzerland.

The taste for the theatre is quite general in French Switzerland, says the writer, and the last few years have witnessed the adoption of many theatrical enterprises. Even the smallest village or hamlet can manage to improvise a little theatre, and the peasants delight in taking part in the performances. At first the pieces represented were rather unsuitable for the rural population; but by degrees these have given place to pieces of local interest, historical episodes, etc.

DRAMAS OF M. RIBAUX.

M. Adolphe Ribaux, the poet, is named as the initiator of the real theatre for the people in French Switzerland, since it was he who succeeded in realising a project which Juste Olivier, a poet of the Canton of Vaud, had long cherished. But other dramatists have also had considerable success. One of M. Ribaux's pieces, "Julia Alpinula," deals with a heroine of the time of the Roman invasion of Helvetia, and the representation took place at the ancient little town of Avenches in the Canton of Vaud. At Grandson, another place in the same Canton, his "Charles le Téméraire" met with equal success. This was followed by "Queen Bertha," at Payerne, another place in the Canton, full of souvenirs of the good Queen. In 1908 "Dixico" was represented at Bevaix, his native village. The hero, Dixico, is a Helvetian general, who about 107 B.C. repulsed the Roman General Cassius Longinus. This piece was less successful than the preceding ones, partly because the general conception of drama for the people had meanwhile become somewhat modified. At Estavayer-le-Lac, in the Canton of Fribourg, M. Thürler, a doctor of medicine, has produced a number of dramas.

M. JAQUES-DALCROZE.

Several important and successful pieces were produced at Lausanne in 1903, the centenary of the first meeting of the Grand Council of the Canton. First came Henry Warney's historic drama, "Le Peuple Vaudois." This was followed by M. René Morax's "La Dime" ("The Tithe"), dealing with a Protestant pastor who made seditious speeches at the time of the payment of the tithe exacted after the harvest. A third piece, "Le Festival Vaudois," was written and composed by M. Jaques-Dalcroze. It consisted of a series of tableaux or scenes representing the occupations of the shepherds of the mountains and ancient historic episodes. The performance brought crowds to Lausanne from all parts of Switzerland, and even from other countries. The mobilisation of thousands of performers, the splendour of the decorations and costumes, the organisation of the ballets and the rehearsals, required almost superhuman effort and

considerable expenditure; but the enthusiasm of the composer and of the people of the Canton was crowned with success.

THE THEATRE AT MÉZIÈRES.

Finally, the writer refers to the Théâtre du Jorat (so named from the region in which it had its birth) at Mézières, in the Canton of Vaud, inaugurated in 1908. The theatre consists of a hall large enough to seat a thousand spectators, and with the seats raised so that the stage is visible from every point. The fine stage is admirably adapted for the chorus, a prominent feature in the rural plays. Built of wood, and without ornament of any kind, the theatre is described as an ideal structure for the object in view. M. René Morax's village drama, "Henriette," and "La Dime" have already been performed in it. The interpreters were drawn from the people of the district, and only on special occasions do experienced amateurs and professionals take part. The financial results are also said to be encouraging.

PERFORMANCE OF GLUCK'S "ORPHEUS."

In the July number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* there is an article by William Cart, on Gluck at Paris and at Mézières. The theatre at Mézières is well known to those interested in theatres for the people in the noblest and best sense of the word. It was the idea of its founders that this theatre should not be reserved exclusively for local pieces. From the first it was intended to include the performance of lyrical works, both ancient and modern, and the marvellous acoustic properties of the theatre naturally make it a favourable place for the execution of musical pieces. For some years M. Gustave Doret, one of the founders, has had in mind the idea of giving Gluck's "Orpheus" as the first musical work at the Mézières theatre, and this summer his plan is to be realised. No lyrical drama could be more appropriate. Antique in subject and spirit, the opera lives by its style and its sincerity. It requires no technical knowledge on the part of the hearer. Composed a century and a half ago, it is the oldest of the operas which are still performed at the present day, and at each revival it remains as fresh as ever.

Camille Flammarion's Jubilee.

IN *La Revue* of July 1st it is stated that the Astronomical Society of France, founded in January, 1887, will soon celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, and at the same time its founder, the celebrated astronomer, Camille Flammarion, will celebrate the jubilee of his work, "The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds," written in 1861 and published in the following year. His friends, many of whom are members of the Society, propose to seize the happy opportunity offered by the double anniversary to present the astronomer with an artistic portrait-plaque as a permanent souvenir of their admiration of his work.

HOW THE CAMORRIST IS MADE.

In the first July number of *La Revue* M. Maurice Lauzel gives us a description of the methods of the Camorra and the long and severe training which the candidate for admission into the vocation has to undergo.

APPRENTICESHIP AT THE AGE OF THREE.

The Camorra is characterised as a popular free-masonry with evil as its object. Its work consists in brigandage in urban districts, and its victims are usually the people whose vices expose them to its hideous exploitation—which, however, does not prevent the society from being very popular. At the age of three apprenticeship begins. The child is taught to beg and to steal such things as handkerchiefs, etc., and in a few years he has every chance of getting into prison. It is then he has to choose between vice and virtue. By adopting the latter he wou'd be exploited by the Camorra which rules the gaols, whereas the preference for vice means affiliation to the society, and it is seldom that this course is not chosen.

TRIALS OF BRAVERY.

But to become a Camorrist many serious proofs of courage are necessary—proofs of bravery, skill in the use of the knife, and absolute discretion. The candidate must pass through several grades. First he is a *garzone di mala rita*, a very inferior position, but as soon as he gives satisfaction in this capacity by his bravery he may aspire to the next and higher grade of *picciutto e sgarro*, a youth who practises some subaltern calling. He may now offer to kill someone designated by the Camorra; but if there is no ease of vengeance in hand, he is tested in a sort of dagger duel with a member of the society. If he gets wounded, he has the right to two more duels; but if he is wounded in all three he is not admitted to the Camorra.

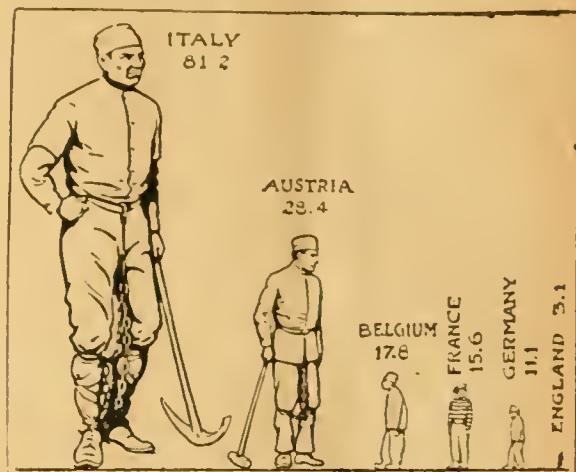
SWEARING FIDELITY.

Even now, should he be successful, he is only approaching the promised land. He cannot become a proper Camorrist till he has proved his valour in a great many other ways. At one time this period of service lasted from two to eight years; to-day it is much shorter. But it is pretty hard. The *picciutto* does whatever the Camorrist requires of him and gives up to his master the profits of his "industry." At last, however, a clever assassination procures him the envied title, and the great day arrives when the association of bandits delivers to him his letters of nobility. It is an impressive ceremony. He has to swear to the solemn Camorrista seated round a table that he will never cease to be faithful to them, that he will continue to be the enemy of the authorities and of the police, and that he will never denounce the Camorrista whatever happens, but will love them above everyone else. This oath of fidelity and secrecy is taken on crossed knives. Henceforth the member enjoys all the privileges of a Camorrist. He

practises the Camorrist virtues of discretion and humility. He knows too well to what risks infidelity would expose him, for his comrades have initiated him in the statutes and rules of the Camorra, which are transmitted orally from one generation to another. He realises that "good conduct" will bring him promotion in the form of honours and gains; and when his crimes have reached the highest point of Camorrist prestige he will be numbered among the "thirty-third," and will remember that the great chiefs are recruited from among the titularies of this supreme grade.

AT WORK.

Now picture him at work in Naples. Lean, with a moustache, vicious eyes, his hat crooked, he seeks



Rank of European Countries in Statistics of Assassination.

The figures show the number of murderers per million inhabitants. "At the head stands Italy," says the *Cronaca*, "thanks to such bands of assassins as the *Mafia* and *Camorra*."

infamous adventures which will earn him the esteem of his superiors and merit a fine future in a penitentiary colony. If he manages to escape the carabiniers and the police, he will bring up his family in Camorrist fashion—parents, children, brothers, sisters, nephews, all cohabiting in one room. In this atmosphere of immorality and dirt the father will not fail to teach his children what he himself had to learn, for Camorristism is an hereditary evil. If he goes to prison he will be sure to meet many of his friends there. He will pay his portion for the oil of the lamp which burns before the images of the Madonna and other saints, for the Camorrist is attached to his religion. In gaol or in liberty he is proud of his position, of his scars, of his crimes. Finally, the good Camorrist attains the threshold of an honoured old age—in the Camorra. He is sure of succour, and when he dies his family will not be deserted.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON ON CATHOLICISM.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Positivist Review*, begins a series of papers on Catholicism. He distinguishes Catholicism and Christianity. He says: "Christianity, in its present essence, is a noble dream, a spiritual and moral Utopia, but not a religion. Catholicism is a religion. It has a Church, an organisation, a priesthood, a government, a discipline, a definite worship, and a dogmatic creed." "The great invention of Catholicism was an independent, co-ordinate moral authority that could censurise, restrain, and modify the political rulers." The claim of Catholicity is a noble thing, even if a hopeless dream. "A religion which neither claims to be, nor conceivably could be, coextensive with mankind is no religion at all. I waste no words on the contradictory farce that calls itself Anglo-Catholic. One might as well say British-Cosmopolitan, or Municipal-Imperial." He says:—

Compare Catholicism with other creeds. The servile spiritual bureaucracy called the Greek Church, which, from the days of Justinian to those of Nicholas II., is a mere black police under the orders of the Tsar and the Tsar's agents. Compare it with the Anglican Church, a mere department of State, the mere party caucus of Conservative politicians. Compare it even with orthodox Dissent, too often on the side of wealth. Compare it even with Quakerism, the most independent and essentially moral of all the Dissidents: the weight of Quakerism goes spontaneously towards prosperity.

He declares the great primary work of Catholicism has been in raising the condition of woman, improving domestic life, restraining and purifying the sexual instinct, modifying the tyranny of the husband and father. He thinks that on the whole the worship of Mary, as compared with the worship of Christ, has had the purer and nobler influence, has been most free from crime and perversion, and has still the most power to soften passion and humanise life. The best time of the Catholic Church was from St. Augustine to St. Louis, when the discipline, scheme and moral and social institutions of Catholicism were so far perfect that they may be restored on a Positivist basis at once. Positivism is Catholicism plus science—that is, a spiritual religion based on the creed of science.

COPTS AND MOSLEMS.

A PAPER in *Blackwood* gives much interesting information concerning the Copts and Moslems in Egypt. He declares that both are Egyptians. The Moslems are not the descendants of the Arab conqueror. The Copts form about one-twentieth part of the native population. They form a considerable portion of the shopkeeping and middle classes, and include nearly all the wealthy families. The Moslems are taught by their religion that it is a sin to lend out money on interest.—

When a Moslem puts his money in a bank he usually refuses to take interest upon it; and the petty investor only takes his $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the Postal Savings Bank after receiving a statement which declares that his money is placed in dividend-paying concerns, and has not been merely put out at interest.

The Copts are not precluded by any such religious scruple, and have become the money-lenders of the country. The Moslem is prohibited by his religion from drinking alcohol in any form. Christianity, on the authority of St. Paul, does not forbid it. The Copts consequently have much more insobriety amongst them than have the Moslems. The Copts, as historically members of a conquered race, have about them an air of servility that the Moslems lack. The Nationalist Party consists entirely of Moslems, and regards the Copts as a permanent menace to the much-desired unity of action. The Copts desire to have the plural system of voting adopted in Belgium, which would largely increase the number of Coptic votes, because of superior income and denominational representation. The Copts, too, have their religious difficulty, in which perhaps, though the writer does not suggest it, they ought to have the sympathy of Dr. Clifford. In the large Government primary schools Christian as well as Mohammedan religious instruction is given at State expense. But in the village schools Islam alone is taught. The Copts resent having to pay taxes for the teaching of a religion which they do not believe. The writer suggests that the British Government should be strictly impartial, and seek to moderate the vehemence of the language adopted by the Mohammedan press.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IN the August *Cornhill* Arthur C. Benson sketches Charles Kingsley. He thus sums up his character:—

He was a democrat in surplice and hood. He was not a revolutionary at all; he believed with all his heart in labour and order, equal opportunities, and due subordination; he did not wish to destroy the framework of society, but to animate it throughout with appropriate responsibility.

But he was far more than this; he was a poet from head to heel, and all his work, verse or prose, sermon or scientific lecture, was done in the spirit of the poet. He was neither theologian, nor scientist, nor historian, but he loved Nature and humanity alike, the complexity of natural forces, the moral law, the great affections of men and women, their transfiguring emotions, their noble sacrifices. Life was to him a conspiracy of manifold interest, a huge and enlivening mystery, holding out to him at a thousand points glimpses of a vast and magnificent design, of which he burned to be the interpreter. But he was not content with a splendid optimism of heart and voice, such as Browning practised; he had a strong combative element, which could have made him an enthusiastic pirate if he had not been a parson. He had that note of high greatness—the power of tormenting himself into a kind of frenzy at all patient and stupid acquiescence in remediable evil. He saw a world full of splendid chances, crammed with entertainment and work for all, and yet in a horrible mess. He wanted to put it all straight, beginning with the drains, and yet never forgetting the Redemption. And so he went on his way through life at a swinging stride, with a word and a smile and a hand-grasp for all, full of pity and courage, and enthusiasm and love, ready to explain everything and to maintain anything, in a splendid and contagious hurry, making plenty of mistakes, full of weak arguments and glowing metaphors, and yet somehow uplifting and inspiring everyone with whom he came into contact, giving away all he had got with both hands, greeting everyone as a brother and a friend, his life flaring itself away in his joyful and meteoric passage.

THE JEWS PEOPLING PALESTINE.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Isaac Goodman writes on the revival of Jewish nationalism, and discusses the progress made in the Zionist movement. Considerable advance has been made with the settlement in Palestine of Jewish agriculturists, handicraftsmen, industrialists, and men following professions. He says:—

When the Holy Land was visited by the late Sir Moses Montesori in 1827, the Jewish population in Palestine numbered about five hundred in all. Now Palestine boasts of a population of over one hundred thousand souls—a truly remarkable metamorphosis! It is mainly the Russian and Polish refugees who have turned certain parts of the country in and around Palestine into a veritable "Garden of Eden," and such places as Tiberias, Galilee, Safed, and Hebron into prosperous Jewish colonies. Zichron-Jacob, which comprises some 2,400 acres, is the most important and largest of these settlements, and boasts of a population of some 2,200 souls. Among the innumerable other superb plantations may be mentioned Rischon-le-Zion (near the port of Jaffa), Ekron, Rechoboth, and other colonies. Rischon-le-Zion is the parent settlement. Founded in 1882, with the assistance of a loan granted by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, there are now already planted there as many as 200,000 mulberry trees, and over half a million vines. . . . Before God's "chosen ones" turned their attention seriously to the country a little over two generations ago, the land was desert and barren from end to end. To-day, the newcomer is greeted on all sides with lovely gardens and smiling homesteads.

Mr. Goodman closes by saying that as a Jew he would prefer rather to become a loyal citizen of the Turkish Empire than of any other country, for the Jews have from time immemorial enjoyed absolute liberty of conscience there. The Turk has always tolerated the Jew. It is for this reason, pure and simple, that the Zionist ideal is sure to be realised in the near future. The writer foresees at an early date a defensive economic *entente* between the Turk and the Jew. The Turk requires it, the Jew would like it, and necessity demands it.

ABOUT BATHING MACHINES.

JONN O' LONDON in *T.P.'s Magazine* for August gives some interesting facts about the seaside, past and present. He says:—

Margate was the birthplace of the bathing-machine. There seems to be no reason to dispute the claim of Benjamin Beale, a Margate Quaker, to be the originator of these amphibious houses which have contributed so much to the gaiety of nations. Fame was all he got by his ingenuity, for he ruined himself in his attempt to popularise his invention. His successors reaped the harvest.

The first mention of the bathing machine in standard literature is in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker." Dr. Johnson used a bathing machine at Brighton, and was made so happy that he roared Latin hexameters inside it so loudly as to be heard at Thrale's house on the cliff. George III. used a bathing machine at Weymouth. When the King bathed for the first time, a supplementary machine filled with fiddlers was sent into the sea to play the National Anthem! Martha Gunn, "the mother of all bathing-women," is mentioned as dipping visitors in the briny for forty years and more. The article is made very interesting by contrasted pictures of watering-places as they were about a century ago and now.

THE KING.

MR. SYDNEY BROOKS, writing in the July *Forum*, pays this tribute to his monarch:—

King George has now been over a year on the British throne, and there is only one opinion as to how he has conducted himself. The simplicity and honesty of the man have made a deep impression on the mind and heart of his subjects. He has conquered both his shyness and his aversion from public functions; the obstinacy with which he used to be credited has been as little discernible as his legendary Toryism; free and voluble of speech in private life he has yet managed to avoid any indiscretions; his good sense and judgment, his kindness, his indefatigable devotion to all the duties of his post, and his capacity for taking the unexpected initiative, have utterly disposed of the once common idea that his was a negative and colourless personality; British through and through, he has immensely gratified the old aristocracy by cutting loose from the German-Jewish capitalist set with whom King Edward rather too openly mingled; the Court to-day, under his auspices, is as brilliant and active as it was in the last reign, but stricter and more conventional, with a strictness and conventionality that may make the West End gird a little, but is not really displeasing to the masses of the English people. Altogether, although King George is never likely to be as popular as was King Edward, and has few of the small arts of ingratiating, his character and mode of life have revealed a Sovereign who will never have much difficulty in making a successful appeal to the quieter sentiments of his subjects.

HIS BUSINESS-LIKE CHARACTER.

The first place in the *Fortnightly Review* is given to a paper by "Index," on His Majesty as "A Business-like King." The writer says:—

There is one proved quality in the King's character which those of his subjects who have to take life seriously will specially know how to appreciate—his capacity for sticking steadily to business. Neither the stir and stress of great festivities, nor the tangle and turmoil of multifarious distractions, have availed to distract the King's mind in the least degree from his everyday duties, or have induced him to drop the thread of ordinary State business. What this means can perhaps be fully understood only by those who know something of the burden and weight of public affairs. But it appeals forcibly to all thoughtful people as setting an example which, greatly needed at all times, was never more salutary than in these days, when various influences are threatening to undermine that habit of fixed, patient, concentrated attention to business which is an essential condition alike of individual success and of national prosperity.

The writer hopes that this quality of the monarch will help to check the current tendency of Englishmen to-day to detest work and to find life only in pleasure. "In complete contrast to this hustling and bustling pursuit of pleasure is the King's readiness, whenever possible, to find his chief relaxation at home."

THE title "Austrian Empire" was a denial of Hungary. The title "British Empire" is a denial of Ireland. There is no longer an Austrian Empire—there is an Austro-Hungarian Empire. There is still a British Empire, not a Brito-Hibernian Empire. So says Mr. Arthur Griffith, writing on true and false Imperialism in the *Irish Review*. He goes on to say that "only those in Ireland who cherish the Imperial idea described by Hiberno-British instead of by British Empire will find any audience" outside the anti-Nationalists. Does Mr. Griffith imagine that the Empire could survive such a title as either Brito-Hibernian or Hiberno-British? And, after all, Ireland is one of the British Isles.

AUSTRALIA AND THE BRITISH PRESS.

ONE of the most glowing descriptions of Australia, its past, present and future, given with a sunny optimism that is most infectious, appears in the *United Empire*. Its author is Sir George Reid. He does not hesitate to take the British Press to account for the general ignorance of Australia:—

The English people, the noblest people in the world, have got to learn something, and perhaps the editors might begin first. If a little scuffle takes place in Servia or Albania or Bagdad the great organs of the world's energies give us the most thrilling accounts of what people with unpronounceable names have done or have not done, or may do or may not do, while the majestic growth in the glorious continent of industry and happiness scarcely ever sends a glimmer of sunshine into the English Press. There was more said about the Tichborne claimant and Wagga Wagga in England many years ago than has been said about Australia ever since, and unless we get up some first-class tragedy or crime we do not seem able to arrest the attention of the people of this Imperial city. The people of London are to blame for it. If three or four of you would send a penny letter to the managers of these journals and tell them you notice with grave displeasure that they are not giving sufficient intelligence about Australia, and that you are constant subscribers, we should see a movement amongst the dry bones.

"THE MASKED WIZARD OF HISTORY."

In a study of totemism and exogamy which Professor Bertram Windle contributes to the *Dublin Review*, he shows, from Professor Frazer's latest work, that exogamy was intended to prevent the marriage of near kin. Yet Frazer admits that it is impossible to suppose that in planning it these ignorant and improvident savages could have been animated by exact knowledge of its consequences, or by a far-seeing care for the welfare of their remote descendants. Then Professor Windle quotes Frazer:—

What idea these primitive sages and lawgivers, if we may call them so, had in their minds when they laid down the fundamental lines of the institution we cannot say with certainty; all that we know of savages leads us to suppose that it must have been what we now call a superstition, some crude notion of natural causation which to us might seem transparently false, though to them it doubtless seemed obviously true. Yet, egregiously wrong as they were in theory, they appear to have been fundamentally right in practice. What they abhorred was really evil; what they preferred was really good. Perhaps we may call their curious system an unconscious mimicry of science. The end which it accomplished was wise, though the thoughts of the men who invented it were foolish. In acting as they did, these poor savages blindly obeyed the impulse of the great evolutionary forces which, in the physical world, are constantly educating higher out of lower forms of existence, and in the moral world civilisation out of savagery. If that is so, exogamy has been an instrument in the hands of that unknown power, the masked wizard of history, who, by some mysterious process, some subtle alchemy, so often transmutes in the crucible of suffering the dross of folly and evil into the fine gold of wisdom and good.

To this Professor Windle rejoins, "Amazing stream of words! If the Professor means by 'the masked wizard of history' the Being Whom we reverence as the Maker of heaven and earth, of all things visible and invisible," he is prepared to discuss the question with him. But if this is not his view, Professor Windle declares it the confession of ignorance.

EXECUTIONS IN RUSSIA.

THE first July number of *La Revue*, quoting from an article by D. Ibankoff in a Russian periodical, gives some remarkable figures relating to the executions which have taken place in Russia between the years 1905 and 1910.

The Russian Civil Code, we are reminded, does not admit in principle the death-penalty except in very exceptional cases, such as attempts on the life of the monarch or a member of his family, and conspiracy having for its object the destruction of existing forms of government. According to the facts communicated to the Duma by the Police Department, only thirteen persons were condemned to death by the civil tribunals between 1866 and 1890; and in the years 1890 to 1900 there were none at all. But with the promulgation, in 1881, of an order relative to the means of assuring and maintaining public order the death-penalty became applicable to crimes of a more general character, and in the course of the last five years the population of the Russian Empire seems to have experienced the sad result of the extension of this definition. Zealous administrators, not under proper control, have thus been enabled to dispose of the lives of many citizens by handing over to military tribunals men guilty of simple crimes against common law, and indeed in some cases innocent persons. Statistics now show approximately the recent results of this activity. During the five and a half years, 1905-1910, 3,676 executions were decreed by the military tribunals, eight times as many as those which they decreed during the thirty preceding years. And these figures do not include the victims of the Counter-Terror executed without trial, who were especially numerous, in the Baltic Provinces and in Poland. An official *communiqué* of the Governor of Riga registers 1,650 executions at Riga and in the neighbourhood in the year 1905-6.

THE CURE FOR GERMAN SOCIALISM.

REFORM as the antidote for German Socialism is set forth in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July by W. C. Dreher. He says:—

The best propaganda work for Socialism is done by the Government and its immediate supporters. To them the common labouring man is not an equal but an underling; he has no political rights which they would be willing to concede except under stress of circumstances. Germany is committed to democracy in form only, not in spirit. That is shown in hundreds of ways—most of all by the refusal of suffrage reform in Prussia. The working people know, too, that the whole social-reform movement has been largely tainted by an undemocratic, condescending spirit; by a willingness to give money, but not more precious things than money. If a change should come over Germany, if Prussia should get rid of its plutocratic suffrage law and give real ballot reform, if the protective duties should be reduced in the interests of the poorer class of consumers, it may be safely assumed that the tide of Socialism would soon begin to ebb. That is the conviction of a growing number of the intelligent people of Germany.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE August number opens with the sad announcement of the death of Sir Percy Bunting, who has edited the *Review* since 1882. Even apart from this mournful fact the number is memorable. The main articles have been quoted elsewhere.



The late Sir Percy Bunting.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.)

do not seem to have realised it :—

No man or woman should be allowed to exercise the profession of journalism until he or she has passed a searching examination in English literature and in the use of the English language. If the Institute of Journalists will not take upon itself its positive duty, a duty amply recognised in its Charter, perhaps the National Union of Journalists, which is in fact a Trade Union, will undertake the work. If journalism were really turned into a profession, with the safeguards of a profession, the results would be far-reaching. The English language would secure for itself a standard of clarity and purity that every newspaper written in English in any part of the world would of necessity struggle to attain. Then, too, an English Academy would become a reality, and this would react on the literary standard.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.

Hubert Ord endeavours to exhibit London as shown by Shakespeare. He says :—

If the size of London at the present day is represented by the extent of an open sheet of ordinary octavo-sized notepaper, then the area of Elizabethan London would, roughly speaking, equal the area of two postage stamps. Most of the houses were built of wood, picturesquely leamed, with storeys jutting out over each other in that way with which we are familiar.

He gives a map which will be viewed with interest by all those who have a care for the past of our great capital.

THE IRISH THEATRE.

Mr. Charles Tennyson writes on the rise of the Irish theatre, and declares that the Abbey Theatre is a product of the new spirit which has come into Ireland since she began, under the influence of the Gladstonian policy, to realise the strength of her position. The aim of the Irish literary theatre, inaugurated in 1899, was simply to present a series of plays by Irish writers on Irish subjects. The Irish playwrights owe indirectly a great deal to Mr. Yeats. He was driven by the limitation of the

theatre's resources to rely on simplicity and sincerity for his effects, and the school he has developed is also simple and sincere. "The twentieth century can show few more striking achievements in the satisfactory organisation of the common life of the town than the work of the Abbey Theatre."

WHAT IS LEFT OF JESUS?

Emma Marie Caillard touches on the question of the historical fact and spiritual reality of Our Lord. The distinction made in the schools between the Christ of history and the Christ of theology cannot be drawn between the historic Christ and the Christ of Christian experience. From the time of the primitive Church, she says, down to our own day, the two are one. The Life that was lived in Galilee has been the revelation of the Life that is lived now. Asking what historical criticism does leave unassailable, the writer replies :—

Briefly stated, this : that 1,900 years ago there lived in Palestine a Man capable of so impressing His own and immediate subsequent generations, that, despite antecedent prejudices, they were constrained to regard Him as the centre of such a spiritual illumination as has never since been extinguished, but has emerged from every partial obscuration stronger and clearer than before.

The writer wisely concludes by saying that historical criticism would weigh lighter than a feather against the demonstration of victorious achievement, the eradication of vice, disease and materialism in the name and power of Christ now.

The Hon. Justice Sankaran Nair begins a discussion of the mutual relations of Indian law and English legislation. In this number he merely states the general conditions of the problem.

We understand that the *Contemporary Review* will continue to be conducted on the lines of the late editor. At the request of the directors the Rev. Dr. J. Scott Lidgett and Mr. G. P. Gooch have agreed to carry on the *Review* pending further arrangements.

Cornhill.

THE August number is eminently readable. The Marchesa Peruzzi de Medici tells of Thackeray as her childhood's friend. He came to see her as an invalid, and at the very first her child's heart went out to him. It is a beautiful picture she draws of the great novelist coming in to read to her stories that he was writing, chapter by chapter, and getting her to tell him stories. Mr. Edmund Gosse surprises one by fresh proof of his inexhaustible versatility in a sketch he gives us of—whom would one think? Two Danish theologians—Dr. Fog, the Dean of Holmen, and the world-renowned Bishop Martensen. Mr. W. D. Howells dwells on the human interest of Buxton. Mr. G. W. E. Russell gives an account of the Fenian panic in an avowed mixture of *Wahrheit* and *Dichtung*. Mr. A. C. Benson's sketch of Kingsley and Mr. Greenway's "Gravelot revisited" are separately mentioned.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

PERHAPS the distinctive note of the *Nineteenth Century* for August—in spite of several excellent papers, two of which have been separately noticed—seems to be an exhibition of antique intellectual specimens.

WAR VINDICATED.

Lieut.-General Sir Reginald C. Hart writes what he calls a vindication of war. He begins with quotations from Scripture, and ends by declaring that "it has pleased the Almighty to constitute all life in this world on a war, not on a peace, basis; and is it wise of the creature to dispute the wisdom of the Creator?" His chief argument is to repeat frequently, with or without the aid of italics, that "war is in the nature of things." The only suggestion of an argument is that as evolution has proceeded by conflict up to man, man must follow the same law to the end. The brotherhood of man, universal peace, are dismissed as fine ideals.

"THE PLAINEST, SIMPLEST PARTY ISSUE."

Mr. Harold F. Wyatt inveighs against Socialists as the enemies of the people, and Socialism, of which, he says, the two aims stand plainly out:—

(1) The destruction of all belief in God and in a future life, and (2) the subversion of the institution of marriage and of family life.

The writer therefore demands that every Unionist association throughout the British Isles organise at once a body of unpaid speakers, to attend, in the first place, every Socialist meeting, to question, and to speak. The cream of the article occurs in the following paragraph:—

The issue which these groups of Unionist soldiers should place before their audiences is exceedingly plain. It is a party issue—the plainest, simplest party issue that was ever set forth. On the one side are the Liberals, the Radicals, and the Socialists, united in an unholy and disgraceful alliance. On the other is the Unionist party. The Unionists stand for God, for King, for law and for country. Their foes stand for the negation of all these. The Unionists stand for the maintenance of the sea power of Britain and for the defence of the food of the people in distant seas. Their foes stand for the gradual reduction and loss of that sea power and for the destruction of that food on those seas.

"EMPTY YOUR SLUMS, FILL OUR PRAIRIES."

Mr. Arnold Haultain gives his impressions of "England's plight" on returning after thirty years' exile. He finds her in a very sad and sorry condition, the poor clamouring for doles in the way of pensions, national insurance, and the like, and for sport at which they are merely spectators. Yet he goes on to say that the most notable change is in the condition of the lower classes, "a change immeasurably for the better." But "England's weakness lies in the Socialism at her heart, a Socialism which finds its origin in her slums. Socialism dies a natural and a hasty death on the prairies. Empty your slums, fill our prairies: that is my text." Descending to particulars, the writer says:—

By a system of State loans to emigrants, secured by first mortgages on land or a lien on wages, and a State guarantee of

four or five per cent., thousands of pounds, he thinks, could be obtained from investors; more especially if the Statute limiting the investment of trust-moneys were amended to suit the case. Nor is this by any means a dream. Mortgagors in Manitoba and Alberta and Saskatchewan and British Columbia are willing and able to pay eight per cent. Indeed, the loan companies of Ontario and Quebec are able to give you four per cent. just because they invest your money in the West at eight. Why should not the State take advantage of the fact, and, by its guarantee, open a new and safe field for investment?

PLEA FOR RE-INTRODUCING TORTURE.

"Punishment and Crime" is the inoffensive title of a paper by Hugh S. R. Elliot, in which he argues that "all our four canons of punishment, segregation, deterrence, reformation and humanity, are met by capital punishment in an almost ideal manner." Then he goes on with a plea for the re-introduction of torture. He does not call it torture. He calls it scientific experimentation. Of course it is all in the interests of human progress and human health. But this is what he says:—

My proposal is that criminals should be used, where desirable, for purposes of scientific experimentation. Suppose, for instance, that a man has been convicted of a particularly brutal rape, or of swindling poor people out of their life's savings; and suppose that an important discovery towards the cure of cancer might be made by inoculation experiments on living men, will any sentimentalist be so blind to reason, so deaf to the plainest calls of humanity, as to say it would be wrong to inoculate that criminal with the cancer and make the observations which might be followed by untold benefit to the whole race? I confess I cannot understand the mental attitude of anyone who will object to this.

AGAINST WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

The Dean of Bangor writes on the Royal Commission on the Church in Wales, and declares:—

The tested facts and figures here presented go to prove that the Church in England and in Wales is one; that the Welsh are not a nation of Nonconformists; that the Church is the largest and strongest religious body in the Principality; that it is now the only progressive religious body; that it is a patriotic Church in full sympathy with the people; and that its present endowments are wholly inadequate to the performance of the work it has in hand. Taking the whole of Wales, according to the census of 1901, half the population speak English only, thirty-five per cent. speak English and Welsh, and fifteen per cent. speak Welsh only. What, under these circumstances, is the language of the Sunday services? The English services number 2,442, the Welsh 1,113, the bilingual or mixed, 228. It cannot be maintained that there is sufficient evidence to prove that Wales, as a whole, desires disestablishment.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell presents some educational possibilities of the Boy Scouts' training, chiefly in the matter of character. Mr. Alfred P. Hillier, M.P., under cover of a criticism of the National Insurance Bill, insists that it ought to be accompanied, as was the German completer system, with a protective tariff. Lieut.-Colonel Thomson describes the religious fair at Hardwar, in India. Mr. C. Hagberg Wright discusses what was read a hundred years ago. Miss Rose M. Bradley gives a sketch of life in Savoy. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton contributes a curious Zulu play, setting forth how a Christian Zulu girl understood her faith and died for it.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THEIR is a fairly wide range of subject in the contents for August. Some half-dozen articles have been separately noticed.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S OPINIONS.

Mr. Sydney Brooks gives the gist of some talks he has had with Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt will not, he is quite sure, accept another Presidential nomination, except at a call from the whole country. Mr. Roosevelt is frankly disappointed in Mr. Taft, and on nearly every important issue is in closer sympathy with Mr. Woodrow Wilson than with Mr. Taft. Many of his followers would vote for Wilson rather than Taft. Mr. Brooks continues :—

The ex-President is, if anything, a better friend of Great Britain after his African and European wanderings than he was before them ; he welcomes everything that draws the two peoples and the two Governments closer together ; and it is as our admirer and well-wisher that he points to Ireland as a barrier which, until it is removed, must always prevent a complete Anglo-American understanding. The "inevitable" Anglo-German clash does not appear inevitable to him, if only because, as he reads history, the Germans are not apt to go into a conflict with the odds against them. So long as Great Britain is able to concentrate her main naval strength in the North Sea and in European waters, peace, in his judgment, is more probable than war. Similarly he denudes the notion of a Japanese-American conflict. On the other hand, he would recognise in a German-Japanese alliance a serious menace to the peace of the world.

TORY DEMOCRACY—THE ROAD TO POWER.

Under this heading Mr. Maurice Woods objects vigorously to the checks imposed on Tory development by the Liberal-Unionist-Whig element in the Party. He maintains that the future of the Party lies in discarding the Whig notions and returning to pure Toryism. Tariff reform can only be carried as a concomitant of a social policy. If Toryism would but advocate equally tariff reform and social reform, which are economically indissoluble, the Tory democracy would place its leaders in power before many months are over.

THE POET OF NAPLES.

Mrs. Arthur Harter writes to prove that the Italians have some dialectical poets who may justly be placed on an equality with Burns. She devotes most of her attention to Salvatore di Giacomo, the Poet of Naples, the greatest Italian lyric poet. His chief themes are love and death. In the volume of lyrics of 400 pages there is not, she says, a dull or commonplace line.

THE FICTION OF SPAIN.

Miss Lily Higgin says that Spanish novelists are producing to-day books by the thousand, and in many editions. She finds the first spring of the modern novel in Fernan Caballero and Trueba. She touches on José María de Pereda, Don Pedro de Alcarón, A. P. Valdes, Juan Valera, who, she declares, stands head and shoulders above all others.

A NORWEGIAN ARTIST.

Count de Soissons gives a somewhat jagged description of Edward Munch, who was born in

Norway. He says of him that his whole artistic power lies in the despair of the soul chastened by fear :—

He has reproduced, for the first time, the naked states of the soul, as they are manifested independently of any action of the brain. His pictures are simply conditions of the soul in moments when the voice of common sense is not heard, and the activity of the brain has ceased—conditions of the soul when it perishes in gloomy atrophy, shrieking with pain and howling with hunger.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes on French women and the vote, his chief point being that in marked contrast to the methods of the English suffragette, the Frenchwoman is charming and captivating her fellow-countrymen into granting her, first the municipal, and then the national vote. Miss Josephine Tozier describes the wonderful educational work of Maria Montessori's methods, noticed in the pages of this REVIEW some months ago. The country paper by Mr. F. G. Allalo describes the influence of scenery on the angler.

Fry's.

Fry's for August brings with it not a whiff but a breeze of open air pleasures. Mr. G. B. Abraham, in his advice to the beginner on the Alps, makes us see and feel the exhilaration of the mountains. Clive Holland in his amateur gipsyng supplies many a glimpse of the fascinations of "vanning." The pleasure and sports of a Thames season are made visible to eye and mind by C. E. Thomas. He tells us that the vogue of the houseboat is over ; its place has been taken by the bungalow. Captain Aymer Maxwell gives us a tramp in thought over the grouse moors, while R. P. Hearne takes us, as it were, into the upper air and lets us see how science and invention are safeguarding the aviator. Golf is discussed in two papers. Polo and terriers have also their claims recognised. Mr. C. B. Fry dilates upon the difficulties of choosing an England Eleven.

The Englishwoman.

MR. JAMES HASLAM inveighs strongly against the inadequate provision made by the National Insurance Bill for factory mothers, and uses this as an argument for woman suffrage. The effect of woman suffrage in Colorado is presented by Miss M. M. Scott in the form of the following resolutions passed in 1899 by a vote of 45 to 3 in the House, and of 30 to 1 in the Senate :—

Whereas, Equal Suffrage has been in operation in Colorado for five years, during which time women have exercised the privileges as generally as men, with the result that better candidates have been selected for office, methods of election have been purified, the character of legislation improved, civic intelligence increased, and womanhood developed to greater usefulness by political responsibility ; therefore : Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That in view of these results, the enfranchisement of women in every State and Territory of the Union is hereby recommended as a measure tending to the advancement of a higher and better social order.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE Nemesis of using the strongest language at command when dealing with the minor issues of political life appears very plainly in the August number. The editor having long ago exhausted his most virulent vocabulary of abuse, now makes up for pungency by downright vulgarity. He flings mud, not merely at Mr. Asquith and the Liberals, but also at Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, the *Daily Telegraph*, and most of the Unionist Press. Lord Halsbury and his group of stalwarts are anointed with his eulogy.

Earl Percy contributes a study on military policy and war. Discussing the lines that a war between Germany and France would take, he speaks scathingly of the nebulous character of our much-vaunted expeditionary army, on which neither Belgium nor France feel they can depend, and which Germany scorns to fear. The most serious element in the European situation is the fact that Turkey, which can put a million and a half of men in the field, has thrown in her lot with Germany. He closes by saying, "The day is approaching when the weary babble of politicians and humanitarians will be drowned in the thunder of the guns."

Mr. E. Bruce Mitford gives what he declares to be the voice of the Briton abroad. He deplores what he calls the "Liberally damned Conference." He says that the Briton abroad sees a vision of the not distant future, in which ten years hence England stands alone, Ireland is a republic under American protection, Canada an American satrapy, Australia and New Zealand undergoing a process of commercial absorption by the United States, South Africa belonging to Germany, the fifty Crown Colonies and protectorates divided up amongst the Powers, the dependency of India a ghastly ergy of civil and inter-racial strife. Which is cheerful.

Mr. Morton Fullerton bears witness to the widespread unrest in France, and the expectancy of rapidly impending change.

Mr. Maurice Low quotes an American public man of high position who suggests the formation of a federal council in the British Empire, adding that federalism and free trade are an impossible mixture. He says that Mr. Taft is now more popular than he has ever been. Canadian reciprocity has helped him immensely. So has the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty, the Churches and all opponents of militarism having supported him with enthusiasm.

Mr. Adolphe Smith criticises the National Insurance Bill as siding with the Friendly Societies in their hostility to the claims of the medical profession.

"A public schoolboy" replies to his critics, and concludes by declaring that a moral and religious revival is at hand, which will save the youth of the ruling classes from apathy and luxury. He welcomes the Boy Scout movement and the Agenda Club.

Miss Mary Bridson advocates big game shooting for women, and gives a vivid account of her ex-

periences in Nyassaland. In seven or eight weeks she secured close on fifty head of game. In spite of the terrific heat, she speaks of the enchantment of her hunting expeditions.

Mr. Austin Dobson contributes some hitherto unpublished letters of Fielding.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

THE August number is distinctly good. Mr. Austin Harrison's explanation of Germany in Morocco and Mr. Pearsall Smith's distinguished paper on our modern vocabulary are separately noticed. There begins a story, said to be from real life, told by the late Charles Reade, of a woman playing the part of a man. Sir Alfred Mond's paper on the problem of unemployment at Caxton Hall is given at length. His remedies are—the Insurance Bill, Labour Exchanges, instruction of boys, emigration to Labour Colonies, and Detention Colonies for the work-shy. Count de Soissons says that "the most general characteristic of the modern Belgian poetry is the total lack of any tendency which might conflict with a scrupulous homage to the pure idea of art for art." Mr. Horace B. Samuel says that if "taken very broadly and very sanely, Nietzsche is capable of constituting a valuable modern Bible for the twentieth century man who proposes to live vastly and to play for grand stakes." Of Christianity he says, "Nietzsche blew it clean away with the giant salvos of his artillery. Yet on the tremendous space that he cleared he built a temple to Energy and Efficiency."

BLACKWOOD.

THE August number is a surprise. Amidst the excursions and alarms, the bombardments and explosions going on in the political sphere, one turned to *Blackwood*, expecting to find that organ of superlative vituperation reaching its extreme of lurid rhetoric. One finds not an article, not a syllable, on the crisis of the Peers. About the Peers the writer of "Musings Without Method" is dumb. He contents himself with denouncing compulsory education, upholding Mr. Holmes's circular, rating Mr. Runciman, and glorifying the Jingo history of Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. A yeoman just returned from a fortnight's training with a Yeomanry regiment on Salisbury Plain declares the Plain to be the worst training ground in England, the land least like the Eastern Counties, where invasion is most likely. He also suggests that the Territorials should be stiffened with Regular battalions. He feels sometimes tempted to think the country would get better value for its money if the Territorial Army were abolished, and the sum saved to augment the Fleet. Mr. Farman describes the progress of proportional representation in France. A thrilling adventure in the swallows, or underground cave system, at Eastwater in Somersetshire, is described by Mr. E. A. Baker. The story of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers is told with much patriotic colour and pride.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

SEVERAL articles in the July number have been separately noticed. Beyond these there is not much that calls for attention.

ENGLISH PUBLIC LIFE.

A review of the lives of Beaconsfield, Parnell, Cranbrook and Northbrook gives occasion for interesting reflections on English public life, which conclude thus:—

As long as our public life can win for itself men of the stamp of Northbrook, as long as it can fit into the system men of Parnell's or Disraeli's explosive genius, and mould them quite as much as it is moulded by them, England can still believe with truth that her service brings out the best in a not unworthy race.

FOUR SOULS EXPLORED.

There are four valuable biographic studies—the mind of Pascal, which is said to contain a number of Pascals, each distinct: mathematician, natural philosopher, fine gentleman, ascetic, revivalist, man of letters, inventor: Madame Roland, who is said to form an interesting subject in the exploration of souls restricted and hidden in outward seeming, capable of intense and splendid expansion; of Haydon, the "Cockney Raphael," whose claims to a front place in the world of art may yet be vindicated, for Haslitt described him as the greatest historical painter England ever produced; and Tolstoy, who though he knew it not, never attained the attitude of a Yogi, but proclaimed his ignorance of the secret of peace by imagining that it could only be found in solitude. India could have taught him better. He could not attain to that supreme simplicity, that serene indifference of the soul to its terrestrial environment.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE July number is full of a great variety of interests, but does not contain any article of specially eminent value. The papers on British investments abroad, on the National Insurance Bill, on the duty of the Lords, and on the Imperial Conference have been separately noticed.

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

M. André Chéradame traces the origin of the triple *entente* to the predominance of Germany after Russia had been crippled in the Japanese War. It was against Germany that Great Britain was inevitably compelled to take her precautions. The *entente* may be truly defined as "an agreement intended to safeguard the independence of Europe against any inclination for hegemony on the part of the German Empire." The weakness of the *entente* is that it goes from day to day without any positive combined and definite programme. Of this the Austro-German Alliance takes full advantage. "The Romanoffs have been continually duped by the Hohenzollerns." In case of war France would be the first to suffer, but Germany would be able to launch her Turkish allies on Egypt, where England is vulnerable. M. Chéradame suggests that before long Austro-Hungary will become a great State in which the

Latin and Slav races will form the majority, and may refuse to continue vassals of Berlin. France, England, and Russia might consent to a federal empire, in which, alongside of the German States and Servo-Croatian countries, the kingdom of Servia might occupy the position of Bavaria in Germany. France and Russia could co-operate with England in the projected railway between Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, and gratify Russia by allowing it to regain prestige in the Balkans. So the triple *entente* could create for itself, outside of its own territory, a vast field of legitimate influence over sixty millions of men.

PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA.

A paper that discusses the immunity of private property at sea declares that the renunciation of the right of capture of private property at sea would compel an island State like ours to increase its land forces, and possibly introduce universal military service.

REVIVAL OF THE IRISH DRAMA.

An interesting paper on Irish plays and playwrights by Charles Tennyson draws this curious parallel:—

The genius of Ibsen sprang from a history curiously parallel to that of Ireland. Norway, like Ireland, had a literature noble in its childhood and obscured by a long eclipse of national development. In Norway, as in Ireland, the struggle for political freedom was accompanied by a revival of traditional and popular art; and, when that struggle was approaching the fulfilment of its hope, the literary renaissance gave birth to Norwegian drama, and begat, not a new Snorro, but the melancholy little whiskered prophet who revolutionised the stage of Europe. It may be that Mr. Yeats' hopes will yet be realised. But whatever its destiny, the Irish movement may well rest content with having given to our stage the aerial purity of Mr. Yeats, Lady Gregory's rich humanity, and the harsh, sweet, abundant genius of John Millington Synge.

LORD ACTON'S WORKS.

A fascinating paper on Lord Acton's historical work is contributed by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. He pronounces Lord Acton's History of the French Revolution the best account of it yet written by an Englishman—a proposition which he says no competent student will dispute. He hopes that—some day a young scholar will in a due spirit of piety take down from their shelves at Cambridge the long array of histories and memoirs on the French Revolution which bear the traces of Lord Acton's reading, and when he has mastered these, and the Croker collection of pamphlets in the British Museum, which Lord Acton read and greatly prized, will give us an annotated edition of the Lectures which will enhance their authority and furnish a fresh illustration of the genius and industry of their author.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. G. B. Grundy declares of the poems of the Greek anthology that they express in a few words thoughts which it takes us hours to think and years to formulate. They are some of the brightest examples of all that the human intellect is capable of at its best. Mr. W. G. Waters discusses at length the Gothic and Renaissance architecture, and laments that no one now alive will ever know London architecturally as aught but a jumble of good and

bad. When the triumphs of the builder's art were raised, men desired beautiful houses for habitation and stately fanes for prayer. But in this age of rush and luxury they yearn after Sardanapalian hotels and restaurants, steamboats and motors. Miss Rachel Weigall gives a series of significant and interesting glimpses of an Elizabethan gentlewoman taken from the unpublished *Journal* of Lady Mildmay. Mr. Edward Clodd discusses again the oft-discussed problems of totemism.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

THE last number promised that the *Review* would henceforth take up a more decided position in support of the Church and of Conservative interests. The promise is fulfilled in the July number with a vengeance. The academic is almost entirely submerged under the political.

The Earl of Selborne opens with a thoroughgoing defence of the Referendum, addressed to members of the Unionist Party that are not at once prepared to swallow wholesale this great innovation. He takes up their objections one by one. He regards the Referendum as the only means of ensuring that the electors and not the caucus, the majority and not the minority, shall rule. The Parliament Bill he denounces as a veiled revolution, which is more dangerous than a naked revolution. But the most obdurate Radical would admit that Lord Selborne puts his case remarkably well. Mr. F. E. Smith, as noticed elsewhere, condemns the Radical as factious and applauds the Conservative as national.

The Bishop of St. Asaph discusses Welsh disestablishment after the style of the ranters of the Church Defence platform. He declares, "Short of sweeping the Church absolutely out of the land, it is difficult to imagine any proposals more confiscatory, more destructive, more tainted with a malignant desire to cripple and grievously wound."

Dr. F. W. Bussell, Vice-Principal of Brasenose, writes wistfully and ruefully in praise of the old system of education, with its aristocratic ideals, and laments the invasion of scientific utilitarianism. His plea for character as against intellect may be allowed, but surely it may be possible for a university to combine both ideals without harking back to the exclusive traditions of what he himself calls the governing class. "Magister Regens" reveals the same local obsession when he declares that the importance of Oxford and Cambridge transcends that of merely English institutions. They hold their assured place in a wider history than that of the British Empire. If a Radical Government will appoint a Universities Commission, let it, he urges, appoint one composed of the best educational experts, and charged with the task of reporting to His Majesty on the whole subject of the education of this country. Such a tribunal would, the writer thinks, put back the humanities, including Greek, into a position from which they are already well-nigh dethroned.

Sir William Bull, M.P., criticises the National Insurance Bill, and rejoices to find that Mr. Lloyd George cannot make his Bill a Socialist measure to satisfy the Socialists, but it might become a non-Socialist measure exemplifying State care for the community on the lines of the older British traditions. And to this end what is needed is frank discrimination between the class of workers which is self-supporting and the class which is rate-supported.

Mr. Allen, President of the Cambridge Union, writes on Socialism and the undergraduate, and admits that Fabians are both more enthusiastic and more successful in winning recruits than the Conservative or Tariff Reformer. He laments the Fabian neglect of athletics.

The *Review* is not content with voicing British Toryism. It publishes a perfervid laudation by Leonce de Grandmaison of Pius X., and of his uncompromising attitude towards the French Government and towards Modernism. The paper is of value for its succinct enumeration of the steps taken by the French Government in their Secularist campaign against the Church.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

DR. W. T. DAVISON's paper in the July number on the Resurrection and the modern mind is noteworthy for the admission that the historical evidence in favour of the Resurrection is not strong enough by itself to demonstrate the fact to an unbeliever. Yet he concludes by saying that the triumph of the Christ over the grave is one of the most credible, potent and best-attested facts in the history of the world. Referring to the suggestions of the late F. W. Myers and Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Davison says there is nothing in the New Testament to disagree with the hypotheses of modern science and much that makes them interesting.

Mr. R. Martin Pope finds in Nietzsche the spirit of the new paganism which appears in English in G. B. Shaw and H. G. Wells, and against it "the time calls less for argument than for action."

Dr. Aubrey, deplored the survival of the unfit, laments the indiscriminate bestowal of old-age pensions, and declares that we are doing our best to destroy what remains of independence and fore-thought and self-respect. Yet he hopes that with the increased number of settlers on the land, and fuller realisation of self-government, brighter days will dawn on social England.

The passage from Luther which resulted in John Wesley's conversion to evangelical religion at Aldersgate Street is investigated by T. F. Lockyer. He finds that it was indeed Luther's Preface to the Epistle of the Romans, but whether it was read in Latin, in German, or in the English translation by W. W. (possibly William Wesley, a great-grandfather of John) he cannot say.

Miss Dora M. Jones describes the sensitiveness of Thackeray. Thomas Nicol tells of the exploration of

Memphis. Charles Bone reviews China under the Empress Dowager, and Annie E. Keeling finds in the career of Antonio Fogazzaro the difficulties of allegiance to Rome. Mr. Sidney Mees insists that the chief need of the Methodist movement is a clear and intense evangelicalism, closer concentration of aim, and that holy power known as unction.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

THE Coronation ceremony is sympathetically explored by Rev. Herbert Thurston. He declares it unique. It enjoys a continuous existence of nearly 1,200 years. Yet the individual compiler seems in most cases to have drawn upon a sort of common stock of benedictions which belong to the Catholic Church at large, and of which it seems almost hopeless now to trace the original enunciation. He warmly inveighs against the idea that there was any priestly function given to the King.

"The Catholic Church and Race Culture" is the title of a critical study of eugenics, by the Rev. T. J. Gerrard. He objects to eugenics as aiming chiefly at animal or physical fitness. Moral and religious qualities ought to be considered, and the life to be developed must take in the other world as well as this. The Catholic Church is the true eugenic society.

Hilaire Belloc pleads for what he calls a new method of writing history, true, voluminous and absolute as the time demands—the presentation of a vast number of facts thrown together in an order that makes a true picture. Its value lies in this fact, that when you have presented the mere physical picture so vividly and so truly, a great number of false judgments which bias might presuppose are seen to be impossible. Would the Kinemacolor, one wonders, express Mr. Belloc's new method?

Francis McCullagh frames a formidable indictment against the Portuguese law to separate Church and State, and remarks that before beginning his work of violence and secularisation the Minister of Justice suppressed the entire Catholic Press of the country.

THE first paper in *London* for August is by Dr. C. H. Heydemann on Menti-culture, which he describes as the newest of the sciences, and yet declares it is as old as humanity and as old as religion. In order to help those who would practise menti-culture to know themselves, he gives a catechism which they might answer from their own knowledge of themselves, and so become conscious of what their distinctive qualities and dangers are. After much good advice about concentration of mind, he suggests a discipline for training the eye to practise "the magnetic gaze," by looking at a target of black on white against the wall. He advises a man to cultivate the habit of sitting still, to acquire self-poise, and so on.

THE FORUM.

THE first place in the July number is occupied by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant's paper on the remedy for armed peace, which is quoted elsewhere. Mr. Sydney Brooks' description and reflections on London in the Coronation also claim separate notice, along with Temple Scott's "Right Use of Leisure." One of the most notable things in the number are the Irish poems by Arthur Stringer.

Miss Rose P. Chiles jubilates over the passing of the opium traffic. She looks forward to the conference on the subject at the Hague early this autumn. She hails it as one of the vital facts of the century that international law is taking up this great moral question. "We may hope that the end of the opium traffic everywhere in the world, except for medicinal uses, is in sight."

Edwin Björkman cries ecstatically:—

There is always something new under the sun! Each new day sees the whole world renewed. And by-and-by there may come a new sun even: a spiritual, self-conscious sun; a sun with a "soul"; a sun that to our present one is what man is to the blind, inflexible elements of inorganic matter. It is for the coming of the new—of the new man, and the new sun, and the new life, and the new god—that we should all be living and loving and working and dreaming.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

MORE than half of the July number is occupied with a symposium on the recent decisions of the Supreme Court concerning Trusts. There are six contributors, including William J. Bryan. The articles reveal the conflict of opinion as to the nature and effect of the decisions. Most of the remaining articles have been separately noticed.

JUDAISM IN A NEW LIGHT.

Abram S. Isaacs asks, Is Judaism necessary to-day? and declares that a religion that has survived so much cannot be unnecessary. He maintains that the real history of the Jew may be said to have begun with the Roman's capture of Jerusalem, when he exchanged a strip of soil for the universe. So his religion, which is not Mosaism or Rabbinism, but Judaism, attained its greatest breadth when the sacrificial era closed. He says:—

The testimony of history, the story of rabbinical development, with the wider dispersion after the Roman triumph, the influence of the Talmud, the spread of the schools East and West, the tremendous upheaval with the discovery of America, the Reformation, the French Revolution; these have given new form and colour to the Jew's thought, and made the Biblical era almost like his kindergarten.

A FEATURE in *Harper's* for August is Madame de Hegermann-Lindenerone's account of her first visit to the Court of Napoleon III.

Beautiful Flowers and How to Grow Them (T. C. and E. C. Jack), mentioned in our July number, is published at 21s. net, and is not part of a series. Messrs. Jack do publish a series called *Present Day Gardening*, the parts being 1s. 6d. each net.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

NUMISMATISTS will be interested in a very full account that appears, with over eighty illustrations, in the *Nuova Antologia* of the first volume of the "Corpus Nummorum Italicorum," issued under the immediate supervision of the King of Italy. King Victor Emmanuel, as is well known, has collected coins for thirty years, since he himself was thirteen. At first he collected coins of every period, but of late years he has specialised wholly in mediaeval and modern Italian coins, as much with a patriotic as an artistic intention. The present sumptuous volume deals only with coins issued by the House of Savoy from the thirteenth century to the present time. The complete history of Italian numismatics, as designed by the King, will probably run to a dozen volumes.

A woman's club has sent round to a number of distinguished men and women an inquiry as to their views concerning the social and intellectual value of feminism, and has elicited a number of replies, reproduced in the *Antologia*. Every imaginable point of view, both for and against, is represented, and one gathers that Italian men have still much to learn on the subject.

The editor of *La Vita Internazionale*, E. T. Moneta, describes the recent letter of Pius X. on the subject of arbitration as an epoch-making document in the cause of peace. But he goes on to ask whether the policy of the Pope towards the government of Italy, dividing the nation into two hostile camps, is in accord with his pacifist sentiments.

From the annual report of the Italian Association for Assisting Emigrants, summarised in the *Rassegna Nazionale*, we learn that emigration from Italy reaches the enormous total of a quarter of a million persons per annum, and is still on the increase. Thanks, however, to the Association, which owes its existence and its prosperity mainly to the patriotic labours of the great Bishop of Cremona, Mgr. Bonomelli, every important frontier town and port is now supplied with emigration offices which render a variety of services to emigrants, while wherever in Central Europe Italian navvies congregate in great numbers, schools, hospitals, hostels, and saving banks have been organised for their benefit. The work accomplished by the Association is admitted on all sides to be among the finest examples of private charity in Italy to-day.

E. di Pietro describes a scheme for Italian agricultural colonies in Western Australia which has been favourably received there, although hitherto Italian emigrants have been frowned upon by the Australian Labour Party.

In the *Rassegna Contemporanea* the deputy and ex-priest, Romolo Murri, once regarded as a leader of the Modernists, asserts that Modernism as a movement within the Church is at an end. Submission on one side and open rebellion on the other have scattered the forces, and the men who called themselves Modernists are being carried further and further from

the Church. "Modernism was a species of tacit accord between the necessity of preservation and the necessity of change. To-day, if on the one hand men are determined to preserve everything, on the other everything is put in question." Needless to add, he holds the policy of Pius X. responsible for the consequences.

Emporium publishes a fascinating account of Rome in the eighteenth century as seen in the beautiful engravings of Piranesi, and also a well-illustrated account of the wonderful cathedral at Trondheim.

THE SPANISH REVIEWS.

Of the contributions to *La Lectura* the most attractive is that on "Political Life in Belgium." The writer says that the first thing which strikes a traveller passing from France into Belgium is the great distinction existing between ideas of liberty. In the small kingdom of Belgium there exists far greater political, civil, and religious liberty than is to be found in the French Republic, where the word "liberty" is paraded everywhere. In France the tendency is to restrict in all directions, whereas in Belgium the tendency is to liberate. Belgium is a Monarchy, and its atmosphere gives one the sense of freedom, whereas France is a Republic, and one experiences a sense of oppression—a condition of things which, according to the belief of many people, ought to be the reverse. The schools are neutral, and there is no strife concerning religious teaching. The press and religion are both free. As an instance of the freedom which exists, the writer refers to the burial grounds, and says that all are interred in them who die within the respective municipal districts, no attention being paid to individual religious opinions—Catholics, Protestants, Atheists, and those who are indifferent are buried in common, no special allotment of space being made. There is only one exception. In the Antwerp Cemetery the Jews have their own special portion, but this is due to a petition of interested persons, and is not by way of distinction on the part of those in power.

In *Ciudad de Dios*, Señor Migueléz gives another instalment of his story of the struggle for Mexican Independence.

This month's *Nuestro Tiempo* is chiefly notable for the exhaustive history of the trial of Ferrer; the author adduces voluminous documentary evidence connected with Ferrer and his trial and gives many details of interest to those who wish to examine the episode in a thorough manner.

Professor Adolfo Posada, in *España Moderna*, gives an account of his stay in Buenos Ayres and La Plata. Speaking of the University of La Plata, the writer says that many people think that there is no necessity for it, seeing that it is situated only about thirty miles from Buenos Ayres, but the University appears to have been erected on the initiative of a politician who had some desire to show that he could be disinterested and that he was anxious to aid in the

social development of the country. There is one advantage in having the University so close to Buenos Ayres; it enables the professors who are located at Buenos Ayres to assist in giving instruction in La Plata. Moreover, La Plata is a quiet town and very suitable for study.

Argentina is well to the fore in this review, for Professor Vicente Gay has much to say about this Republic in "Modern America," presenting statistics concerning the exports from 1865 to 1910, the production of wheat, flax and maize per hectare, and the railways, with the capital invested in them since 1865. He also gives an account of the career of Domingo Sarmiento, whose memory is idolised by the people. It is difficult to find a parallel for the love shown by Sarmiento for his native land, and on reading an account of his work one is inclined to think that the people of Argentina owe practically everything to him.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's scheme of national insurance is set forth in a long contribution to the current issue of *De Gids*. The writer is somewhat afraid that the known difficulties will be greater than imagined, but he admires the daring of the author of the Bill. Another article deals with Islamism in the Dutch Indies. It is really a collection of four lectures delivered by one who is an authority on the subject. Dutch officials and European missionaries are too prone to treat the natives as heathen, having no religion. The people of Java and other parts of the Dutch colonial possessions have already begun to make progress towards culture, and such treatment will not do. Every effort should be made to bring about association of ideas, the natives will then be useful fellow-workers in the cause of culture, and the tie between mother country and colonies will be strengthened. A third article shows how some of the renowned writers of the past have gained a reputation in quite a different domain; it refers especially to Goethe. Rousseau, for instance, wrote letters on botanical subjects that gained such celebrity as to cause them to be published and to be translated into several languages. Goethe gained some celebrity as a comparative anatomist. The fact is—according to the writer of this article—that science was in its infancy, and clever men could master a branch of it without very hard study; they could even initiate and discover. Goethe, as a result of his environment and reading, could acquire much knowledge of comparative anatomy. There is no desire to belittle Goethe or anyone else, but simply to place the matter in its true light.

De Tijdspeigel opens with an article on "Why Do We Punish? It is on the time-honoured subject of the utility of punishment, its form, and the necessity for adapting it to the offence. The effort should always be to improve; to inflict a punishment which,

superficially regarded, befits the crime, is not always to move along the lines of improvement. In an astronomical contribution we have the evolution theory applied to the solar system; the worlds that surround us—the comets, stars, and celestial bodies generally—may be changing their forms and constitutions; some break up, and their particles may join other bodies, or commence a new career as separate worlds.

In *Vragen des Tijds* there is an exhaustive contribution on "Proportional Representation," in which the writer sketches the disadvantages of the present system and the advantages of proportional representation; he also enters into the difficulties attending the introduction of the latter system and the ways of overcoming them, with special reference to the scheme of Thomas Hare. In the second article we have the story of the Geneva Convention of 1864, concerning the treatment of the sick and wounded in war, with the latest phase, its application to naval warfare. To the reflective reader there comes the thought that if the story of the Red Cross Society were made better known, if it were related to children in schools, the cause of international peace and the abolition of warfare would be materially aided.

The most interesting contribution to *Elsevier*, from the point of view of the general reader, is that on Java. Next in point of interest is the illustrated contribution on "Old Bavarian Towns," and there are two biographical sketches in this issue, one being of Karel de Nerée, the friend of Aubrey Beardsley, as well as the usual features.

THE CENTURY.

THE Thackeray Centenary was duly honoured in the July number. The frontispiece is his portrait in colour. Lewis Melville describes Thackeray's London, and J. G. Wilson gives an account of Thackeray in America, with letters and sketches by the novelist, and portraits of him in the United States. Professor Ferrero continues his description of the women of the Caesars, and makes the Court life of Augustus as interesting as a modern novel. He treats of the daughters of Agrippa, Livia and Agrippina. "Furthest North by Motor-car" is Mr. Howard S. Hamilton's account of his journey beyond the Arctic circle. He toured from Stockholm along the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia northward to Lulea, and then into Lapland to the Malmberget iron mines. Returning he came down by the east coast of the Gulf of Bothnia to Helsingfors. He found the roads much better than he had expected. Dr. Newman Smyth recalls the apostles of reasonableness, Leibnitz and Bossuet, who attempted to unite Protestant and Catholic Europe, and the "latitude-men," including Falkland and Hales. There are coloured plates and plenty of poetry. The articles on Edison and the struggle for existence in China have been separately noticed.

LANGUAGES AND LETTER-WRITING.

ALL movements, whether conservative, progressive, or a mixture of both, are, if wisely conducted, subject to change as the environment changes. When in 1896 M. Mieille proposed the idea of an interchange of letters between the scholars of different countries, it was the *Revue Universitaire* of Paris which gave the hospitality of its pages to him and to us, so that simultaneously in France and England lists of correspondents and other information might appear. There was then no French Modern Language Association. Now, however, that such an association has been formed and flourishes, a change is to be made. The English Modern Language Association and the French Association des Professeurs des Langues Vivantes will co-operate in future, the list of English teachers (collected by the REVIEW OF REVIEWS) will appear twice a year in *Les Langues Modernes*, and the list of French teachers collected by M. Mieille in the *Modern Language Quarterly*, as usual. It only remains for us to record our thanks to the *Revue Universitaire*, and to do our best that the exchange of letters shall continue its good work of promoting study and brotherly kindness. The German exchange, as always, is under the direction of Herr Hartmann of Leipzig-Gohlis.

As is well known, the exchange of letters has led to an exchange of homes. It is too late to arrange any more for the summer holidays—but a French gentleman, who is translator and jurisconsulte for the Court of Appeal, would like to exchange his son of fourteen for an English boy of a similar age for the school year. He would prefer that the English family should live in the southern part of England, and of course near a good school. His family live in Paris.

ESPERANTO.

The preparations for the annual International Esperanto Congress are going on steadily, and already there are more than eleven hundred entries. Great Britain is sending the largest number as yet out of the thirty-one countries represented. The opening day is August 20th, when special Esperanto services will be held in two of the many Antwerp churches. As always, concerts, theatrical representations, excursions, and social meetings will bear their part in the proceedings, "Kaatje" being the special play.

The two great English caravans leave London, August 18th, *via* Harwich, and Hull, August 17th and 18th; the Scotch leave *via* Leith on August 18th, but every berth was taken before the end of July, the railway companies having arranged special fares for those with Congress cards.

The great feature of the Antwerp Congress will be the discussion as to the necessity of a central adminis-

trative council. The present central bodies are the Language Committee, the Academy, and the Organising Committee of Congresses; but a uniting link is needful, and as the different nations have naturally unlike preferences for methods of organisation there are bound to be some exciting and interesting discussions in our Esperanto Parliament. The English groups, for instance, find that this year's method of electing delegates is unnecessarily troublesome. If the administrative council is to be elected in the same way, it would be an impossible performance for us. Certainly any who doubt that an internationally compiled language can be as effective for speaking as a national one should go to Antwerp and attend a general meeting, when from every part of the great hall of the Athénée Royale voice after voice will make itself heard from all quarters of the globe.

One of the most interesting of the latest official publications is the catalogue of the contents of the International Museum at the Palais du Cinquantenaire, Brussels. Amongst its contents is a table showing the rise and progress of Esperanto Groups and Societies. Germany began. In 1888 it had one group, in 1890 two groups, in 1892 six groups, and just that number for the next ten years, thus only marking time. In 1909, however (the latest date of the table), seven years later, Germany had 222 groups. Great Britain began in 1902 with one group, seven years later its total was 175, but we have only once doubled our groups in one year, the eighteen of 1903 becoming thirty-six in 1904; whilst Germany pretty well trebled its groups once, for in 1907 there were fifty-seven, and in 1908 they had increased to 170. The *Oficiala Gazeto* is published at 51, Rue de Clichy, Paris (5 francs per annum).

The London Club has lately had a most interesting visitor, Mr. D. E. Parrish, who has been appointed its agent by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. He was directed to lecture in as many of the large European towns as possible upon Los Angeles, its commerce, climate, and suitability for emigration. He carries lantern pictures, but his lecture is always given in Esperanto, though if many amongst the audience are non-Esperantists he enlists an interpreter. Of course, Esperantists are his forward-agents, the idea being to reach the greatest number of countries in the most economical way. From Italy, Austria, and France he is proceeding to Antwerp *via* Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

The advantage of Esperanto as a factor in promoting humanitarian views is well shown by the issue of an Esperanto version (British Esperanto Association, 130, High Holborn) of the chief speeches delivered at the Guildhall Anglo-American meeting of April 28th. Few Continental papers noticed it—but the little-penny pamphlet is making its way into the Esperanto journals of various countries.

SOME SUMMER BOOKS.

AN AMERICAN INVASION.

This survey of the summer publishing is in no direction exhaustive, and the books touched upon have none of them been completely reviewed.

In looking over the novels of the last six weeks we find that with only two or three exceptions, the best and most interesting come from America.

Miss Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll" is an enormously long and enormously serious work, the hero of which is the famous Stonewall Jackson. There is, however, in this purposeful book more than the mere glorification of a gallant and picturesque figure, for Miss Johnston has to a highly developed degree the historical imagination, and, in common with other American novelists, she is doing her part in making an epic literature to celebrate one of the most significant struggles in history. But Miss Mary Johnston is only adding new laurels to old; she won her place in the first rank of American novelists years ago; and we turn from her work, in which the hand of experience is so thankfully recognised by all readers to that of a new writer, Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, whose remarkable novel, "Qued," will bring him for the first time to the notice of English readers. In this detailed and leisurely record of life in an American provincial town Mr. Harrison has returned to the spacious days of "Queechy" (is his title an echo of that world-famous name?), though with all the difference of half a century in the subjects he treats. His theme is the conversion of his hero from a philosopher of the deepest dye to a man of sentiment, and a man of sentiment such as only America can produce. In the course of this conversion Qued passes through many hands, and Mr. Harrison finds time to tell us all about all of them; in doing so he eventually accomplishes a detailed and living picture of the whole life of the town, much as George Eliot did in "Middlemarch." He also succeeds in chaining his readers' interest, for which reason alone "Qued" might be called a remarkable book, even if there were not many other reasons as well.

Remarkable, too, though in a different and more exploited way, is Mr. Owen Wister's last contribution to international fiction. "Members of the Family" is a collection of short stories, but they are held together by the personality of Scipio Le Moigne. "Scipio was not in the least honest on the surface," but he was a man of enduring charm, of profound though often hidden integrity, and he has worked out a theory of life more startlingly true to fact and defiant of conventional morality than any we remember having seen committed to print before. It is refreshing to hear Scipio talk, it is quite as invigorating to be allowed to read some of his laboriously constructed letters, and it is altogether delightful to have occasional glimpses of that Virginian who first made Mr. Wister's fame and fortune in the East.

It is a long way back from the cowboys of Wyoming, twenty-five years ago, to the very modern little girl who is the Caroline of Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon's new book, "While Caroline was Growing"; but America is a large country, and the modern psychologist is one of the most characteristic products. Mrs. Daskam Bacon has specialised in children, and to her studies of little boys she now adds a most entertaining series of the thoughts and adventures of a girl from her tenth to her sixteenth year. Caroline, as fiction, is as amusing as any novel

need be, but as a contribution to the study of developing girlhood she deserves serious attention.

English novelists have not been swamped by the invasion; indeed, we understand that Mr. W. J. Locke has made serious reprisals with his "The Glory of Clementina Wing," which is running as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* during the very weeks when as a complete volume it is occupying a prominent place among British summer books. Curiously enough, Mr. Locke's hero—Doctor Quixtus

—has much besides his name to suggest a faint but recognisable likeness with that Doctor Qued of whose transformation Mr. Harrison has made so good a tale. Mr. Locke's Doctor Q. is transformed too, and so is the Clementina of his title, and in both books there is that strain of happy sentimentalism which endears a writer to his public.

"In Search of Egeria; Episodes in the Life of Maurice Westerton," shows a less unsophisticated outlook on life. It may be a little difficult for the serious reader to take Mr. W. L. Courtney's hero seriously; but though the quantity of his love affairs suggests some doubt of their quality, in one way it does not impair the delicate and tender irony with which the various portraits of the woman he has tried to love are sketched.

Father Hugh Benson's astonishing literary fertility has enabled him to make yet another addition to the wonderful series of his proselytising tracts. "The Dawn of All" is less of a novel than any other of his works. It reverses the supposed situation which showed in "Lord of the World" what the world may be coming to. In that work Christendom went to the dogs; in this one it has reformed the earth, conquered the air, and established the Benedictines in Westminster Abbey. As that establishment involved the removal of those tombs which are the architectural scandal of our Church history, it may be that some good Protestants will be found to bear with the story for a space; but there are details which no free-born Englishman with the faintest sense of humour could tolerate, and though it is interesting and ingenious, this latest and most ambitious effort of our most Catholic novelist will not effect much change in public opinion nor leave any perceptible trace in history.

By placing "Love Letters of a Japanese" next to fiction in this survey we give Mr. G. N. Mortlake the benefit of the doubt. At first sight most people will be inclined to put the book into the category of fakes, but a more careful reading reveals certain inimitable touches, particularly in the Japanese letters, which no forger, however imaginative, could have introduced, and which many a less imaginative editor would have suppressed. As we do not believe it to be fiction we will not relate the slight but tragic plot that holds these artless letters together; a few quotations, however, will illustrate the contention that the letters are genuine, and will further serve to show their intrinsic value as revelations of the Eastern mind.

Kenro Watanabe, a Japanese gentleman of enlightened and educated intelligence, travelling in Europe, meets an English girl with whom he forms a close and passionate friendship. Watanabe has a wife in Japan who desires her freedom, and the

formalities of divorce occupy two years, during which the English girl and the Japanese lover exchange letters. The language in which the Japanese addresses his lady is a curious mixture of German, over which language he appears to have had some control, and Japanese rendered word for word into a curious English which no Englishman could accomplish so consistently as in these letters. This explanation will serve to render the following extracts intelligible:—

According to higher Buddhism one must be once "enlightened" when one's soul gets "inspired" or gets purest and most correct organisation and view—then one must act in the lower world with this inspiration. No one can act in the highest world, because it is ideal and not real. In the ideal state one can exist ideally, but cannot act. Action is only manifested and practised in the lower world. In the ideal higher world there is nothing to act upon, as everything is ideal (non-existing); in the lower world it is manifested in innumerable variety of real existence, and then one can act upon it. Our love is constructed or was generated ideally in the higher state, and is to be experienced and evolved in the lower world. The result will add again to the higher world, they are correlated to each other.

Tokio, January 28.
I feel so often, and it strikes me suddenly, when I go out of the door by this season of the year, that we receive really direct bright sunlight, and the sun looks so near the ground, while you receive only indirect sun, which shines so dimly over the immense number of population in London. . . . The sky is light blue here, even in the night, till dawn. We had snow a few days ago, and accumulated about four inches or more, but it lasted only one day.

February 1.
Meine Frau will go away in three days from to-day. It was curious coincidence that she decided to leave my house on that day. With us it is just the day on the year (it differs one or two days every year, as the day is after old lunar calendar) on which people adopting old custom (only a small number of people now in Tokio) throw a large number of beans on the floor of every room, and cry, "Demon out! Girl of Happiness in!"

Three important manifestations of drama in prose and verse may be classed with this year's summer books. During the first week of June admirers of Mr. George Moore were called upon to make what even for them must have been something of an effort; for the great Irish novelist, in publishing his "*The Apostle: a Drama in Three Acts*," prefaced it with "*A Letter on Reading the Bible for the First Time*." This letter rather naively displays an ignorance of such elementary results of Biblical criticisms as form the commonplaces of an educated Protestant's knowledge. For instance, Mr. Moore, who is so bewitched by St. Paul's personality that he feels sure that "when I lay down the book and meditate a presence seems to move among the shadows in the room beyond my dining-room"—Mr. Moore, who can write "Paul never stutters when he speaks to me," can yet ask innocently how it can be that, whereas the Gospels quote the actual reported words of Christ, the author of the Epistles never does. This, however, is only a betrayal of an excusable technical ignorance, though a critic should make it his business to be as technically well-informed as possible; but in making public the conclusions he drew from the impression made by the Psalmist on his own virgin intelligence Mr. Moore reveals another and a more curious lack of knowledge. The writer of the Psalms ("and they that re-wrote the Book of Job also wrote the Psalms"), says Mr. Moore—this inadequate writer "seems to have always preferred the roar of his heart's disquiet to composition, and it often happened to me to lay my Bible aside so that I might wonder more easily why the ordinary reader should like this literature better than any other." It seems strange that the student of human nature who must live somewhere in any novelist of Mr. Moore's attainment should not realise that "the roar

of his heart's disquiet" is far more understandable and attractive to "the ordinary reader" than the most finished "composition."

It might possibly be easier to sympathise with the superficialities of these and other pronouncements on the Bible itself if the scenario, as the dramatist when referring to it in the preface calls his "drama in three acts," showed any deeper understanding of the original. It must, however, be confessed that Mr. Moore, in common with other modern handlers of New Testament themes, shows a peculiar tendency to revert to apocryphal legend. Such stories of Mary Magdalene are common enough, particularly among Roman Catholics, and it is only a few months since Maurice Maeterlinck, following in the steps of Anatole France and Paul Heyse, made her the heroine of an elaborate work; so, in making her the only woman in his piece, Mr. Moore has not only been true to himself but to established convention. The legend of a post-Resurrection mission in Asia is also well known to students, and it is on this that Mr. Moore has founded a scene in an Essene monastery, where a restored Jesus is confronted by an eager Paul. That Paul might have failed to understand the Christ whom he had preached and expounded to the world, had he met him in the flesh, is a possibility which has often been privately discussed among theologians. Mr. Moore secures a suggestive climax to his play by making the Apostle strike dead the Master whose life is a denial of that doctrine of the Resurrection on which, according to this its latest interpreter, the whole of Pauline Christianity is founded. This is no place in which to discuss the many objections to and developments of such an idea. We have given the book prominence because it is the most sensational contribution to dramatic literature published this summer, and because it forms so enormous a contrast with a more recent work, Mr. Sturge Moore's semi-Biblical "*Mariamne*," a play in five acts. "*The Apostle*" is written argumentatively in clear but not beautiful prose. "*Mariamne*" is an essay in the various forms of blank verse which Mr. Sturge Moore understands and handles as one who has studied all known verbal melodies and invented new ones of his own. The action is close and swift—occupying scarcely more than the actual time of the duration of the play—and the whole work has the strength and dignity which result from an easy obedience to the unities. The story does not depart in any essential detail from historical truth, and shows the final intrigues by which her enemies brought about the trial, condemnation and death of Herod's Asmonean queen. A short quotation will give some taste of the quality of the verse. Herod had sent Mariamne a magnificent gift of raiment which she had first refused, then, after a struggle, consented to use. He waits for her to adorn herself, and muses:

Gowns, gowns, their service done,
The habits of past time, black, mourning robes,
White, festal raiment, radiant, striped with gold,
Pelusian linen—filled with beauty once,
And now, like vacant dwellings, caving inwards:—
Your folds are speechless; front me ye cannot,
Though once informed with pride, though flaunting once
An accidental bravery. Fleered at prayers,
Did ye? Limp sleeves whisked ye away from touches
That plead? So go those moods ye served.—My queen
Disdain and pride are rent and cast aside,
Aloofness falls; discarded spite must be,
For love upholds the vital part of life
That walks into the future, and love's wardrobe
Is courtesy, staid gentleness and hope
That smiles and helps, and happy confidence,
Glowing contentment, rainbow-hued resolves—
High Virtue's vesture.
These, that outlast change,
Life must return to—
Perennial fashions they!

INSURANCE NOTES.

The underwriters at Lloyds have accepted at 12 per cent. big insurances to pay the loss sustained in the event of an outbreak of war between two or three European powers before 1912.

A serious fire occurred on the 16th September in the warehouse of Messrs. John McNeill and Co., in Kent-street, Sydney. The top floor, which was occupied by the Austral Knitting Co., was burnt out, the stock and machinery being destroyed. The damage is estimated at £2000, and is covered for that amount with the Atlas Insurance Company. The floor next below, occupied by Wright and Fox, mantle makers, with its stock and contents, was also entirely ruined. The damage, which is thought to be about £4000, is also covered by insurance. The other floors and basement of the building suffered slightly from fire, but sustained heavy damage from water. The building was damaged to the extent of about £3000. Altogether the two hours' blaze accounted for about £10,000 worth of property, all of which, however, is covered by insurance.

The Australian Shipping Co. Ltd.'s steamer, "Papanui," bound from London to Australia, which put into port at St. Helena with her coal bunkers on fire, is now a total wreck.

Instances in which the interests of shareholders are fully protected by their directors are of sufficiently rare occurrence as to be worth recording (says Melbourne "Age," of 15/9/11). An incident of the kind has been recently mentioned in the London press, and relates to the British and Irish Millers' Insurance Co. Ltd. It appears that rumours were circulated to the effect that negotiations were in progress for the sale of the Company's business, with the result that a marked rise occurred in shares. Instead of allowing shareholders to be looted by speculators and others possessing inside information, the directors issued a circular advising the proprietors of the business to retain possession of their interests, in view of possible developments. This method of procedure is in striking contrast to the tactics now commonly pursued in other portions of the British Empire, and unfortunately there seems to be no legal penalty attaching to such breaches of trust on the part of directors. In time possibly the force of public opinion may become strong enough to instil prospective offenders with a healthy dread of the consequences attending dereliction of duty, but at the moment it must be admitted that the prospects of reform in this respect are not very encouraging. The sufferers from the suppression of facts material to their welfare keep silence from a variety of motives, not all of which are to their credit, while those who

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have profited materially refrain from inquiring too closely into the cause of their good fortune.

Two destructive fires recently occurred in Glasgow. An outbreak in the building of the Glasgow Co-operative Society destroyed the premises, the loss being estimated at £100,000. The second fire destroyed twelve business places in the Trongate. The historic Tontine House was burnt, and other historic spots, including Glasgow Cross, were endangered. The damage is estimated at £60,000.

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